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Though doubts did ever sleep."

SHAKSPEARE.

Wahrheitsliebe zeigt sich darin, daß man überall das Gute zu finden und zu schätzen weiß.

GÖTHE.

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# THE LOGIC OF A GHOST'S ADVOCATE.[1]

GHOST stories have long been a favourite subject for Christmas books and Christmas numbers of periodicals; at Christmas-time the nights are long, people sit round the fire, and try to outdo each other's tales of the marvellous, and their minds are at that season in a more than usually silly condition. Mr. W. T. Stead's collection of horrors is, however, given to the public with a professedly serious purpose. He admits that he "began the compilation of this volume somewhat lightly"; but he tells us that he closes it with a serious sense of the enormous importance of the subject: "The net result of the study . . . . if I test it by its effect upon my own mind, cannot fail to be for good, and almost only for good." With the effect on Mr. W. T. Stead's own mind we need not trouble ourselves; but the attention which he demands for his "evidence" about "telepathy," "doubles," &c., justifies us in examining his manner of estimating evidence and the nature of the arguments on which he relies.

The more earnest and sober-minded members of the "Society for Psychical Research" will hardly, we fancy, care very much for Mr. Stead's advocacy, except as a gratuitous advertisement of the Society's existence. In each copy of his "Christmas Number" Mr. Stead encloses a paper, signed by Professor Henry Sidgwick, asking for returns as to "impressions not due to any external cause." This paper is issued, not by the Psychical Research Society, but on behalf of the International Congress of Experimental Psychology; still, it represents, we believe, the nature of the inquiries which the Society conducts. Now, this paper is framed on a somewhat different principle from that on which Mr. Stead issued his request for "creepy" stories. Professor Sidgwick states that "IT IS IMPORTANT THAT THE QUESTION SHOULD BE VERY WIDELY ASKED, AND OF ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE—NOT ONLY OF THOSE WHO ARE THOUGHT LIKELY TO HAVE HAD SUCH AN EXPERIENCE, OR OF THOSE WHO ARE THOUGHT LIKELY NOT TO HAVE HAD IT. THE ANSWER 'NO,' AND THE ANSWER 'YES,' ARE EQUALLY IMPORTANT." Any psychologist might safely predict that, human nature being what it is, persons with something to tell are more likely to answer

[1] *Real Ghost Stories.* Edited by W. T. Stead. (Christmas Number of the *Review of Reviews.*) London: 1891.



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than persons who can only reply with an uninteresting "No." The plébiscite, at the best, must be a very imperfect one. There are no compulsory powers to compel the whole population to fill up *this* census paper. Still, those who issue the paper do their best, by means of small capitals, to call attention to the essential nature of statistical evidence. Mr. Stead, on the other hand, collects a lot of "coincidences," presentiments fulfilled, &c., but he says nothing about those cases in which the presentiment was not fulfilled, in which people, promising to appear after death, have not done so, &c. As a mere matter of chance, many presentiments, dreams, and so on, must be "fulfilled," and people are not generally very strict in their criterion of what constitutes fulfilment. Thus, Mr. Stead tells us, he had a presentiment that he would be imprisoned for two months; and this was "fulfilled" by his being sentenced to three months, and actually imprisoned two months and seven days (chapter iii., "Myself"). But, of course, a collection of nonfulfilments of presentiments would not be useful for the purposes of a Christmas number, as he admits on p. 23. Yet, only if *genuine* coincidences greatly outnumbered the accurately calculated chances of their occurrence, could they have any value as evidence. We may suggest that Mr. Stead should read the 46th aphorism in the first book of Bacon's *Novum Organum*, with its well-worn but still necessary tale of the votive offerings of those who had escaped shipwreck, and of the profane but extremely relevant question, "Where are the pictures of those who, in spite of their vows, have perished?"

Mr. Stead's notions of evidence seem to be rather loose; unfortunately, we cannot add that they are peculiar:

> "How many of us have seen the microbe that kills? There are at least as many persons who testify they have seen apparitions as there are men of science who have examined the microbe. You and I, who have seen neither, must perforce take the testimony of others. The evidence for the microbe may be conclusive, the evidence as to apparitions may be worthless; but in both cases it is a case of testimony, not of personal experience."

The cases are not at all parallel. When a scientific investigator says he has discovered a microbe, he is able to show it to any one who can look through a microscope. The discoverer of a ghost cannot exhibit a specimen to the eye of the calm and unprejudiced inquirer. The evidence which can prove the actual occurrence of an apparition (its objective reality would of course be a further question) is purely a matter of human testimony; it is evidence of the same kind with the evidence of a witness in a court. And what do fair-minded persons think of one-sided "testimony" made by irresponsible persons, who are not subjected to any cross-examination by experienced counsel? Are we to believe gossip simply because it gets into print?

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"The persons who tell their stories are real persons, who can, if need arise, be subpœnaed. They are ready to repeat their statements on oath before any tribunal that exists, or may be hereafter brought into existence. Their testimony may be insufficient to establish the truth of apparitions; it would certainly suffice to hang any prisoner that ever stood in the Old Bailey. It is, however, much easier to prove the perpetration of a murder than it is to demonstrate the apparition of a ghost. The corpse remains; the ghost disappears." (P. 23.)

The last two sentences of this passage contain sound sense; but are they consistent with the sentence which precedes them? "*If need arise*, they can be subpœnaed." Need does arise, if simple testimony, *unsupported by the possibility of experimental tests*, is to be taken as upsetting scientifically ascertained laws of Nature. But when Mr. Stead talks about "subpœnaing" his witnesses, he puts a severe strain on our credulity. Until Mr. Stead is autocratic despot of the world, he has no authority to subpœna the humblest of his witnesses. Besides, many of his stories come to him at second or third hand. The persons who profess to have seen the apparitions are, many of them, dead. Mr. Stead may claim to "subpœna" spirits from the vasty deep; but will they come when he calls for them? Even Russians, when they die, escape from their autocrat. Again, Mr. Stead's notion of criminal procedure appears to be evolved from his inner consciousness. Prisoners at the Old Bailey are not condemned on hearsay evidence; they are defended by counsel, and the witnesses for the prosecution are subjected to cross-examination. But Mr. Stead expects us to accept a collection of anecdotes as evidence, without his witnesses being cross-examined by persons experienced in the inaccuracy of the ordinary mortal and without the evidence of experts being heard on the other side.

Most certainly the phenomena of hallucination and other abnormal psychical experiences deserve investigation; but let it be serious investigation by duly qualified persons. With this Mr. Stead does not agree:

"It is idle to say that this ['Science of Ghosts'] should be left for experts. We live in a democratic age, and we democratise everything. It is too late in the day to propose to place the whole of this department under the care of any Brahmin caste; the subject is one which every common man and woman can understand." (P. 9.)

Will Mr. Stead undertake to "democratise" the differential calculus? We suggest the subject to him for his next Christmas number. Will he undertake to "democratise" the diagnosis of an obscure malady? Will he "democratise" even the *description* of any complex natural phenomenon without making the description cease to be correct? He is a bad friend to democratic government who talks about "democratising" science. To popularise the results of science is one thing, and a very wise thing; to constitute every

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"common man or woman" a competent scientific authority is another, and not a very wise thing. The person who is to investigate profitably the phenomena of dreams, apparitions, &c., must be both a trained physiologist and a trained psychologist; he should know something of the history of human beliefs in different ages and under different intellectual conditions; he should at least know something of the ordinary rules of logic, and should understand the meaning of the words he uses. Mr. Stead talks of "*glimpses* into the *unseen*" (p. 8), without the excuse of being an Irishman. After telling us how ghosts, &c., have been *seen*, he yet speaks of them as belonging to the *invisible* world; *i.e.*, not merely the as yet unseen world, but the world that *cannot* be seen! He talks, like a pre-Kantian metaphysician, about "the soul, the ego, the *essential principle*" (p. 101), and yet he quotes, as "the latest word of the French psychologists," this passage from M. Fouillée:

"Contemporary psychology deprives us of the illusion of a definitely limited, impenetrable, and absolutely autonomous *I*. The conception of individual consciousness must be of an idea rather than a substance. Though separate *in* the universe, we are not separate *from* the universe. Continuity and reciprocity of action exist everywhere. This is the great law and the great mystery. There is no such thing as an isolated and veritably monad being, any more than there is such a thing as an invisible point, except in the abstractions of geometry." (Quoted on p. 21.)

Mr. Stead must make his choice. He must not claim to speak with the authority of science "up to date," and yet to talk of the "permanence of the *individual* after death," and to say that "the personal identity, the consciousness of the individual, does not seem to even be [*sic*] momentarily impaired" (p. 101). It is impossible to reconcile animism, old-fashioned metaphysics, and scientific psychology. Of the bearing of anthropology on these questions Mr. Stead does not seem to have any notion. The widespread belief in ghosts (Mr. Stead gives an "Appendix" to show that ghosts have been said to be seen in different social circles—among royalty, nobility, gentry, the clergy, &c.) is no argument for their existence, but is a reason why people continue to believe in them. "Miracles" are causally connected with the faith in miracles, as may be proved by the fact of their "concomitant variations."

Here is a passage which is worth quoting, as it illustrates a very common attitude of the believer in miracles towards science:

"The ordinary temper of the ordinary man in dealing with ghosts is supremely unscientific, but it is less objectionable than that of the pseudo-scientist who some years ago found a courageous exponent in Mr. Grant Allen. I well remember chuckling when Mr. Morley printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette* an article protesting against the observation of the phenomena of ghosts. Mr. Grant Allen argued that mankind had grovelled for so many thousand years in ghostly superstitions as to render it almost impossible for us, with an inherited predisposition to believe in the supernatural,

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to bring to the examination of the subject a proper scientific mind. It was as if the ghost of Torquemada had revisited the glimpses of the moon clothed in the garment of a modern biologist. The Inquisitor who forbade free inquiry into matters of religion because of human depravity was the natural precursor of the scientist who forbids the exercise of the reason on the subject of ghosts, on account of inherited tendencies to attribute such phenomena to causes outside the established order of nature. What difference there is, is altogether in favour of the Inquisitor, who at least had what he regarded as a divinely constituted authority, competent and willing to pronounce final decision upon any subject that might trouble the human mind. Science has no such tribunal, and when she forbids others to observe and to reflect she is no better than a blind fetish." (P. 7.)

We can hardly undertake in a short space to expose all the fallacies wrapped up in this paragraph. "A blind fetish" is a bold mixture of metaphor. Mr. Stead's Catholic friends may inform him that neither Church nor Pope professes to decide on all subjects. We are not concerned to defend the particular theory of inheritance that seems to be implied in Mr. Grant Allen's protest; for his argument would not be much affected even if the "inheritance" were only in the social environment. Mr. Grant Allen may have worded his protest too strongly. We have not the article in question before us. But it remains true that the person without a very wide scientific training, a training, not in mathematics or physics or chemistry only, but, as we have said, in physiology *and* psychology *and* anthropology, is incompetent to observe accurately in a matter where traditional bias distorts the critical faculties. The scientist claims the right to decide what is and what is not "science falsely so-called." But what a fallacy is involved in Mr. Stead's use of the word "forbid"! Nobody, at least no scientist, proposes to burn Mr. Stead in a pile of his own *Real Ghost Stories.* The scientist only claims the right of saying that an incompetent inquirer is incompetent, and allows the unscientific speaker or writer to call names and talk nonsense as much as he likes.

It must be admitted that some of the narratives contain expressions which reflect credit on the honesty of the narrators, although they somewhat diminish their value as evidence, except for the student of intellectual error. Thus, "A Correspondent in Canonbury" tells how he had a vision of "a ghastly face, all streaked with blood." On that very night a friend committed suicide. "Naturally I connect the two events, more especially as the characteristics of the faces agree in every particular, *although at the time I saw the head no likeness suggested itself to me.*" (P. 77; the italics are ours.) A lady and two gentlemen at a ball saw Mr. W. come to the door of the room, look at her, and go away. The time was 10.15 P.M. Next morning she heard that he was found drowned, and that his watch had stopped [we know what is coming] at 10.15." (P. 67.) Now, at least, we should like to ask whether the time at which they

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saw him was exactly 10.15 P.M., or did they only come to that conclusion afterwards? And, secondly, is it proved that Mr. W.'s watch was not slow? Similar questions suggest themselves in one after another of the stories. And is it not a principle in science, as laid down by Mr. A. R. Wallace, himself a spiritualist, that "a totally unknown power should not be brought in to explain facts when known powers may be sufficient?" Among these "known powers" we must take account of the incapacity of most persons to observe accurately, or to record their observations accurately, the tendency of stories to become more precise and definite in the telling, the predisposition to interpret experience in certain ways. People call "facts" or "phenomena" what are only the theories they have, perhaps quite unconsciously, framed to account for their sensations.

Mr. Stead quotes from the publications of the Psychical Research Society the story of a certain stockbroker who projects his "thought-body" into the bedrooms of two lady friends, so that they find him stroking their hair! Such a silly tale by itself is a trifling matter, of no importance, except as evidence of the persistence of animist psychology. What is, however, a serious matter is the stimulus given by the publication of these narratives to the unhealthy appetite for abnormal psychical experiences. At the beginning of this Christmas number appears a "Caution to the Reader," warning off those who are "of tender years, of morbid excitability, or of excessively nervous temperament." The "caution" is doubtless meant in all honesty. It is printed "at the suggestion of Catholics, Theosophists, and Spiritualists"; but when prefixed to a sixpenny periodical with a sensational cover, it reminds us, in an unfortunate way, of the familiar advertising formula: "Don't look at the other side of this." It is a monstrous thing indeed that, while in this country a scientific man cannot experiment on a live frog without a licence, every irresponsible and untrained person may tamper with hysterical women, and dignify his craving for new sensations with the sanction of some pseudo-science and of what he is pleased to call "religion."

We are told that "the greatest gain that is likely to accrue from the study of the phenomena to which this volume is devoted, will arise from the deepened certainty which it gives as to the permanence of the individual after death" (p. 101). Supposing the stories all true, the "gain" seems very doubtful. Would not sane and healthy-minded persons rather choose to live on only in anything of good they may have accomplished, and for a time in the memory of one or two who loved them, than to wander through space (even if it were of four dimensions), making sport for those who seek after a sign or at least a "sensation," and providing material for a collection of "creepy" stories? Reverently-minded persons, who cherish the hope of a future life, would rather leave their destiny to God or the moral order of the universe, than make their hope depend on

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the pathological experiences of individuals of abnormal nervous organisation, interpreted in a fashion which, though calling itself spiritualistic, is really materialism of the grossest and most primitive kind.

Mr. Stead thinks "telepathy" may come to prove a cheap substitute for telegraphy. Of this we may feel certain, that if he runs his "ideal newspaper," with its columns of "telepathic intelligence" and "interviews" provided by the prying "thought-bodies" of the editorial staff, his readers will find that the contents will not be more entertaining, nor less marked by the idiosyncrasies of the editor, than has been the case with those journals which he has conducted under the prosaic limitations of the pre-telepathic press.

DAVID G. RITCHIE.

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# THE COLONIAL GOVERNMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN.[1]

COLONIAL questions fill so much more space in the public mind, and are treated with so much more general intelligence, than was the case a few years back, that the Delegates of the Clarendon Press probably were right in their decision to publish a new edition of Sir George Cornewall Lewis's scholarly essay on the Government of Dependencies. The book had pretty nearly been forgotten, and we welcome it in its new form as the most notable addition to Colonial literature which has been made within the year 1891. Colonial expansion has recently been so rapid that its literature, consisting mostly of records of explorations or handbooks of facts, has hitherto inevitably been fragmentary and hastily finished. It is no doubt a sign of the times that the University Extension Handbooks—admittedly an educational series—should include a thoughtful manual on English Colonisation. And it was a still happier idea to remind the public that a scientific effort has been made to lay out the lines of Colonial government, and to secure as editor a member of the Colonial Office, who fully appreciates the value of that effort. We cannot pass over Mr. Lucas's preface without a cordial expression of approval: it is an excellent summary of historical facts and apparent tendencies, and displays that power of happy generalisation which the editor shows in several of the chapters of his own work.[2] We shall not seek to analyse Sir G. C. Lewis's theory of government. Such a task would be rather academic. It is our intention to review briefly the political condition of the British Empire at large, and to indicate some of the defects of management. It will be for the curious to determine how far a system full of daily inconsistencies, and falling little short of the reproach of being haphazard, corresponds to any preconceived theory.

The first broad fact that strikes the observer is that Her Majesty's

[1] *An Essay on the Government of Dependencies.* By Sir G. C. Lewis, Bart. [not K.C.B.]. Edited, with an Introduction, by C. P. Lucas, of Balliol College, Oxford, and the Colonial Office. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1891.

*English Colonisation and Empire.* By Alfred Caldecott, M.A., &c. &c. London: John Murray. 1891.

*Canadian Studies in Comparative Politics.* By John George Bourinot, C.M.G., &c. &c. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 1890.

*The Federal Government of Australasia.* Speeches delivered on various occasions by Sir Henry Parkes, G.C.M.G. Sydney: Turner & Henderson. 1890.

*Australasian Federation. Parliamentary Paper* C. 6466. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1891.

[2] *A Historical Geography of the British Colonies.* Clarendon Press.

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Government is at rest hardly anywhere. The big machine is certainly not running smoothly; there are creakings and jarrings in every portion of it. Are these the inevitable accompaniments of its size and weight, or is it that we do not know how to use the oil-can?

It is not necessary to dwell on Ireland. Admitting that the present state of that country is more orderly than it has been for fifteen years, not the most sanguine Tory can deny the presence of a sense of unrest, and an undercurrent of discontent. It does not matter for our purposes whether that discontent is the work of agitation or the genuine condemnation of some administrative failure: whether Mr. Gladstone has elaborated a perfect system of Home Rule, or Mr. Balfour is likely to satisfy every fair demand with his new Local Government Bill. The broad fact remains, that the solution of the Irish problem has not yet been fixed.

In India, it is true, there is no present sign of political ferment. Under a wise and firm Viceroy that great dependency pursues a comparatively smooth course, and the daily anxieties and discussions of administration are not to be taken for a sign of constitutional friction. But it is well not to forget that within a few years a new Viceroy stirred India to its foundations, and the whole question of British methods of administration was hotly canvassed by native journals, as well as in the Press of this country.

In the Canadian Dominion one political faction is almost committed to a policy of separation from England, and only a few months back, when Canadian sealers were seized by the Government of the United States, it was commonly said by all that inaction of the British Government must be followed by an immediate rejection of an unworthy yoke. In Newfoundland the colonists have been on the verge of revolt, and have been set against their fellows in the Dominion by a tactical blunder on the part of the Home Government. The two colonies are now engaged in an unseemly exhibition of commercial reprisals.

In Australia the air is full of the rumours of a United Australia, behind which looms the shadow of a desire to stand alone. The Australians are angry because the English investor has buttoned up his pocket, like the son who dashes off from his home because the father checks his extravagance. They cannot see that the lesson will be a salutary one. Western Australia has only recently, after much local agitation and discussion in Parliament and the Press, emerged a full-blown responsible Government.

Natal, as the outcome of years of squabbling, appears to be on the point of gaining the same boon as Western Australia. The Cape, which a few years back was the scene of acrimonious disputes and recriminations, is wonderfully quiet for the moment; but the struggle between the native and the English party is quiescent, not

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abandoned. On the West of Africa uneasiness is growing lest the recent treaties have sacrificed their interests to the French.

Ceylon and Hong Kong are irritated with the Colonial Office because of the demand that they should pay a larger military contribution. Mauritius has hardly yet settled down from a scene of utter turmoil, and has wrested a constitutional change of doubtful benefit from the hands of a too yielding Government.

Jamaica, on the other side of the world, has recently afforded the spectacle of a local council, entrusted with moderate powers, using them solely to thwart the proposals of the Executive. In British Honduras the unofficial members of a Crown Colony Council have resigned in a body as a protest against an order of the Secretary of State. In British Guiana, not many months back, a very similar deadlock was attempted. In St. James's Hall, as we write, a sort of Patriotic League is blazoning the woes which the beautiful island of Trinidad is suffering at the hands of its Judicial Bench. In St. Vincent there are rumours of a serious riot, which arose out of the introduction of a Government measure.

Malta has of late years managed to keep up a running fire of petty annoyances for Her Majesty's Government, and the attempt to please the natives by the appointment of one of themselves as chief administrative officer is a dismal failure. In Cyprus the native papers are one long dirge over British injustice, and their ever-recurring cry is for the white and blue ensign which shall make them free.

In every part of the British Empire, as well at our very doors, as in the furthest and most insignificant of our possessions, alike in the great Colonies with responsible Governments, and the small dependencies under the direct government of the Crown, the same story meets us—a complaint of want of knowledge and of absence of sympathy in the handling of Colonial affairs.

Now we are neither so magnanimous nor so ignorant as to say that this is entirely the fault of the Mother Country. If the British Colonist has bettered many of the virtues of his stock, he has also certainly developed most of the British failings. He is selfish, like most people; he is self-asserting, bumptious and obstinate. In the big Colonies this disposition manifests itself in a tendency to lord it over the Mother Country. They are impatient of any interference with their own proceedings, yet claim that no general action, even remotely affecting them, should be taken without the concurrence of their agent in London. In the Crown Colonies it usually produces a struggle with the Colonial Office for the power of perpetrating a series of local jobs. In all colonies where there is a large alien population there is the additional friction caused by divergent views as to their treatment by the dominant class. The power given in British Colonies to local representatives carries with it correlative

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duties, and good Colonial Government cannot be attained without the education of the subordinate Governments. The editor of Sir George Lewis's essay might properly have added a dissertation upon the duties which the subordinate Governments owe to the supreme authority.

Still, there is a large balance of errors which is attributable to the Home Government, and the most practical question for us at home is how these are to be avoided.

It is customary, especially in the Colonies, to blame the Colonial Office, "Downing Street," "Red-tape," "King Log," and so forth. Happy indeed for that department that Gilbert Scott reared his walls so stout and strong, else long ago the accumulated vituperation of local newspapers and politicians must have brought them down over the unlucky inmates! The Secretary of State for the Colonies is abused to-day not less heartily than in the late Mr. Roebuck's book, published some forty years ago. But all this is an incident of imperfect knowledge. The Colonial department is only partly to blame. In fact, if the truth were known, the balance of opinion in that office would probably be often found in opposition to the adopted policy. What mars our Colonial policy is just what mars British administration generally. The main causes are two—the interference of an ignorant Parliament, and the undue subordination of Colonial interests to the exigencies of foreign policy. It is idle to talk of Imperial Federation and to erect Imperial Institutes until a more enlightened and definite understanding as to the reciprocal duties of the Mother Country and her Colonies has been firmly established. If it be objected that this is in process of growth, and all growth is accompanied with the growing pains, we deny the correctness of the analogy. Many of Her Majesty's Colonies have passed beyond their constitutional youth. It is time to determine more accurately their relation to the central government and to one another. There are already sufficient data for solving any problem of administration which is likely to arise.

Parliamentary interference is of three kinds: there is the interference of small sections of members, or of members who represent sections of the community, who find legislation or practice in the Colonies opposed to their own particular notions, and attack the offending thing without regard to local conditions or prejudices. More objectionable still is the interference arising from party Government, which is apt at times to cause the reversal of a beneficent Colonial policy. The possibility of this is, however, much less than it was, and such interference is, after all, but the abuse of a most useful power—that of reversing the mistakes into which every Government is likely to fall. Perhaps the most offensive of all the results of Parliamentary interference—one to which Sir G. Lewis very pointedly refers—is the constant appointment of unfit persons

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to the chief administrative offices in the dependencies. Within very recent times there have been appointments, both to governorships and to other less important offices, which have been little short of a scandal. At the same time the blame attaches not so much to the first appointment as to that weakness which will not cashier an officer directly he proves unfit. A man with apparently excellent credentials will often prove a complete failure in an administrative office. We insist that it is essential to good government to remove such a one. But here both at home and abroad the authorities fail. The services are full of grossly incompetent men, whose presence makes them a byword with the public, and is a complete clog on healthy administration.

Foreign politics have never been reckoned a very strong point with the British statesman. There is a distinct want of grasp and boldness about the British Foreign Office which re-acts injuriously on the Colonies. Instead of looking to the empire at large, and considering the effect of a policy on each section in all its ramifications, the Foreign Ministers of Great Britain have hitherto thought only of securing the interests of the United Kingdom or of gratifying the fancy of some friendly Power. They have suddenly discovered afterwards that a colony is injured and enraged.

It will, however, be profitable to turn for a moment to the Colonial Empires of other Powers, and see whether they are more restful than our own.

The relations of Spain and her West Indian Colonies have long been excessively strained, and she has quite recently been driven by Cuba into a commercial treaty to which the Government of Madrid was averse. The French Republic has had a relay of troubles in Tunis, Tonkin and Annam, which have hardly yet been reduced to the status of colonies proper; and its Government struggles against a strong popular sentiment that its colonisation schemes were better left alone. A similar sentiment is so strong in Germany that we should never be astonished to see the Imperial Government abandon a colonial policy which has known little more than fire and sword. Holland has been forced by its great Eastern dependencies to be content with a titular headship. Sweden and Denmark slumber peacefully on.

There is certainly no Power which we should choose as a pattern for British administration. Spain has hardly advanced beyond the idea of empire. Holland lost control of the politics when she ceased to guide the commerce of her colonies. France alone has adopted a distinct scheme of Colonial Government which appears to aim at administering a colony in its own interest. The representation of the French Colonies in the French Chamber is explained by the fact that all French Colonies are France. The Frenchman makes his colony his home; it must be essentially part of *La Belle France;*

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it must carry the privileges of the capital; it must form an integral portion of the State. He cannot conceive of the existence of a Frenchman apart from France. The colonies where the French have long been settled have, so far as distance will permit, been actually incorporated into the Republic; in the other dependencies French colonisation is a struggle for a settlement, and the problems of government hardly arise.

Attractive as it is, the French plan could not be applied to the British Empire. British dependencies have too distinctive an existence; to merge their representatives in the central Parliament would not satisfy the practical craving for local power. Indeed, on the whole, British administration has been more successful than others. Mr. Lucas is of opinion that this success is largely due to the versatile good sense with which the Briton accepts a new situation. This view is a fair apology for blunders, but it is hardly an excuse for their constant repetition. It is just on a par with the too popular belief that England need not be specially prepared for war, as she always manages to come out of it pretty well in the end. So with British Colonial policy: it has next to no foresight, and it deals with fresh emergencies in a spasmodic and half-hearted manner. But a muddling and hesitating manner of executing any undertaking is economically bad; it is, at any rate, an unnecessary waste of energy, and in many cases involves positive suffering and loss.

Yet we confess that it is by no means easy to sit down and devise a self-acting remedy. Sir G. C. Lewis does not attempt it. After reviewing, with remarkable completeness, the various questions which present themselves to the theorist, he gets no further towards a constructive theory than the suggestions in chapter x., as to certain things which ought or ought not to be done by the dominant State. His editor does not attempt it, and his reference to the question of Imperial Federation is suggestive of the difficulty which attends the task.

Now, Imperial Federation can never be a solution of the problem before us. The term either was coined, and is used, in ignorance as to the proper meaning of "federation" (and this we suspect to be the case), or it must be admitted to imply a complete organic change in the constitution of the British Empire. Both federal Governments and confederate Governments can exist only where the component States are co-equal. Imperial Federation—by which, probably, half its supporters mean Imperial Confederation—postulates the prior and formal separation of the Colonies, and their erection into Governments co-ordinate with that of Great Britain. And it seems to us that this can hardly happen till a consolidation has taken place in Australia, Africa, and the West Indies, similar to that which produced the Canadian Dominion. It would have been very desirable if those who talk so glibly about Imperial Federation

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had endeavoured first to understand the true meaning of the term.

Dealing, however, with facts as they are, how can we lay down a more efficient rule of colonial administration? In regard to the big colonies, can we do it at all? As Mr. Lucas very properly shows, they are practically independent, and it is impossible to govern those over whom no final sanction can take effect. It is not possible to keep an empire together by Act of Parliament. The Imperial Parliament has reserved to itself the power of annulling any Colonial Constitution. Herein is at once the badge and the ultimate sanction of the supreme authority. But it is idle to argue that it could ever be utilised. Canada, or Australia, or the Cape would simply throw off allegiance, and there would be an end of the matter. Consequently, in the case of colonies with responsible government, the term "government" implies a due appreciation by the colonists of their responsibilities and duties, and a proper use of their powers, and the action of the metropolitan power is limited to the care that the Queen's representative is a wise and good man, that the colonists are protected against foreign aggression, whether military or commercial, and that, on their part, they do not offend or injure the foreign friends of the Empire. The creation of a special consultative council, consisting of the agents of the responsible colonies, is a practical suggestion which would further this end.

In regard to other colonies there is more scope for the Secretary of State. And probably his first duty is to take care that no colony receives responsible government until it can fairly be trusted to govern in the general interest of the community. The early constitutions granted to the chartered companies split on this rock: the adventurer governed solely for the company, and the independent colonists as they became stronger would not tolerate this. It is here that many of the new experiments in more liberal constitutions are likely to come to grief. Western Australia naturally, and probably not too soon, developed into a responsible colony: it is a community of white men; its frontiers march on those of a kindred and responsible colony; and Australia was tending towards a union or a federation of homogeneous Governments. In Natal the experiment, if tried, will be more doubtful; the native races are thirteen times as numerous as the whites; but some reason is found in the proximity of the Cape and the prospect of a confederate movement in South Africa. In such places as Mauritius and Jamaica, Her Majesty's Government has probably made a mistake and sacrificed the true interests of the community to a noisy and selfish clique. The consideration of such cases leads us to the rule already stated, which modern British Governments are inclined to violate, that the control of the Crown should not be relaxed without strong evidence of the capacity of a Colonial community to judge wisely and broadly

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of its duties to its own members as well as to the other portions of the Empire. This control is quite consistent with the very wise practice, which seems to be gaining ground, of taking a certain proportion of the members of the Privy or Executive Council, which is a consultative body, from among the leading merchants, planters, or natives.

The next and probably the most important duty of the Secretary of State is to exercise great care in the selection of all Colonial officers, from Governors downwards. In the Eastern Colonies, as in India, open competition has for some years obtained, and relieved the Colonial Office of a great part of the responsibility of first appointments. The Eastern service is certainly the strongest under that department. The more the principle is extended the better it will be for the service, though we confess that we should like to institute a scrutiny of personal presence and vigour as well as of mere mental attainments. We have already referred to the necessity of dispensing with those who have proved unequal to their duties. In the appointment of Governors, the Secretary of State is at present unfettered by any restriction save that of his "party's" opinion. But here, again, the more frequent selection of tried men from the lower ranks of the service, especially if that service is made generally competitive, would distinctly raise the standard of our Colonial Governors. At present they are certainly a very indifferent class, and political influence is on the whole chiefly to blame for saddling the Colonies with unfit representatives of the Crown.

A wise Governor will know how to use the local experience of his councillors; and the art of governing a Crown Colony may be said to be that of hearing the opinions of local men, of following their advice where it is sound, but reserving to the Crown entire freedom of action nevertheless. And this little is all that we can contribute to the constructive side of the question. Not without a sense of dissatisfaction we find that we do not get much further than Sir George Lewis and his editor. Travelling evidently along much the same line of thought, we come practically to the same conclusion—viz., that unconsciously British Colonial administration has developed along the lines which liberty and generosity pointed out. The constant friction in the working of the system is due not so much to fault of system as to errors of judgment in its administration, sometimes arising at headquarters, sometimes the fault of the local agents. We have suggested that many errors might be avoided. To eliminate them entirely from a human constitution is of course impossible.

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# INSPIRATION AND TRUTH.

BEHIND the question of the historical accuracy of the Old Testament, which is engaging the attention of scholars in all the churches at the present day, lies the far more important question of Inspiration. The anxiety of apologists to demonstrate the accuracy or to explain or excuse the inaccuracy of the Scriptures arises from the fear that all belief in inspiration must stand or fall with the truth, or, to use the word which is fast coming into vogue, the inerrancy of the historical books.

Our attention has been directed to this subject by the appearance of several works dealing with the question how far the inspiration of the Old Testament is affected by the admission of errors in the history of the people of Israel, and of fiction in the accounts of the origin of its laws and religious institutions. That these errors and inventions existed has for a long time been contended by hostile critics, but they have, until lately, been repudiated by believers. But it is now admitted by scholars in the Christian Church that criticism has "reached results as sure as scientific inquiry," and the new position has to be faced. It was met by Mr. Gore in his essay on "Inspiration," in *Lux Mundi*, with which we have already dealt.[1] The position taken by apologists of inspiration is, to say the least, a remarkable one. They admit the presence of errors and fictions in the Old Testament, but they will not abandon the theory of its inspiration. Inspiration is not authenticated by any evidence; it is not even supported by the trustworthiness of the history, nor by the known authorship of the several books. It is merely an assertion—a presupposition, as Mr. Gore and Dr. Driver admit. But they do not realise how superficial a theory this is. There is no objection to a presupposition —an *à priori* theory—if a subsequent survey of facts lends it support. But as in this case we should not deduce the theory from the facts, neither do the facts support the theory *à priori*. Such writers as we have referred to admit the mixed composition of the most important books of the Old Testament, their unknown authorship, their comparatively late date, and yet they contend that the authority of the books is unaffected.

[1] WESTMINSTER REVIEW, November 1890.

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"It is not the case that critical conclusions such as those expressed in the present volume are in conflict either with the Christian creeds or with the articles of the Christian faith. Those conclusions affect not the *fact* of revelation, but the *form*. They help to determine the steps through which it passed, the different phases which it assumed, and the process by which the record was built up. They do not touch either the authority or the inspiration of the Scriptures of the Old Testament.[1]

This appears to the unprejudiced mind an unsupported assumption. The old idea of inspiration was at least on the surface consistent and reasonable, and only lacked sufficient evidence to command acceptance. It implied that the authors of the inspired books were known, that in their work they had been assisted or directed by God, as they themselves, in many cases, asserted, and that necessarily everything they had written was true. Now it is admitted that the authors are unknown, that their writings are not free from errors—that is, that they contain untruths; and yet we are still asked to believe that these unknown and ill-informed men wrote under the superintendence or with the assistance of God.

"It was the function of inspiration to guide the individual writer in the choice and disposition of his material and in his use of it for the inculcation of special lessons."[2]

That some of the writers exercised a peculiar talent for the choice and disposition of their material is unquestionable; but that they did it under divine inspiration is more than doubtful. In historical writing the selection of matter to serve a purpose, even if avowedly a religious one, is likely to lead to misrepresentation or even falsification, and the omission of some facts is frequently accompanied by the admission of some fictions. Here the rationalist may agree with the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who said in his Charge to the clergy of his diocese in October:

"An inspiration of the Holy Ghost in writing the history of the past or the present we could understand; we could realise an inspiration by which the working out of the will of God might be foreseen in the future, we could believe in an inspiration of reminiscence and an inspiration of selection; but an inspiration of the idealising of history, or in simpler language of the repainting history, must be pronounced to be, in the case of the great majority of Christian minds, incredible and inconceivable."

How largely this repainting of history prevails in the Old Testament may be learned from Dr. Driver's account of the composition of the "Chronicles," and there can be no doubt an analogous method governed the authors of most, if not all, the other books. They were not all written from the same standpoint, but they were all written from a standpoint which was not strictly historical. The prophecies are governed by the same general ideas as influenced the composition of the histories. The method is

[1] *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament*, S. D. Driver, D.D. Preface, p. xv.
[2] *Ibid.* Preface, p. xvi.



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admirably summarised by Wellhausen, in the appendix to his sketch of the *History of Israel and Judah:*

"The Jews had no historical life, and therefore painted the old time according to their ideas, and framed the time to come according to their wishes."[1]

This is what Dr. Driver says of the "Chronicles":

"The peculiarities of the historical representation which prevails in the 'Chronicles' are to be ascribed, no doubt, to the influences under which the author lived and wrote. The compiler lived in an age when the theocratic institutions, which had been placed on a new basis after the return from Babylon, had long been in full operation, and when new religious interests and a new type of piety—of course, with points of contact with the old, but at the same time advancing beyond it—had been developed and asserted themselves strongly. The Chronicler reflects faithfully the spirit of his age. A new mode of viewing the past history of his nation began to prevail; pre-exilic Judah was pictured as already in possession of the institutions, and governed—at least, in its greater and better men—by the ideas and principles which were dominant at a later day; the Empire of David and his successors was imagined on a scale of unsurpassed power and magnificence; the past, in a word, was *idealised*, and its history (when necessary) rewritten accordingly. Thus the institutions of the present, which, in fact, had been developed gradually, are represented as organised in their completeness by David; the ritual of the Priest's Code is duly observed; the Passovers of Hezekiah and Josiah (the former of which is not mentioned in the Book of Kings at all, the latter only briefly) are described with an abundance of ceremonial detail, suggested no doubt by occasions which the compiler had witnessed himself; David organises a vast military force, and amasses for the Temple enormous treasures; his successors have the command of huge armies, and are victorious against forces huger even than their own. In these and similar representations, there is certainly much that cannot be strictly historical; but the Chronicler must not, on this account, be held guilty of a deliberate perversion of history; he and his contemporaries did not question that the past was actually as they pictured it, and the Chronicler simply gives expression to this persuasion."[2]

How far the Chronicler was guilty of intentional and deliberate perversion of history it is difficult to decide, but the perversion is a fact, and this must invalidate any claim of the work to authority and inspiration. It is something more than a matter of literary form as Dr. Driver alleges, it is the very essence of the work. "Chronicles," "Ezra," "Nehemiah," may be the most glaring examples of this kind of composition; but all the historical books, at least, are affected by the same tendency to write the history of the past in the light of present ideas.

After Dr. Driver we come to Professor A. F. Kirkpatrick's *Divine Library of the Old Testament*,[3] where we find the same views expressed with less detail, but not with less breadth. The critical

[1] *History of Israel and Judah.* Third edition, p. 213.
[2] *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament*, p. 500.
[3] *The Divine Library of the Old Testament.* By A. F. Kirkpatrick, B.D

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position is practically admitted; the anonymity of the books, the mixed composition, the idealisation, the unhistoric history, even, at last, the presence of allegory or myth. Yet we are still invited to believe in the divine authority and inspiration of the books; we are warned against having any *à priori* theory of inspiration; but what kind of a theory of inspiration is it which requires us to learn moral and religious truths from a falsification of the facts of history? Or why should we attribute a diviner origin to Old Testament myths and allegories than to any others? The truth appears to be that the notion of inspiration, at least, as applied to the historical books, is due to the recurrence of the same kind of mental condition as that which governed the writers. The books have not been re-written certainly, but they are read with a new meaning. They are idealised over again by Christian theologians. They do not see what is actually in the books, or, if they do, they also see a great deal more than is actually there. *Novum Testamentum in Vetere latet* is the great illusion and the parent of many others. The authority of the Old Testament must depend, in spite of loose and untenable theories of inspiration, upon its historical truth; we do not mean merely its accuracy to a date or number, or the order of occurrences which may be accidently misplaced, but upon its truth to the historical spirit which is now confessed to be wanting. The whole body of Christian doctrine rests upon its historical character, and to admit the mythical or allegorical nature of the "Story of the Fall," as Professor Kirkpatrick does, takes away the basis of the history upon which Catholic doctrine as much as Calvinistic rests. Dr. Ellicott says:

"If there was any hesitation in accepting the reality of such a truth as the Fall, there never could be any heart-whole belief in the realities of the Redemption and the Atonement." [1]

The Christian Church has always rested upon the disobedience of Adam, not as a myth, but as an historical fact. It is not only that the author of the 2nd Esdras wrote: "O thou Adam, what hast thou done? for though it was thou who sinned, thou art not fallen alone, but we all that come of thee." The ninth article of the Church of England accepts it as an undeniable truth.

The most extraordinary attempt to defend the theory of inspiration under the new conditions, however, is to be found in a book written by four Presbyterian professors, entitled *Inspiration and Inerrancy*.[2] The joint authors of this production are Dr. C. A. Briggs, Dr. Llewellyn J. Evans, Dr. Henry P. Smith, and Dr. A. B. Bruce, who contributes an introduction. The object of the book is to demonstrate that inspiration is not inconsistent with error. The title appears, intentionally or not, to obscure the issue, as the use of

[1] *Charge*, October 1891.
[2] *Inspiration and Inerrancy*. London: James Clark. 1891.

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the uncommon and inelegant word "inerrancy" might lead the inattentive reader to infer that it is not truth, but some smaller matter that is in question. The writers, however, are very bold, and do not deny the existence of a large amount of error in the Old Testament history; and though the style of the four writers naturally exhibits some diversity, we infer they jointly accept the responsibility for the views enunciated by each. These writers not only defend the presence of errors in the "inspired" writings, but they condemn in the strongest terms their brethren who hold that inspiration must guarantee the truth of the narrative. They select, for example, an article by Professors Hodge and Warfield, which appeared in the *Presbyterian Review* about ten years ago. It was a sort of manifesto of the Conservative party. The statement about inspiration quoted by Dr. Bruce is as follows:

"During the entire history of Christian theology, the word 'Inspiration' has been used to express either some or all of the activities of God co-operating with its human authors in the genesis of Holy Scripture. We prefer to use it in the simple sense of God's continued work of superintendence, by which His providential, gracious, and supernatural contributions having been presupposed—He presided over the sacred writers in their entire work of writing with the design and effect of rendering that writing an errorless record of the matter He designed them to communicate, and hence constituted the entire volume in all its parts the Word of God for us."

The present writers are opposed to this view, not because they are desirous of finding errors in the Bible, but because they see if inspiration depends upon inerrancy, the inspiration of the Bible must be given up. Professors Hodge and Warfield seem to us to have logic on their side, it is only reasonable to conclude that demonstrated error or untruth in a writing would invalidate its claim to be inspired. These other professors contend, however, in the most extraordinary manner, that inspiration is independent of accuracy, that truth is not an essential note of divine direction.

Dr. Bruce says:

"Whatever inspiration is, it is not, one would say, principally, a supernatural device for securing accuracy. Judging from analogous phenomena coming within the range of observation, the inspired condition would seem rather to be one which produces a generous indifference to pedantic accuracy in matters of fact, and a supreme absorbing concern about the moral and religious significance of facts."[1]

This is extraordinary enough, carefulness about truth is only "pedantic accuracy in matters of fact," and carelessness about falsehood is only a "generous indifference"; and what can be the moral and religious significance of facts which turn out to be fictions?

But this is mild and reasonable compared to the extravagance of Dr. Evans, who says:

[1] *Inspiration and Inerrancy*, pp. 30, 31.

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"God has not been afraid to commit the excellency of His treasure to earthen vessels. He is not alarmed lest the weakness of the vessel should be a damage to the treasure. He has not shrunk from risking His truth on the liabilities of traditions, transcriptions, translations, and their inevitable accompaniment of fallibility. He has not been concerned lest the popular misconceptions of a pre-Copernican astronomy, or of a pre-Lyellian geology, or of a pre-Linnæan botany, should compromise His revelations of Himself. I thank God that it is so. I rejoice that God, when He speaks in the language of earth and by the mouth of His servants, comes so low down, that He is not ashamed to use bad grammar, is not afraid of a barbarism, or a solecism, does not shrink from an archaism or an anachronism, does not disdain an antediluvian setting for the doctrine of the Creation or the Fall, or what a scientist might derisively call a *kindergarten* formula for the truth of Providence or the Judgment. He does not hang eternal issues on details that are relatively insignificant. 'He has not so poised the Rock of Ages that the Higher or the Lower Criticism, with pickaxe or crowbar, digging out a chronological inaccuracy here, or prising off a historical contradiction there, is going to upset it. The critic may be all right, the crowbar may be all right, but the Rock of Ages is all right too, and it will stand fast for ever. Do not, I beseech you, charge upon God the priggish precision which makes as much of a molehill as of a mountain. God does not care to be honoured in that way. Do not degrade Him by requiring that He should pose before His earthly children as an intolerant, if not intolerable, Pedant, who insists on his p's and q's with no less vigour and pertinacity than on His godlike SHEMA: 'Hear, O Israel!'—or on His everlasting AMEN: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you!'"

Dr. Bruce says this language may sound irreverent, or almost blasphemous, to certain ears;

"but there is no case in which the use of strong language is better justified than in exposing and denouncing conventional, false, and idolatrous reverences."

We should hesitate to describe Dr. Evans' outburst as blasphemous, not only because Dr. Bruce has anticipated the charge, but because the profoundest truths have often been denounced as blasphemous; but, as strong language is permissible, we should describe it as incoherent verbiage. This is, at any rate, the way Dr. Evans meets the very moderate and reasonable expectation that God would have preserved His chosen mouthpieces from falling into glaring error, or even inexcusable falsehood, which, even from a human, unassisted point of view, they might frequently have avoided if they had only been careful to verify their facts.

But it seems we must not expect anything of people who claim to be inspired, or, rather, of the people who are alleged to have been inspired, or we are sure to be disappointed.

"If, in absence of any actual Bible, men were to set themselves to conceive what a Divine Book should be, taking for their guidance the principle of perfection in all possible respects, they would almost certainly form an idea very remote from the character of the Bible in actual existence." [1]

[1] *Inspiration and Inerrancy*, p. 18.

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This is one of the few passages in the book with which we cordially agree, though Dr. Bruce thinks it a fallacy.

The fact is that the best informed men in the churches have at last come to see that the old unintelligent regard for the Old Testament must be abandoned. Its fallibility can no longer be denied, and no amount of declamation will long secure a belief in its plenary inspiration. It will have to be admitted that the chronicles of the history of Israel and its religious institutions are on a level with those of other nations. The pride of race which made the Jews claim for the origins of their nation and their religion a divine genesis is sufficient to explain the "supernatural" element in their history; in reality there is nothing exceptional in that history except the pertinacity with which the Jews claimed to be the chosen people and the subsequent perversity of Christians in admitting the claim to be well-founded. There is one other peculiarity, which must not be forgotten, to be found in the formal language used by legislators and prophets. And that is the direct ascription to the Lord of their own *dicta*. The enunciation of a law is prefaced by a "thus saith the Lord," and a prophet enforces his exhortation or his denunciation with the same *formula*. That this is only a mode of speech is forgotten, and it is taken to be the statement of a fact of transcendent importance. So, even now, a Christian preacher will introduce a quotation from the Pentateuch or the prophets by saying, "Let us hear what God says," instead of referring it to Isaiah or Jeremiah or the author of "Deuteronomy," as the case may be. The "thus saith the Lord" throws a glamour over the utterance, and tends to perpetuate an illusion it seems almost impossible to dispel.

If there is anything in human experience which ought to be designated by the term inspiration it must be looked for somewhere else than in most of the books of the Old Testament. We could suggest a tenable theory of inspiration, but it would demand the abandonment of nearly everything that has hitherto been considered inspired. A more philosophical treatment of the subject than that in the book we have been criticising may be found in *Mens Christi*, by Dr. J. S. Kedney,[1] Professor of Divinity in Seabury Divinity School. In discussing the question of the knowledge of Jesus as affected by the doctrine of the Kenosis, he is led to make some reflections on the subject of inspiration in general. Assuming that there is a phenomenon in human life which may be described as inspiration, it must be the divine power mystically influencing the human mind, in order to strengthen the moral and religious will, and carry on the process which is to result in moral or religious perfection. Dr. Kedney asks:

[1] *Mens Christi.* By John Steinfort Kedney, D.D. Chicago: 1891.

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"Through what *media* is this influence wrought? . . . . Is the influence brought to bear upon the will direct, or upon some feeling or emotion imparting stimulus and intensity, or upon the thinking principle, quickening its vivid action, bringing into play powers ordinarily dormant, and through this process giving to the ideal end such attractiveness that it becomes a moral force?"[1]

To this he replies at length:

"An extended critique might be made of the two former hypotheses, the result of which would show that we know of no such thing as will abstracted from thought and emotion, and which can be acted upon directly; nor do we know of any emotion that can be abstracted from the thought which has supplied its object. Dismissing these as untenable, we bring up for examination the third hypothesis, and ask, if the influence is upon and through the thinking principle, how is it reached? But the mind itself is what it is by virtue of its relations bodyward, as well as spiritward, and cannot be rightly thought of if neglecting these relations. Is the mind reached, then, and the consciousness affected through the medium of the physical relations solely, by influence upon the body and brain, by which the abnormal physical proclivities are reached and weakened, and the mental vision thus freed from perturbation; or is the mind reached from the spirit side, by spirit communing or coalescing with spirit? Scrutinising carefully human experience, it seems that all moral and religious advance comes by clarification of the pure thought movement by which motives are framed."[2]

Without following the writer through the whole of his argument, we come to his conclusion:

"We hold, then, that we may rightly think determinations of the divine glory below our knowledge, therefore mystical, and that through those, and by acting upon the human sub-consciousness, beneath the brain-movement, the Holy Spirit affects whatever change is required—which conclusion is strictly scriptural."

Allowing for peculiarities of religious terminology, we may admit that there is nothing unphilosophical in this conclusion, provided it be allowed that men are at times the subject of influences which originate in a spiritual power, not themselves.

We should be inclined to differ only from Dr. Kedney in the medium he selects for the operations of the inspiring spirit. The thought principle abstracted from emotion and volition is hardly in itself a sufficient definition, but we should suggest that the preponderating, if not the exclusive, influence of inspiration is emotional. Accepting the ordinary classification of the psychological elements into cognition, feeling, and volition, we should seek the field of inspiration in feeling, and certainly not, after what we have said in the earlier part of this essay, in cognition.

If cognition were the region of inspiration, the subjects of it would be made acquainted with facts which otherwise would have remained to them unknown—things distant, things past, or things future; but these are the things we find men never have known, except by the ordinary human means of inquiry or communication

[1] *Mens Christi*, p. 22. [2] *Ibid.* p. 23.

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or foresight. If inspiration affected cognition, the result would be *clairvoyance.* A result undoubtedly that has often been claimed, but has never been established, as clairvoyance has added nothing to the stock of human knowledge, nor withdrawn any veil from the forgotten past. The "inspired" writers of the books of the Old Testament were long credited with clairvoyance, with the power to have seen things which had happened before the advent of the human race on the earth, or which had occurred in the unrecorded history of early man, or which were to occur in the future. But this is just the claim that criticism has demolished. They had no such exceptional knowledge, and where they pretended to it their cosmogony and their history are almost invariably wrong. An inspiration of reminiscence comes within the category of cognition; a man can only remember what he has known, and no inspiration need be necessary for the exercise of memory; a man cannot be said to remember that which happened before he was born, so the Book of Judges, for instance, which is supposed to contain the relation of events extending over several hundreds of years, could not have been the outcome of inspired reminiscence.

"All great thoughts spring from the heart," and inspiration is only concerned with great thoughts. So far it may rightly be said that inspired men are often indifferent to details; but it must be recognised as a consequence that the detailed account of events, or the detailed construction of a legislative system, is foreign to inspiration. The power to grasp broad generalisations, the possession by great ideas, lofty conceptions of conduct, are what we call inspiration. Legends, chronicles, and institutions of gradual growth are due to a different intellectual condition. It is therefore absurd to take a large collection of writings of very unequal character and value, and say that all are equally inspired. The word used in a liberal sense, may properly be applied to many psalms and hymns, to profound utterances of gifted men concerning the consequences of conduct, to anything which gives an impulse to our better feelings, or reveals to us the true sources of peace and calm.

Nothing can be more unintelligent than the theory that inspiration is a continuous equable guidance or superintendence of a writer in the composition of a cosmogony or a history, or the prolonged direction of a legislator in the formation of religious institutions, or of a theologian in the development of speculative or dogmatic theology. The product of inspiration is certainly not facts as they are called, but new and harmonising generalisations, great and fertile ideas, lofty conceptions of the spiritual meaning of life, *and these only come to rare men at rare intervals.* And these appear to come through an emotional channel. We have quoted Vauvenargue's saying, "Great thoughts come from the heart." And M. Léon Jouvin adds:

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"Schopenhauer gives an honourable rank to sentiment and attributes to it more moral value than to the reason; in effect, it has the lucidity and infallibility of intuitive knowledge which the reason lacks."[1]

Schopenhauer attributes these moments of lucidity and emotion to the forgetfulness of the individuality, which is certainly a condition, even if we do not accept it as the cause. But this state of mental exaltation is exceptional and rare. Seldom in a lifetime are the emotions so intense and the perceptions so clear as to reach the point deserving to be called inspiration, so no man can be regarded as inspired except at rare intervals, and very few men in a generation, or perhaps in a century, are vouchsafed this experience.

There is a lower degree of the same feeling which is not so uncommon, and that is, when we come under the influence of one of these gifted men. A peasant, for instance, in reading the works of a prophet on the sufferings and hopes of the Israelitish race, will transfer them to his own experience, and will derive an impulse and realise an emotion by their application to himself, which makes him call them inspired, never dreaming of the fact, that whatever inspiration there is, is all his own.

Inspiration, then, we may consider as only concerned with that which affects the moral and religious advancement of the individual or of mankind. Knowledge may have its share in the mental process, but the knowledge itself is not the object of inspiration. We may take it that inspiration acts through the emotions. It impels to the ardent pursuit of an ideal purity or justice. This becomes a motive power, and affects the will. It may not be incorrect to say that a man may in a certain crisis be inspired to act in a certain way; but even then we generally recognise that he has been guided by his feelings, and a course of action thus initiated often proves to be exceptionally right. The same may be said of words uttered under the influence of intense and stimulated feeling, they may conduce in a remarkable degree to the moral and religious improvement of those who hear them. The mark of that which we call inspired in literature is spontaneity and originality—or intuitive as distinguished from reflective. We should thus look for inspiration anywhere but in the compilation of national chronicles, or the construction of a legislative code, or the development of ecclesiastical institutions. There is a newness and freshness about inspired utterances incompatible with the mere recital of ancient history or the affirmation of accepted doctrines. If there are inspired men we should have to look for them amongst Reformers, those who in great crises have given a new direction to human progress; or who themselves have provoked the crises which have contributed to human progress. So that James

[1] *Le Pessimisme.* Léon Jouvin. Paris: 1891. Page 142.

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Russell Lowell may not have been far wrong when he wrote of Theodore Parker:

> "He's seized the idea (by his martyrdom fired)
> That all men (not orthodox) *may be* inspired."

There is many a true word uttered in jest.

The application of our principle to the literature of the Old Testament would leave very little of it with a claim to inspiration. The whole of the historical and legislative portions might be dismissed *en bloc*, and only portions of the remainder, which contain elevated moral and religious ideas of undoubted service to mankind, could be classed as inspired. Nothing seems more absurd than to place on the same level such very mixed and widely differing portions of literature as those which are thrown together in the Old Testament; and all those persons, whether they belong to the old orthodoxy or the new, who insist upon "taking it as a whole," are guilty not only of literary ignorance, but religious folly. It is the same with regard to the views taken of the people of Israel, the reverential way in which they and their books and their religious institutions are regarded, seems to imply that they were all equally permeated with the spirit of God. The fact is that the men of that race to whom the world owes any considerable part of its religious and moral advancement may be counted on the fingers of one hand. To them undoubtedly our debt is great, but for the rest there is nothing to be said. The whole of the Jewish race takes the credit due only to a few exceptionally gifted men. But it also follows that we may find inspired men and inspired utterances in other nations and in other times. The exclusive claim for the inspiration of the Bible must be surrendered with its plenary inspiration. If there is inspiration, it is not confined to the Israelitish race any more than it is to be found in the whole of their literature.

We have confined our remarks to the Old Testament, but it will be seen the principles we suggest are equally applicable to the New. It may be concerned with the lives and teaching of two or three inspired men, but the writers of the narratives were not inspired, nor are all the utterances to be found in its pages. There are in it some thoughts of an elevation far above the average; but there is much in its history which exhibits the ignorance and misconception of the writers, and there is also no small amount of futile reasoning and baseless speculation.

Religious teachers who are wise will cease to stake their position and influence upon unhistoric narratives, primitive religious institutions, childish conceptions of the universe formed by unscientific minds, and will care only to preserve and use such moral and religious truths as will contribute to the moral and religious advancement of mankind, and in pursuing this course they will not care

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what "sacred" literature they may reject as worthless, or what "profane" literature they may recognise as inspired. And one thing at least they ought to do, in spite of the empty declamations of these latest defenders of the faith, they ought to refuse to accept as inspired anything which is demonstrably untrue. This at least seems to be required by the most elementary conception of any divine influence upon human thought.

WALTER LLOYD.

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# SURGEON PARKE'S AFRICAN EXPERIENCES.[1]

THE exploration of "the Dark Continent" has brought to light many strange and startling facts. The ignorance which so long prevailed as to the lives of the inhabitants of Africa has generated a kind of horror of the negro as if he were something anti-human and unworthy of the attention of the historian. Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley have been instrumental in destroying many illusions, and, one might add, superstitions on the part of those who arrogate to themselves the claim to represent advanced civilisation. Surgeon Parke's Journal will also help to increase our knowledge of African life and customs. With the exception of Mr. Stanley's work, *Darkest Africa,* no other journal of the entire course of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition has been published.

Surgeon Parke is an Irishman, and his narrative shows that he possesses the traditional pluck and stamina of his race. The privations he endured and the dangers he encountered were such as only a brave and resolute man could have survived. It is indeed a wonder that he returned from Africa in comparatively good health, and without any impairment of his excellent spirits. The nature of the man was so entirely free from selfishness or moroseness that he was able to see a silver lining to even the blackest cloud. Starvation itself had its comic side for him. Like Mark Tapley, he could be happy under the most wretched circumstances. And to this fortunate organisation, perhaps, we may attribute his lucky escape from an African grave.

The greater portion of Surgeon Parke's professional life has been passed on the Continent of Africa. In 1881 he got his commission in the Army Medical Staff. He volunteered for active service in the Egyptian campaign, and left England in September 1882. He was first stationed at Alexandria, where he became a social favourite. He had also a good opportunity of studying various forms of disease peculiar to the Egyptian climate. Of the field-service which he saw during this period the most important event was the surrender of Kafir Dowar. After the campaign of 1882

[1] *My Personal Experiences in Equatorial Africa as Medical Officer of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition.* By Thomas Heazle Parke, Hon. D.C.L. Durham; Hon. Fellow R.C.S.I., &c. &c. London: Sampson Low & Co.

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he received the Queen's medal and the Khedive's star. During the year 1883 the terrible outbreak of cholera kept Surgeon Parke exceedingly busy. The cholera had 50,000 victims, and during the height of the epidemic 600 natives died daily in Cairo alone. Towards the end of 1883 he returned home, and was stationed at Dundalk, in Ireland, till September 26, 1884, when he exchanged, and voluntered again for active service, so as to join the Nile Expedition for the relief of General Gordon. He was in medical charge of the Naval Brigade under Lord Charles Beresford, and was present at the battles of Abu Klea and Gabut, and the attack on Metammeh. He was lucky enough to get through the campaign "without a scratch," as he puts it himself, and at the close of it he received two clasps ("Abu Klea" and "The Nile"). He was preparing to return to England, when he received orders to disembark and go back to duty at Alexandria. While mixing in the social and sporting life of Alexandria, he one day met, in the month of January 1887, Major Barttelot, of the 7th Fusiliers, an old friend of his, who referred to his selection as one of Mr. Stanley's officers for the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. Surgeon Parke immediately felt a desire springing up in his Irish heart to join in this dangerous but exciting enterprise; and, having been offered a letter of introduction to Mr. Stanley by Major Barttelot, he called on the great African traveller at his hotel, and asked to be taken as medical officer to the expedition. Mr. Stanley, with characteristic bluntness, replied that he could take no person now, as he had already chosen a sufficient number of officers. Surgeon Parke took his leave, assuming that the matter was ended; but a day or two afterwards a telegram was handed to him by a waiter at a club where he was dining, and opening it he found it was from the leader of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. Mr. Stanley asked what terms Surgeon Parke would require if allowed to accompany the expedition, and if he were free to go. The reply was in the affirmative; and that night the young Irish doctor started for Cairo, transferring to another gentleman the position of Master of the Fox-hounds at Alexandria which he had hitherto fulfilled. An agreement was speedily arrived at, and permission was obtained from the War Office enabling Surgeon Parke to accompany Mr. Stanley on the same footing as Major Barttelot—namely, leave of absence without pay. Having completed his outfit, and bade farewell to his friends, the doctor took the final precaution of making his will, "so that his earthly anxieties might be reduced to a minimum before facing the ordeal of the African forests and deserts." A banquet was given to him by his numerous friends at the Khedival Club, and a number of speeches were made of a very warm and enthusiastic character.

Surgeon Parke's Berberine servant, Mohammed, who had agreed to accompany him on the expedition, with a monthly pay of £3, at the

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last moment offered the transparent excuse that his father objected to his going! The gallant surgeon was, however, in no way depressed by this circumstance. On the 3rd of February 1887, he left Mohambey station for Suez. A former patient of his presented him with a copy of Shakespeare—a useful gift, for in the heart of Africa the perusal of the works of England's great dramatist could not fail to bring comfort and consolation to any one who spoke the English tongue. At Zagarzig station, where the Alexandria and Cairo trains meet, Surgeon Parke found Mr. Stanley and Dr. Junker. He accompanied them to Suez. At Ismailia they were joined by Giglier Pasha, who travelled with them the rest of the way. "What country do you belong to?" asked Mr. Stanley, in the course of the journey. "Ireland," was the prompt reply. "Well," said Mr. Stanley, "you are the first Irishman who will have crossed Africa."

They stopped at Suez, where the hotel accommodation appears to have been indifferent though the charges were high. Surgeon Parke frankly confesses that the anticipation of what was before him rendered him quite oblivious of the fact that he was close to the mountain on the summit of which Moses is believed to have received the "tables of stone." At Suez, Messrs. Nelson, Jephson, Stairs, and Bonny joined Mr. Stanley, and Surgeon Parke was formally introduced to them on board the *Navarino*. Sixty-two Nubian volunteers were inspected—men of splendid physique, but withal lazy, swaggering fellows, who had not in them the material of good soldiers, as subsequent events proved.

Just as they had embarked, a Nubian complained of a broken finger, which Surgeon Parke found it necessary to amputate. This man's name was Mohammed Doud, and having come in Gordon's steamer in January 1885 from Khartoum to Metammeh, he at once recognised his medical attendant.

Before signing his agreement with Mr. Stanley, Surgeon Parke asked him what he meant by "terms" in his telegram. His brief reply was: "There are none." The result was that the enterprising Irish doctor had to give his services gratuitously, "in the hope that, like all virtuous deeds performed in this world, they would eventually, if not immediately, prove their own reward."

We learn incidentally that, while passing through the Red Sea, Surgeon Parke amused himself by reading *King Solomon's Mines*—sorry literary fare, in good sooth. It would have been much better for him to renew acquaintance with *Cymbeline* or *The Tempest* by opening the copy of Shakespeare presented to him by his quondam patient.

On the 11th of February they passed the island of Perim, in the straits of Bab'el Mandib, the gate of exit from the Red Sea. On the 12th they anchored off Aden, and the Nubians were transferred

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to the B.I. ss. *Oriental*. Mr. Stanley also went on board, accompanied by Surgeon Parke and Messrs. Jephson, Stairs, Nelson, and Bonny. They were received on board by Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson. The baggage was taken over and they steamed away, the *Navarino's* passengers giving them a hearty farewell cheer as they moved off.

With Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson there was a contingent of thirteen Somalis, who appear to be Asiatics and professors of the Mohammedan creed. At this stage of the journey the somewhat dispiriting news arrived through a "Reuter" that 400 Italians had been massacred at Massowah, and that the British Government had decided to evacuate Egypt.

A case of small-pox having arisen on board, Surgeon Parke recommended immediate vaccination of all the members of the expedition, to which they consented except one European, an anti-vaccinationist. The worthy doctor proceeds to give an elaborate account of his vaccination of Mr. Stanley and others, which we may fairly pass by with the observation, that the only tedious passages in the book are those devoted to purely professional disquisitions. In one place he delivers a lecture on bacteriology; in another passage we have an elaborate account of the arrow poison of the pigmies; and again we are treated to a by no means interesting description of the ulcers from which Nelson's men suffered at Fort Bado.

On the 22nd of February they arrived at Zanzibar. Mr. Stanley went on shore immediately, and proceeded to the residence of the British Acting Consul-General, Mr. Holmwood, deputing Surgeon Parke to tell off the places on board the ss. *Madura* for the men who were to be brought on the expedition. All the men with their equipments were changed from the *Oriental* to the *Madura* under charge of Major Barttelot and Surgeon Parke.

Dr. Hussey, the consulate surgeon, met Surgeon Parke, and introduced him to Tippu Tib, the ivory hunter and ex-slave dealer. The career of this adventurer was a very romantic one. He was first a slave, then a dealer in ivory and slaves, finally an "uncrowned king" on the banks of the Congo. Tippu Tib embarked with the others on board the *Madura*. He was accompanied by thirty-five members of his harem and forty-two men. Including Tippu Tib and his followers, the Zanzibaris, Nubians, Somalis, and whites, there were 804 persons on board. Four officers and two men joined the expedition afterwards, making a total strength of 810.

On February 24 they steamed away, and soon afterwards a free fight took place between the Nubians and the Zanzibaris, originating in the crowding down of the former by the overwhelming numbers of the other party. The scene was an animated one, the combatants laying hold of any weapon within their reach, such as fragments of firewood and stray pieces of plank. Some injuries

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were sustained on both sides, but not of a serious character. Surgeon Parke very quickly set right the broken bones.

On March 8 they arrived in Simon's Bay. The agent of the B.I.S.S. Co. came on board, bringing with him some telegrams and letters, one from the Royal Naval Club, making Mr. Stanley and his officers all honorary members.

On the 18th of March 1887, they reached the Congo, and, though the largest of the steamers which had been appointed to convey them up the river to Mataddi was stranded on a sandbank, Mr. Stanley showed his marvellous power of overcoming difficulties. Nelson and Jameson with 250 men were sent on board the ss. *Serpa Pinta* (belonging to a Dutch trading company) and the *K. A. Nieman*. Parke went on board the *Albuquerque* with 124 men, the chief, Uledi, an engineer named Walker, two gun-bearers, and a heavy cargo of goods. Stanley followed in the ss. *Heron*.

Sickness soon made its appearance among the Zanzibaris, who were utterly devoid of all consideration for invalids, leaving their ailing comrades without blankets or other covering.

On the 21st they reached Mataddi, 108 miles up the Congo, where the organisation of the expedition was completed. During the seven days which elapsed from the time they entered the Congo till they left Mataddi they had five deaths. The work was severe and had to be performed under a scorching sun; yet, strange to say, only one case of sunstroke occurred during this period.

On the way from Mataddi they passed over an undulating grassy country, with a few small forests here and there, and intersected by deep and rapid streams. During the march, the men suffered from soreness and tenderness of the feet, and there was a great deal of fever. At a later period, every member of the expedition was attacked by gastro-intestinal catarrh, which was ushered in with moderate fever, cramps, and diarrhœa.

After reaching Mswata, where Mr. Stanley had formerly had a station, Surgeon Parke and Major Barttelot were ordered to continue their march to the mouth of the Keva River. On their march they stopped at a village to purchase chickens with brass rods—the money of the country. At the mouth of the Kassai River there was a French missionary settlement, and the missionaries entertained the travellers most hospitably. In return for the kindness of the missionaries, Surgeon Parke and his companions presented them with a goat, a chicken, and some rice and peas.

On May 15 Surgeon Parke was transferred to the ss. *Henry Reed*, with thirty-five Zanzibaris. Tippu Tib also came on board, and, as there was but one cabin, the doctor was annoyed by "eleven filthy, dirty negresses of Tippu Tib's harem." These ladies never washed, and, as Surgeon Parke realistically puts it, "the odour of their haunts was more pungent than odoriferous." He collected all

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the heavy baggage he could obtain, and carefully barricaded off one quarter of the saloon, so as to protect himself as far as possible from the consequences of too close proximity, but "these relentless women" would shove their black legs through in order to be at full length. Sometimes the doctor tried the effects of pricking these aggressive limbs with pins, but this only caused wild screams and howls, which aroused Tippu Tib, whose wrath at once descended on the offending white man. Truly an awful situation, worthy of being recorded by Mark Twain himself!

On the way from Leopoldville to Yambuya twelve deaths occurred —one from sunstroke, and the rest from dysentery or fever. At Yambuya one of the Nubians, while out foraging, received a spear-wound, which penetrated the abdominal cavity, and speedily proved fatal.

Parke and his companions now had to pass through dense primeval forests, in which they were often days without catching a glimpse of the sun. They waded through miasmatic swamps, and had often to strip naked and wade or swim across rivers. A misfortune befell the doctor on his way up to Leopoldville. He lost his waterproof coat, and before his journey ended had often to regret this disaster. The officers and men had frequently to lie on the ground all night without covering of any kind. Sometimes they had to stand in two or three feet of water in the morning, and fish for their boots, watches, &c.

One of the most dreaded dangers of the forest was the hornet's nest. These insects caused frightful suffering by their painful stings.

The failure of food-supply was also a great calamity. All the rice possessed by the party to which Parke was attached was finished on the 16th of August 1887. They had a small quantity of beef-tea, and a little arrowroot, tapioca, sago, and some tea and coffee. Before the pressure of want came they had an occasional goat. But the staple articles of diet of the whole expedition were bananas and manioc, on which they practically existed for over two years. The cases of actual starvation were by no means rare, and Surgeon Parke records many deaths from this cause alone. The sufferings of Nelson in "Starvation Camp" form one of the saddest episodes in the narrative of the expedition. Parke actually shed tears on seeing his friend reduced to a living skeleton. At Ipoto, the Manyuema, a tribe of ivory hunters, gave fearful trouble to Parke and Nelson, to whom it was reported that these wretches had conspired to burn down their tent. The report fortunately turned out ill-founded, but the Manyuema were certainly thieves, swindlers, and cut-throats.

While at Fort Bodo, a female dwarf, whose freedom Surgeon Parke had purchased for a few beans and a small quantity of corn



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and rice, became his attendant. The fidelity of this pigmy, and her usefulness as a servant, were proved by the fact that she procured food for her master when he was on the brink of starvation. She accompanied him through a considerable portion of the journey, but on the march to Karagwé she was struck down with fever, and, owing to her weakness, she had to be left behind. Parke acknowledges that but for her he might have been starved or poisoned. He also pays a compliment to her for her morals, which, "unlike those of other ladies of the Dark Continent, were entirely above suspicion." Her last act at parting was to give her master the ivory bangles which she wore in the forest, but which now dropped from her attenuated arms and ankles.

The race of African pigmies cannot fail to excite the attention of ethnologists. In Surgeon Parke's book their ingenuity in trapping game is described at some length. They set nets in the forest, which are constructed from grass or bark fibre spun into twine. They then drive up the game to the nets, and when the animals have got within the meshes they kill them with arrows. They are great thieves, and are itinerant in their habits—a species of black gipsies.

After undergoing privations such as transcend anything we come across in the pages of Defoe, Stanley and his followers in the advance column found Emin Pasha at Lake Albert. The Pasha was very kind to Surgeon Parke, who praises his generosity; but his vacillation and timidity formed a striking contrast to Mr. Stanley's resolution, readiness, and fortitude. It was only after considerable pressure that Emin made up his mind to accompany those who had run such risks, and endured such dire suffering in marching to his relief.

Surgeon Parke deals only indirectly with the story of the rear column. To some extent he vindicates Mr. Stanley even with regard to the worst charges made against him. He considers that there must have been some grave error of judgment, and that some one or all the officers of the rear column must, in a very large measure, bear the blame of the disaster. "Many men in Mr. Stanley's position," he says, "after having gone through the hardships he had experienced, and arriving at Banalya to find the rear column so completely wrecked, might well have been pardoned going down the Congo and back to civilised Europe, and never facing that dismal forest again, after having twice crossed it through so much hardship and privation." Bonny, who must have known the truth, blamed Barttelot for his irritability; and it appears that the immediate cause of that unfortunate officer's death was his threatening to strike a Manyuema woman for singing at an early hour in the morning. The woman's husband was offended, and, firing at Barttelot through a loophole in the wall of a hut, shot him dead. As for Jameson, we find nothing about him in the book save vague

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generalities, and the generous admission of the gallant doctor that he "knew nothing of him but good."

The conduct of Surgeon Parke himself, throughout the entire period of his connection with the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, was praiseworthy in the highest degree. He was not a *savant* in any sense of the word, and, indeed, he admits his own deficiency as a naturalist. But he possessed other and, perhaps, greater qualities. He was courageous, helpful, intelligent, self-sacrificing, and free from all the pettiness of egotism. He obeyed his chief unswervingly. He maintained discipline over the men entrusted to him while avoiding unnecessary severity. His services as a physician were inestimable, and he bore his share in every peril and in every privation. In sterling manhood he was—with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Stanley—the finest figure in the expedition. In short, he was one of the world's heroes—a true soldier of humanity.

D. F. HANNIGAN.

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# OUR INDIAN FRONTIER EXPEDITIONS.

THE despatches describing the field operations which were carried on in the Miranzai country in the early months of 1891 have recently been published in the *London Gazette*, and throw much light on the object pursued in our frontier expeditions from India. That object is shown to be the subjugation of the border tribes who have resisted the settlement of British garrisons and the construction of military roads in their country.

The first Miranzai expedition, under Sir W. Lockhart, crossed the frontier near Kohat, on the 26th of January, and reached the next day Gwada, the principal village of Makhmudin and the other chiefs who had opposed our plans. The weather had been bad, and frost-bite and pneumonia began to attack the troops; several days had in consequence to be employed in sending away the sick under escort, and also in laying in supplies, as the commissariat stores were delayed on the road. It was therefore only on the 4th of February that a column, after destroying the deserted villages of the enemy, advanced into the Shekhan country. When nearing the village of Drand, news was brought that Makhmudin had just gone westward. Parties were sent in pursuit, but returned without success. On the 9th a force, under Lieutenant-Colonel Brownlow, marched to Baramarai, crossing the Zara Pass on the 10th. The sappers and miners worked hard at the road; but snow fell from noon until dark, and the mules kept their footing with difficulty. The march to Zara, although only five miles, occupied from 11.30 A.M. to 5 A.M. the next day, the rear-guard and commissariat stores arriving at 1.30 P.M. No opposition being encountered, the expedition returned to Kohat, after leaving a British garrison at Gwada for the protection of our road-makers.

The field-force was broken up on the 1st of March; and five weeks later, on the 4th of April, our garrison at Gwada was attacked and overpowered, and beat a precipitate retreat, pursued by the enemy as far as the low hills near our frontier. Orders were at once issued for the concentration of a new force, under Sir W. Lockhart, and troops were hurried from Bannu, Kushalgarh, and other stations; but, owing to the difficulty of collecting transport and supplies, an advance could be made only on the 17th, when the first column, starting at daybreak, reached the foot of the Samana mountain at

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6 A.M. and Lakka on the crest at 8.30. The second column made a false attack in the direction of the Darband Kotal to divert the enemy's attention, and descended on to Gwada, while the first column continued its march to Tsalai, where the enemy opened fire on our troops. The mountain guns were then brought up, and under their cover the place was assaulted and taken at 12.30. Gogra was next carried, and Sangar was reached at 2 P.M., simultaneously with the third column. The force had to bivouac there, as the enemy held Sartop in strength, and our men were completely knocked up by the intense heat and the want of water. An advance toward Sartop was, however, made the next morning; the third column marching straight along the crest, while the first column moved round by the left, and attacked the enemy's position by that flank. The place was carried after an hour, and a halt was made at the spring below Sartop, to enable the troops to get water: many had been without it for twenty-four hours, and were exhausted—the young soldiers of the King's Royal Rifles, fresh to the country, suffered specially from heat and thirst. At 11 A.M. the Mastan Plateau, which is the key of the Samana range, was occupied after slight opposition, and the first column returned to Sangar. On the 19th, the enemy having attacked the third column, reinforcements were sent from Sangar, and the tribesmen were dispersed the next day. On the 21st, the second column advanced to Gulistan, and entered the Akhel valley the following morning. Here, two mountain guns and a regiment of infantry were retained on the crest of the hill overlooking the Akhel settlements, while the rest of the troops descended into the valley by two different routes, under cover of the guns, cleared the villages, and destroyed their towers. On the 23rd, the enemy having collected in force near the village of Maragharu, their position was attacked, and they were dispersed down the slopes under a heavy artillery and infantry fire. Meanwhile, in the night of the 22nd, our post at Chilibagh was fired into, and the next morning an attack was made on our convoy near the Darband Kotal, in which we lost four men killed and three wounded, and a number of mules killed and others carried off. A column under Colonel Sym, C.B., was therefore sent on the 29th to punish the tribes concerned in the attack, and the towers of Loghardara and Dran were blown up, while the headquarters advanced to the Kharai Kotal. "On the way," says Sir W. Lockhart, "I was met by the Jirgas of the Samil clans, but declined to receive them until all Government property in their possession should have been restored." On the 2nd May, the towers of Torsmatz, Thaktak, and Nakatta were blown up, and on the same day fourteen rifles, which had been taken from our Gwada garrison, were brought in. The next day the towers of Daradar, Miru Khel, Adu Garhi, and Inzaur were destroyed; and, reinforcements having arrived from Kohat, an advance was made on Gulistan, where more

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Government property was brought in, the Jirgas expressing at the same time their submission to our terms relative to the building of British posts on the Samana mountain. Some of the tribes, however, still refused to submit, and their towers at Kandi Mishti and elsewhere were, therefore, blown up before the field-force returned on the 15th of May. "I am thus," says Sir W. Lockhart in his despatch of the 8th of June, "in a position to report that the work entrusted to me is finished. The tribes who opposed us on the Samana have been punished, and have submitted to the terms imposed upon them. The construction of roads and posts is now being rapidly pushed." The casualties reported in this second expedition amounted to 101.

Thus, on both occasions, success, so far as military operations were concerned, seems to have been complete, barring the very discouraging fact that the advantage gained at each action could not be followed up by the destruction of the forces with which we had to contend. The tribesmen were dispersed, but could not be followed in their mountains; and the garrisons we left were consequently exposed to be overpowered, after the main body of our troops had been withdrawn. Other difficulties likewise remained unsurmounted. Transport and commissariat, notwithstanding the immediate proximity of our base, were a constant source of anxiety and often a hindrance to the movement of our troops, as well as a cause of great suffering to our soldiers, while the severe cold in January resulted in a convoy of sick having to be sent back when we had scarcely proceeded a day's march from our frontier; and the intense heat of April weakened our men and checked the progress of our operations.

Perhaps the most discouraging feature in our frontier expeditions since 1876–77 has been the transient nature of the results obtained. For instance, fourteen years ago an expedition against the Jowakis (who also dwell near Kohat) resulted, after severe losses had been inflicted upon them, in an agreement satisfying our requirements as to the construction of roads; but that agreement eventually proved quite unreliable, and the same qualification is applicable to every agreement we subsequently made with the Afghan tribes. A short retrospect into the history of our frontier relations will perhaps afford a clearer view of the situation.

Forty-six years ago, when our occupation of the Punjab made us close neighbours of the tribes who inhabit the Eastern and Southern mountain ranges of Afghanistan, the predatory habits of the mountaineers rendered it necessary for the Indian Government to resort to stringent repressive measures, and occasionally to punitive expeditions, for the protection of our borders. The wisdom and energy of the officers selected for the administration of our new province manifested themselves not only by the rapid pacification of a warlike

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race, such as the Sikhs, and the extension of agriculture in the Punjab, but also in the greater security of our borders where punitive expeditions became less and less frequent, and a good understanding began to spring up between our semi-civilised neighbours and ourselves. "In 1876–77 our relations with the independent tribes adjoining our territories were, with one or two exceptions, of a most peaceful and friendly character; in no year since the annexation of the Punjab had the borders been generally more tranquil" (*Moral and Material Condition of India*, No. 13, page 105). In the same year, however, a new frontier policy, requiring the military occupation of Afghanistan, was suddenly inaugurated, and its effect upon our relations with the border tribes will be seen from the series of little wars which have ever since disturbed our N.W. frontier, and of which the following is a summary.

In 1877–78 a British force marched from Kohat into the territory of the Jowakis (a section of the Adam Khel-Afridis) with orders to "occupy their country until they tendered their absolute submission" (*Government Proclamation; Foreign Dept.*, Nov. 5, 1877). The Government demanded Rs. 70,000 as compensation for attacks on our road-makers and their escorts, Rs. 10,000 as a fine, and the surrender of four among the Jowaki chiefs. Our terms were rejected, and after three months' fighting the claim for compensation was abandoned, the fine was reduced to Rs. 5000, and an offer to banish the four chiefs was accepted instead of their surrender. In 1878 a column under Major Cavignari made a night attack on the Othman Khel for their interference with our working parties further north. In 1879 troops were sent against the Zamushts and a portion of the Orakzai tribe; in 1880 against the Momands and the Mashud Waziris; and in 1881–82 against the Cabul Khel Waziris, while an expedition under General Wilkinson invaded the territory of the Bozdars. In 1882–83 a military force entered the country of the Shiranis on the plea of surveying the Takht-i-Suliman mountain, and its advance being opposed, fighting ensued. In 1884–85 expeditions were sent for reducing the Chikarzais, Akazais, and Pariari Syads in the north, and the Kaker and Musa Khel tribes in Southern Afghanistan. In 1885–86 operations were resumed against the Akazais, and an expedition was sent against the Bonerwals. In 1886–87 peace was concluded with the latter on their restoring the rifles they had taken and paying a fine of Rs. 150 (£12); but operations were resumed against the Shiranis and Bozdars, who persisted in opposing our occupation of their territory. In 1888 a force of 8000 fighting men, with the usual complement of camp followers, and 5000 mules, under General M'Queen, invaded the Black Mountain country, and on its return the General stated in his farewell orders that "the Hasanzais, Akazais, and other tribes had been reduced to submission, and that roads had been constructed

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that would afford ample scope for the movement of our troops." The submission, however, proved entirely delusive, and new operations were undertaken in 1891, the success of which has not been reported. In 1888 an expedition was also sent for surveying the Gumal pass; but its mission was frustrated by the resistance of the Makhind tribe. In 1889–90 a considerable military force accompanied Sir R. Sandeman in the Zhob country: the Kidderzais arrested his progress in 1889; but he succeeded the following year in reaching the Gumal pass, in establishing three posts in it, and in obtaining promises from the Mashud Waziris, the Shiranis, and the Darvesh Khel of Wana, to keep the pass open in consideration of certain subsidies to be paid to them by the British Government. In 1891, besides the Black Mountain expeditions just referred to, and which have not yet been brought to a satisfactory conclusion, the frontier was crossed by the two Miranzai expeditions described in preceding pages.

This long succession of military operations, we are told, was needed for the punishment of raids and murders committed on British soil; but the allegation is inconsistent with the fact that the acts complained of took place beyond the Indian frontier; they were, in short, attacks on the troops and working parties sent by us to construct military roads for facilitating the advance of our troops into the heart of Afghanistan, whenever the move should be deemed expedient. The work is one of stupendous magnitude, while the progress made in it during the last fourteen years is insignificant, seeing that we have not yet overcome the opposition of the tribes dwelling within a few hours' march from our frontier. The difficulty of the enterprise was evidently under-estimated at its inception; and experience must, ere this, have brought the conviction that success cannot be looked for without resort to forces much greater than those hitherto employed. This involves two questions of vital import. Larger bodies of troops will need increased baggage and commissariat transport, while we hitherto have failed in providing adequate transport means in almost every instance, when an expedition was sent beyond our north-west frontier. Then the formidable question of finances will also claim a solution.

Hitherto the cost of the frontier expeditions has been defrayed out of the revenues of India; but the extraordinary strain thereby placed on the finances of that country, already threatens the solvency of the Indian Exchequer. The following figures, taken from the last financial statement of the Government (225 of 1891, p. 74), show that the revenue in India is declining, and the expenditure growing in an alarming ratio; while paragraphs 29, 30, and 31 of that statement point to the increased army expenditure and to the cost of the frontier expeditions, as special causes for alarm.

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NET REVENUE.

| | 1889–90 Accounts. | 1890–91 Revised Estimates. | 1891–92 Budget Estimates. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Rx. | 49,952,162 | 49,024,900 | 48,890,800 |

NET EXPENDITURE.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Civil salaries, &c. . . . | 11,679,034 | 11,789,600 | 12,405,200 |
| Miscellaneous civil charges . | 3,549,874 | 3,798,200 | 4,151,500 |
| Buildings and roads . . | 4,761,791 | 5,184,300 | 5,512,000 |
| Army . . . . . | 19,733,107 | 20,040,500 | 20,251,000 |
| Rx. | 39,723,806 | 40,812,600 | 42,319,700 |

These figures lead to the unavoidable conclusion that the expenditure, unless its growth be checked at once, must soon absorb the margin still left for famine relief and the payment of interest on the public debt. But economy in expenditure is impossible, so long as uncertain and heavy demands for frontier expeditions continue to be made on the Indian treasury. It is clear, therefore, that if the policy which requires incessant warfare and the construction of costly railways and roads beyond our frontier, is to be persisted in, Parliament will have to be moved for the necessary funds. Is it probable that the British constituencies, which now so largely consist of working-men and poor men, will consent to be taxed for the purpose? Then again, how long will the nation remain blind to the danger of being committed to an indefinite scheme of territorial aggrandisement in the wilds of Central Asia, against the advice of our highest authorities on the subject—of men like Lord Napier of Magdala and Sir Frederick Roberts, whose views were expressed under official responsibility, and whose acknowledged merit and invaluable experience entitle them to our confidence?

That so perilous a position should have been maintained unassailed in Parliament since 1885, when the "forward policy" was revived, is to be accounted for chiefly by the differences which then suddenly divided the Liberal party. The Unionist section, although it had, with the rest of the old Liberal party, condemned and most strenuously opposed the above-mentioned policy, has been averse to embarrass the Government on a question of less importance, in its eyes, than the maintenance of the Union with Ireland; while the section which followed Mr. Gladstone in his Irish Home Rule policy could look for no zealous support, in an Imperial question, from its allies, the Irish Nationalists who ostentatiously professed indifference to matters of purely Imperial interest. Moreover, the nation has been kept in the dark as to much of what has been going on in India, and the task of raising Indian questions in the House of Commons is known to be one of utmost insuperable difficulty. Under these untoward circumstances the evil has acquired alarming proportions: blood and treasure have been recklessly expended in ineffectual

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attempts to execute a policy obviously impracticable; while hatred and distrust have been excited and intensified in our neighbours, the Afghans, whose attachment and co-operation it should have been our policy to foster and secure, against any eventual attack from Russia through their rugged and difficult country.

An impression has been created by utterances emanating from irresponsible quarters, that Sir Frederick Roberts is the very head and front of the policy of frontier aggression and annexation. It becomes necessary, therefore, to state here, in his own words, the views he entertained on the subject, at the close of the late war; views which have not since been publicly controverted or qualified by him. In a despatch dated from Cabul the 29th of May, 1880, that distinguished officer wrote: "We have nothing to fear from Afghanistan, and the best thing to do is to leave it as much as possible to itself. It may not be flattering to our *amour propre*, but I feel sure that I am right when I say that the less the Afghans see of us the less they will dislike us. Should Russia in future years attempt to conquer Afghanistan or invade India through it, we should have a better chance of attaching the Afghans to our interests if we avoid all interference with them in the meantime."

J. Dacosta.

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# ARE WOMEN PROTECTED?

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON has lately delivered an eloquent address on the place of women in the world, extolling the exclusively domestic virtues and condemning the movement for their enfranchisement as destructive of what he considers true womanliness; urging that their highest development can only take place under the social and political supremacy of men, whose part it is to do all the rough work and shelter the more delicate sex behind their broader breasts.

He admits that the present position of women leaves much to be desired—inveighs, for instance, against the factory system, with its terribly long hours of work and compelled absence from home; but, in spite of the teaching of history, which is an unbroken record of oppression by the ruling sex, and the patent fact that, far from being maintained by men, the majority of women are forced to win their bread by the sweat of their brow—the handicapping of Nature, greatly increased by the restrictions set by male legislators, and that thousands are unable, under these conditions, to gain an honest livelihood at all, being forced into ways of life utterly destructive of all womanly delicacy—he seems to think that a millennium will come when men will actually be their sisters' keepers.

Another opponent of the enfranchisement of women, Mrs. Lynn Linton, rends the air with shrieks on the growing degeneracy of women—owing, she cries, to their desire to quit their natural vocation of sitting by the fire and spinning. She singles out a few eccentric Bohemians, and sets up their vagaries as typical of the tastes of emancipated womanhood, and brands on their account the whole body of earnest and cultivated women who strive quietly to obtain justice for their sex, tearing her delinquent sisters to pieces with a coarseness of suggestion and vulgarity of diction, which make it difficult to accept her as an advocate for refinement and womanliness at all.

Meanwhile, the women who agree with the beautiful words of Lady Bowyer, think that "woman's understanding has yet to be unveiled, she has to become inwardly conscious of a prerogative she has allowed to remain unused like the talent of the unprofitable servant. Primarily, she was commanded to exercise dominion in union with man; this represents humanity; the domination of either sex over the other paralyses the dominion of either." These feel it

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to be a duty to claim a due place in the making and administration of the laws, and are conscious that the deplorable lack of justice in the present is caused, in great measure, by their supine acquiescence in their own restricted usefulness. They set themselves quietly to reform the abuses which abound under an exclusively male *régime*, although they feel that their efforts are made under a terrible disadvantage, while the feminine element—needing that representation precisely because it is essentially distinct from the masculine, and can therefore never be adequately represented by men—is refused direct representation in our Houses of Parliament.

It is to be remarked that under the male supremacy—which is defended on the ground that it shelters women from the rough struggle for existence, and so gives them opportunity to develop a refinement and gentleness otherwise unattainable—their lives are not even secure! Their so-called protectors daily beat, torture, and violently assault them, often with such violence that death results; while the male judges, appointed by a Government chosen by an exclusively male electorate, punish the offenders in a most inadequate manner, holding a woman's life at a less value than a purse containing a few shillings.

In 1887, at the Yorkshire winter assizes, John Thomas Heffernon knocked his wife down with his fist, and struck her with the poker so that blood flowed from her ears, because she had gone to some amusement without asking his leave. Mr. Justice Day, in addressing the jury, said that our common law made provision for such chastisement, and that it was waste of time to bring the case before the jury. Jury found in consequence that the prisoner was acting within his rights, and he was discharged.

The Jackson case is considered to have established that it is not and never has been legal for an English husband to chastise his wife, but in practice our judges and magistrates agree with Mr. Justice Day.

It is difficult to take up a newspaper without finding proof of this. A notable instance was furnished by what is known as the Westbourne Park tragedy, when the jury found the prisoner "guilty" (of "unlawfully wounding" his wife), and Mr. Justice Wright, in passing sentence—*six months' imprisonment, less the ten weeks during which the prisoner had been in custody*—said, "There was no doubt in his mind that the prisoner's violence to his wife drove her to commit suicide. The sentence might appear somewhat severe (!), because it was greater than what had been passed upon him by the ordinary police tribunal, but he could not leave out of consideration the great violence of which the prisoner was guilty."

Within a week Agnes Clarke, needlewoman, was charged, at the City of London Sessions, as an incorrigible rogue and vagabond, having obtained small sums by representing herself to be a governess

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who had lost her purse, obtaining the fare from London to Windsor. She was sentenced by Mr. Underhill, Q.C., to *nine months' imprisonment with hard labour.*

On March 4, 1889, John Matthews was convicted for the manslaughter of his wife, at Manchester assizes. Mr. Bradlaugh asked, in Parliament, whether the jury knew that there were three previous convictions against him for assaulting his wife, and that on one occasion he received the same punishment for kicking her as he now did for killing her. William Hall, at Norwich, a few months before, had been sentenced to nine months' hard labour for the manslaughter of his wife. She was an invalid, and reproached him for being late for tea; he kicked her, and she died in consequence. At Durham, about Christmas last year, a man was sentenced to *nine months' imprisonment*, for killing his wife with the poker. True, she drank, but would the magistrate have considered the same punishment enough for a woman who had rid herself of a drunken husband in a similar manner? At the same time a man, who picked a pocket of a purse containing £2 2*s.*, was sentenced to *five years' penal servitude;* another, for an attempted outrage on an elderly woman, to *nine months' imprisonment;* a fourth, for burglary, to *five years' penal servitude.*

In the autumn of 1888, at Marlborough Street Police Court, Santiago Diaz, for knocking down a woman three times without provocation, and rebelling against the policeman who tried to take him into custody, *fined forty shillings.* Woolwich, same day, for throwing a cat into the air and breaking its spine, *twenty-one days' hard labour without the option of a fine.* Central Criminal Court, October 26, for garotting a *man, twelve months' hard labour and twenty lashes of the cat.* Norwich, September 24, for sleeping on enclosed premises of a timber merchant, and having no visible signs of subsistence, *two months' hard labour.* At Devizes, September 24, Jacob Smith Dowse came home and found his wife cooking supper. He complained that the quantity was insufficient, and immediately knocked the unfortunate woman senseless with a violent blow on the forehead. When she recovered consciousness he drove her up to the bedroom, tore her clothes off, and made her walk up and down the room for two hours, in a state of nudity, before her three children. She got under the bed, but he dragged her out and round the room by her hair, which was torn out, and produced in court at the trial. He then kicked her several times, and she tried to jump out of the window. Defendant, who was already under a bond to keep the peace, was sent to prison for *three months with hard labour.*

At the Cheshire adjourned Quarter Sessions, held in January 1891, Henry Shard, a young labourer, was indicted for causing grievous bodily harm to Elizabeth Abbots, a housemaid who was

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returning to her master's house by rail. He opened a conversation, to which she did not reply; he then seized her, threw her down, and attempted to outrage her. She screamed loudly for assistance, and ultimately opened the door and got out on the footboard, from which she fell, the train passing over her foot, which had to be amputated. The chairman, in passing sentence, said the Bench were determined to protect young women. Sentence, *twelve months' imprisonment.*

At Wandsworth Police Court, on January 2, William Dunn was charged with an outrageous assault on a lady. Prosecutrix was returning from a watch-night service, when prisoner came behind her, threw her down, knelt upon her, and assaulted her, holding his hand over her mouth to prevent her screaming. Sentence, *six weeks' hard labour.*

Contrast the case of Charles Dobson, indicted at the Middlesex Sessions about the same time, for stealing a watch, value £3, from the person of Albert A. Matthews. Prosecutor was speaking to a friend early in the morning, who had engaged a cab to take him home. Prisoner came up and took his watch, no violence. Sentence, *six years' penal servitude, and two years' police supervision.*

Then we have the case of Edward Norton, who was convicted at Leeds, in April 1889, of having brutally ill-treated a girl of twelve, who had been boarded out with him, and whom he forced to do the work hitherto done by a servant of nineteen. For not having breakfast ready in time, this child was beaten in a manner which, after having deferred the sentence till the next day, lest he should be "under the influence of feeling," the magistrate described as cruel, degrading, indecent, and deliberate. Two medical men deposed to finding bruises all over the child's body. Sentence—*one month with hard labour.* The same year and month Emma King was sentenced, at Norwich, for stealing a few handkerchiefs, to *five years' penal servitude.* A correspondent of the *Daily News*, who signs himself "Vigilant," points out that the maximum punishment the law allows for indecently assaulting little girls is *two years' imprisonment*, with or without hard labour.

Though the law as to the custody of children was amended in 1886, a wife whose husband has been convicted of an aggravated assault upon, and obtains a judicial separation, can only retain the custody of those of her children under ten years of age. A case may be quoted which took place in Norwich, in February 1889, where a wife, shortly expecting her confinement, was dragged about and otherwise ill-treated by her husband, so that she became insensible, nor was it the first time he had ill-treated her. She obtained a separation order at the cost of leaving her four elder children, two sons and two daughters, in the custody of this brute, who had so

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little paternal feeling that he endangered the life of his unborn child. The daughters were aged respectively fifteen and thirteen, about the worst age possible to be left under such an influence; the innocent and aggrieved wife being punished by having to part with her children.

At the commencement of last year an official return from the Home Office was published which had been presented to Parliament on the motion of Mr. Walter McLaren, M.P. It was headed "Assaults on Females," and shows the number of males convicted in 1889 for the murder and manslaughter of, and for all assaults upon, females, with the sentence passed in each case, in all towns in England and Wales of over 150,000 inhabitants; in Scotland, for Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee; and in Ireland, for Dublin, Belfast, and Cork; all the smaller towns and rural districts omitted. The offences are divided into two main groups, those charged on indictment or commitment which range from murder and indecent assaults of every kind, to robbery with violence; and those determined summarily before a police magistrate, which consist of common and aggravated assaults. Of the former, the total is 293; 43 of the sentences being above 2 years; 25 for 2 years or above 1 year; 158 for 1 year and above 3 months; 67 for 3 months and below. Of the latter the total is 7782; 1 case, in Ireland, being for 1 year and above 6 months; 146 for 6 months and above 3 months; 756 for 3 months and above 1 month; 2800 for 1 month and below; 4079 fined or to find sureties.

Thus we have 8075 assaults on women in one year, of which only in forty-three cases were the offenders punished with more than two years' imprisonment. The character of many of them has already been shown, and also the different punishments awarded to small thefts, five or seven years' penal servitude being a frequent sentence for the latter. Throughout the return there is a column headed "whipped," which suggests that whipping is an alternative punishment, but not in one single case was it resorted to, though a woman would suppose that such offenders as Jacob Smith Dowse merited that punishment as richly as any garotter.

Can any one, in the face of the facts regarding the conditions under which women live while legislation is entirely in the hands of men, seriously argue that to give women a voice in regulating the laws they live under would tend to mar their refinement and delicacy? It may be urged that the men who physically assault women are mostly of the lower and uneducated classes, but the inadequate sentences are passed by judges and magistrates who occupy a high position in society, and who profess to be chivalric gentlemen; they are acquiesced in by men of all ranks.

The state of mind which permits such acquiescence must vitiate

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all the relations of men with women, whether of their own ranks or of those beneath them, and tends to degrade women both morally and physically, and by degrading women to degrade men also. As Charles Kingsley said: "Women will never obtain moral equity till they have civil equality."

Without moral equity any high spiritual development is impossible.

MATILDA M. BLAKE.

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# THE HORRORS OF SPORT.

MANY people have no doubt read Lord Randolph Churchill's tenth letter from Mashonaland to the *Daily Graphic*. It was divided into two parts, and its reading proved distasteful to many people, who view with disapproval the wounding, maiming, and torture of wild animals under the name of SPORT. But it also proved unwelcome to numerous sporting readers, by reason of the wilful destruction of life in a cruel and unsporting manner which it gave evidence of, as well as the utter callousness displayed in the recital, to the sufferings of the hapless victims of that day of butchery and funk combined.

"Sport" is horrible. I say it advisedly. I speak with the matured experience of one, who has seen and taken part in sport of many and varied kinds, in many and varied parts of the world. I can handle gun and rifle as well and efficiently as most "sporting folk," and few women, and not many men, have indulged in a tithe of the shooting and hunting in which I have been engaged both at home and during travels and expeditions in far-away lands. It is not therefore as a novice that I take up my pen to record why I, whom some have called a "female Nimrod," have come to regard with absolute loathing and detestation, any sort or kind or form of sport, which in any way is produced by the suffering of animals. Many a keen sportsman, searching his heart, will acknowledge that at times a feeling of self-reproach has shot through him, as he has stood by the dying victim of his skill. I know that it has confronted me many and many a time. I have bent over my fallen game, the result of alas! too good a shot. I have seen the beautiful eye of deer and its different kind, glaze and grow dim as the bright life, my shot had arrested in its happy course, sped onward into the unknown; I have ended with the sharp yet merciful knife the dying sufferings of poor beasts who had never harmed me, yet whom I had laid low under the veil of sport; I have seen the terror-stricken orb of the red deer, dark, full of tears, glaring at me with mute reproach as it sobbed its life away, and that same look I have seen in the eyes of the glorious-orbed guanaco of Patagonia, the timid, gentle gazelle, the graceful and beautiful koodoo, springbok, &c., of South Africa, seemingly, as it were, reproaching me for thus lightly taking the life I could never bring back. So, too, I have witnessed the angry, defiant glare of the wild beast's fading sight, as death, fast



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coming, deprived him of the power to wreak his vengeance on the human aggressor before him. And I say this. The memory of those scenes brings no pleasure to my mind. On the contrary, it haunts me with a huge reproach, and I fain I never had done those deeds of skill—and cruelty.

It is a remnant of barbarism in our natures that we should take pleasure in displaying our skill on living animals. Deer-stalking is no doubt a healthy and exhilarating exercise, requiring skill, stamina, a clear sight and a steady hand. Yet the last act in a successful stalk is, if we come to think about it, disgusting and brutal. In close proximity to us we see a lordly animal, happy, peaceful, and enjoying fully the gift of life. We draw a trigger, and, if we do not miss, we wound or kill. Happy it be if it is the latter. More often than not it is the former, and then, if limbs are not broken, a fierce tracking ensues, resulting sometimes in the death of the beast, sometimes in its loss, and, as a consequence, many an hour of torture ere death closes its sufferings. Yet thousands are spent yearly on deer forests, and the pæan of animal woe that goes up therefrom throughout the stalking season expends itself year after year unheard, unfelt, unthought of amidst the throng of men.

I wonder how many sportsmen who tramp turnips after partridges and heather after grouse have studied the happy ways and manners of these quiet, unpretending grey and brown birds? Both grouse and partridges manifest the same characteristic affection for their young. It is a touching sight, when coming unexpectedly upon a young covey, to watch the frantic efforts of the cock and hen to simulate being badly wounded, so as to draw attention from their brood. It is a piteous sight to see a wounded grouse or partridge striving to escape some beater, who with uplifted stick pursues the poor, helpless, stricken animal, striking at it amidst the laughter and evident amusement of his fellow-beaters. It is a mere trivial incident, no doubt, and yet, those who know and have studied the habits of these birds, their instinctive eagerness to be together, their sharp cry and outstretched necks when separated and calling for reunion, can guess and feel what the agony of terror must be to a wounded bird situated as I have described, and which when caught is killed by having its brain bitten [1] in, or its breast pinched tightly till it dies of suffocation.

What more beastly sights does one see anywhere than at a covert shoot, when driven before beaters, into the very jaws of death, thousands of tame, hand-reared pheasants are literally mown down by the rows of guns awaiting their advent? Let us watch some "warm corner" in one of these shoots. Falling pheasants hardly

[1] The biting in of a wounded partridge's, or grouse's, or pheasant's brain is a brutal method of killing, much adopted, and is not productive of instantaneous death.

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risen from the ground meet our view. Some fall dead, others dying, others legged, some winged. On one side, we see dishevelled heaps of struggling feathers, pheasants with a leg and both wings broken striving to wriggle back to the woods, where hitherto they have been peaceful and happy. Now arises the piteous squeal of the wounded rabbit, or the more childlike human cry of terrified agony from the maimed and timid hare, striving alas! in vain to escape from the army of noisy beaters advancing their way, whose shouts must add to the pandemonium of horror which surrounds their last dying moments.

What more aggravated form of torture is to be found than coursing with greyhounds, the awful terror of the hare depicting itself in the laid back ears, convulsive doubles, and wild, starting eyes which seem almost to burst from their sockets in the agony of tension which that piteous struggle for life entails?

And what sadder sight is there to be found in the records of the hunted, than the one of a dead-beat fox, worn out, with lolling tongue, heaving sides, bedraggled brush, with the bay of the nearing pack growing every moment more distinct, struggling on in search of safety for his doomed life, dodging now here, now there, surrounded by a hostile field, the fiendish tally-ho sounding in his ears, the cracking of whips which warn him against any further attempt at escape? Then the hounds rush in. For one brief moment he turns at bay. *Cui bono?* The next all is worry, worry, worry, as the poor, weary but gallant Tod is torn limb from limb, disembowelled, and reduced to a shapeless mass of bloody, draggled fur. A fitting death it is, indeed, following as a sequel on the hunted torture which the poor brute has suffered from find to finish.

I have ridden to hounds over many a hard fought field, yet even in the days when I did not scruple to join in this animal torture, the death of a gallant fox always affected me unpleasantly, and reproach knocked at my heart louder and louder each time, and I have asked myself, "Cannot we have sport without cruelty?"

Assuredly we can. Well-laid drags, tracked by experts would test the mettle both of hounds and riders to hounds, but then a terrified, palpitating fleeing life would not be struggling ahead, and so the idea is not pleasing to those who find pleasure in blood. Much of this barbarous taste and callous indifference to the sufferings of animals is bred with our childhood and upbringing. Youth, especially of the male sex, is taught to regard shooting and hunting as manly accomplishments, without which a man is regarded rather as a poop than otherwise. Women, myself included, are, in many instances, brought up to indulge in sporting amusements, and it follows as a natural sequence that in the large majority of cases where this is so, a callous indifference to the agony and misery caused to the victims is imperceptibly engendered. Sometimes, as

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in my case, and in the cases of several men, whom I have known as "mighty sportsmen," reproach knocks at the heart's door and finds inside a responsive echo. None but those who have indulged largely in sport in its many and varied branches, can realise the holocaust of animal suffering that is day by day offered upon the altar of sport. I have seen and gauged it to its fullest, and I can safely say, that save in self-defence, I will never in life again raise gun or rifle to destroy the glorious Animal Life of Creation, which alas! I have so often and so wantonly taken part in bringing to destruction. And I say this. Savagedom still dominates us in a great degree. A higher education and civilisation will teach us to despise amusements which are purchased at the expense of suffering to animals. Let those in high places consider well how meet a good example in this respect would be, and lead youth forward to find relaxation and pleasure in feats of skill, endurance and physical adroitness without the aid of blood and torture to make of us skilled sons and daughters of the chase and the field. In our national schools, both high and low, kindness, and our duty to animals, should form part of the curriculum, while every effort that science and investigation can command should be put forth to attain for such animals as are needed for food, a speedy, painless, and merciful end. As we have framed laws for the protection of domesticated and tame animals, so we should teach mercy—and where destruction is necessary—a painless mode of death. And high time it is, that the machinery of the law be put in force to do away with the torture of wild animals, which under the name of "Sport," we daily immolate upon the altar of suffering, breeding and preserving them merely for the gratification of the still lingering savage instinct in us, which delights in taking life. The idea will no doubt be unpopular and create resistance, and yet, the day must dawn when that savage instinct will become eradicated and man will cease to seek and find pleasure in destroying our glorious animal life.

FLORENCE DIXIE.

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# ON THE NATURE OF STATE INTERFERENCE.

WHEN, wearied, we turn from the arid disputes and acrimonious squabbles of Individualists and Socialists to the contemplation of the inorganic world, leaving Sociology far in the distance, although we feel ourselves well within the dominion of Law, we still appear to be in the midst of storms, distracted by convulsions, condensations, combinations, divisions, separations, reconciliations. Everything seems to interfere with everything else—planets with planets, stars with stars, the sun with the earth, the earth with the water, the water with the earth, and the air with both. Look where we may, we see interference everywhere with everything.

Our minds, however, are tranquil; for this we know is as it should be, else how were evolution possible, the passage from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous.

Turning back to living things, to the simplest phenomena of life, Nature's lavishness and scorn for economy astonishes us at first. She is, indeed, a very spendthrift of material for experiments from her stores. Utterly careless and reckless, she seems to cast the dice in the hope that, after repeated failures, "though the treasure of Nature's germens tumble all together, even till destruction sicken," something workable may at last turn up.

We are again calm and reassured. This we also know to be in order—these countless experiments are necessary for the survival of the fittest.

Let us now examine through the microscope the beautiful flower-like infusorian *Vorticella*[1] attached to some aquatic plant, with its bell-shaped body or calyx supported upon the extremity of a slender contractile stem or pedicle. The edge of the bell or calyx is surrounded by a projecting rim or border, within which is a circular surface, the disc, on the edge of which is the mouth. How does food reach this mouth? By the lashing to and fro, or the vibrating, with great rapidity, of the hair-like processes known as *cilia*, by which the disc is surrounded. These cilia set up currents which sweep floating particles of all kinds from the surrounding water into the mouth or funnel. Besides cilia, properly so called, some of the allied ciliated infusoria are provided with styles or jointed bristles,

[1] See Nicholson's *Manual of Zoology*.

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which are movable, and subserve locomotion; whilst others have little hooks or *uncini*, with which, when freely floating, they can attach themselves to foreign bodies.

We recognise here, for the first time, definite, continuous interference, not only of an organism with its inorganic environment, but also with other organisms. The cilia, by sweeping into the mouth an immense variety of floating particles, by their action not only encroach upon the feeding grounds of other *vorticellæ*, but greatly diminish the stock of provender for lower orders of the *protozoa* unprovided with cilia, such as the *rhizopods*, the *Amœba Proteus* animalcule, or the *Monera protogenes*. The amœba, instead of cilia, is provided with temporary processes of sarcode (contractile, jelly-like or semi-fluid protoplasm) named *pseudopodia*. These pseudopodia are sometimes blunt or finger-shaped, and can be thrust out from various parts of the body, into the substance of which they again melt, when retracted; they perform, when in action, the same office to the mouth as the cilia, but are discontinuous and indefinite. It is true that the amœba, unlike vorticella, has a locomotive existence, and interferes in a way by circulation (swimming about, using the pseudopodia as paddles); but this is balanced by a suspension of the pseudopodia as prehensile organs during such movement.

But when we come to the *Gregarina gigantea*, the lowest form of a protozoon, we find a simple cell, without any mouth aperture, and destitute of the power of emitting pseudopodia. The surface is quite unprovided with cilia, contractile filaments, or mouth, and assimilation and excretion are performed by the general surface of the body. Here we have an extreme individualist, indeed, at the other end of the hierarchy, perfectly passive, and nourished by a general oozing through all over into its cell-body of the minute fragments it feeds upon. Though not interfering, he can't help being much interfered with; like many such, of this *fin de siècle*, in a happy state of innocence of the fact that he owes a large part of his well-being, or even his existence, to former interference of some sort or other, at some time or other.[1] The *Gregarinadæ* are mostly parasitic in their habits, and are found in the alimentary canal or internal organs of both invertebrate and vertebrate animals, and are especially abundant as parasites of certain insects, crustaceans, and worms; the *Gregarina gigantea* especially affecting the lobster.

When we take leave of these microscopic beings and wander along the shore, we come across a crustacean to be found plentifully on our coasts—the common hermit-crab (*Pagurus Bernhardus*).

"This hermit-crab[2] fitting itself with a new shell is a ludicrous sight.

[1] Indeed, where would our individualist of to-day be now, without the patriarchal system imbedded in him, when private property did not exist, and corporate liabilities of States were flourishing? To say nothing of that dreadfully bold interference with the subject—the jury system, and the effect upon self-reliance of police and fire-brigades. [2] See Wood's illustrated quarto *Natural History*, "Crustacea," p. 605.

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The creature takes the shell with its feet, twists it about with wonderful rapidity, balances it as if to try its weight, probes it with the long attennæ, and perhaps throws it away. Sometimes, however, *when the preliminary investigations* have proved satisfactory, it twists the shell around until the tail falls into the opening, and then parades up and down for a little while. Perhaps it may be satisfied, and, after twisting the shell about several times, whisks into it with such speed that the eye can scarcely follow its movements. When the number of empty shells is great, the hermit *is very fastidious, and will spend many hours in settling into a new house.*"[1]

Again he says:

"I used to feed my own prawns with the bodies of shrimps, hermit-crabs, and other marine crustacea that had died in the aquaria. All that was needful was to drop the dead animal into the water, so that it should pass the spot where the prawn had made its house, when the creature would quickly dart out and grasp its prey with one claw, carry it off to its hole, and leisurely pick it to pieces, *displaying considerable discrimination* in choosing the more delicate morsels, and abandoning the remainder to its smaller companions who lived in the same tank."[2]

An animal of this discriminating sort lies watching quietly till something—a fly, for instance, approaching—darkens the water; he may let it pass, he does not quite like the look of it, or somehow fails to concentrate his nerves and muscles to seize the prey. The next time he is fully primed, and will doubtless let himself go—no! He still hesitates. A cross shadow falls from another direction, a reflection perhaps from something bigger and larger coming towards him, upon which, a reward for his patience and sagacity, he may at last pounce.

Now this is a result of superior organisation both in the crab and prawn. If the prawn had been a chemical, he would have instantly combined or not with the thing or accident—a gas crossing him. If he had been a protozoon, the seizure of food would dance immediate attendance upon interference; the irritability of the sarcode producing an almost reflex reaction; the cilia drives the food within reach of the muscular mouth, or rather stomach, and it passes down at once. The protozoon and the prawn, then, both interfere, but with a difference. Wherein lies the difference? Not only in the continuous, often varied, prolongation of the prawn's actual interference, as compared with that of the protozoon's, but also in the quantity and quality of the former's anticipation, in advance of his practical interference—the observation and thought expended between the perception and seizure of the prey. Where, in the case of a chemical, the opposed gases are equally ready for instant combination or not, and in that of the protozoon the seizure follows very closely

[1] He discriminates here for a dwelling, but the same sagacity guides him in the choice of food. The sand-martin also (British *Hirundinidæ*) settles down, after trying three or four burrows.

[2] See Wood, p. 618.

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indeed upon the interference, the interferer lying at the complete mercy of the interferend when once the interference has begun; in the prawn, on the contrary, the conditions are reversed. For, although actual interference begins generally soon after the perception of the object, still often, as in the case of a bird fascinated by a snake, the practical termination of the interference by the seizure of the prey, even after a very long interval, may never come off.

The conditions of the interference affecting the interferer and interferend between this first perception of the object by the interferer and the practical termination or not of the interference, although superficially varied and affected by ordinary accidents, are not fundamentally changed except by the incursion of overwhelming accidents. The conditions, of course, in all three, the chemical, the protozoon, and the crab, are liable to overwhelming accidents. The cross-shadow, not being a chemical, does not of course affect a chemical, but if it were one, it would at once have the decisive effect of an overwhelming accident, as regards combining or non-combining; and the introduction of this new factor would entirely alter the character of the phenomena. The cross-shadow again does not affect the protozoon, because of the absence of sight organs in the latter; but suppose, instead of the cross-shadow, a pebble quietly dropped into the watery space affected by the cilia, it still would not retard the prehension of food by the muscular mouth; but a big piece of overhanging rock falling into that space would temporarily put an end to the food-getting. In the prawn's case, similarly, an overwhelming accident, the appearance of a lobster upon the scene, would fundamentally change the conditions of interference. But, although overwhelming accidents would entirely change the conditions in all the three cases, ordinary accidents, such as the cross-shadow or the pebble, would only have delaying, varying, or qualifying effects upon the conditions in one of them, the prawn's. These delaying, varying, and qualifying effects react upon the prawn's superior powers of interference, which, according to the capacity of the individual animal, he avails himself of or not, for the procuring of a large quantity and quality of prey.

As we have seen above, when we come to the rhizopod (*Amœba Proteus*), which stretches out its pseudopodia and draws in from the flowing stream its minute food, the interference [1] of a living organism with other objects (the living environment) has taken place; the dividing line is passed between the non-active, vegetative, half-animal and half-plant creatures which gradually shade off into in-

[1] It is true that in the vegetable world, or rather in Haeckel's *regnum protisticum*, a sort of no-man's-land for the reception of those debatable organisms which cannot be definitely and positively placed either among vegetables or animals, the embryonic forms or zoospores of certain undoubted plants are provided with cilian appendages with which they swim about. Also the higher so-called carnivorous and the parasitic plants interfere in a way, but they are exceptions; there is no resistance to the interference, and it is hardly of the same kind as that of animals.

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animate nature, and the active, real, living experimenting organisms.

Let us now to our cousins, the monkeys. Wood[1] says:

"The chacmas or ursine baboons, a species of the dog-headed genus, are most accomplished robbers. With such consummate art do these animals plan, and with such admirable skill do they carry out their raids, that even the watchful band of dogs is comparatively useless; and the cunning robbers actually slip past the vigilant sentries without the stirring of a grass blade, or the rustling of a dried twig, to give notice to the open ears of the wakeful but beguiled sentries.

"In such a case the mode to which they resort is clever in the extreme.

"They know full well that if a number of their body were to enter the forbidden domain they could hardly elude the observation or escape the hearing of dogs and men, so they commit the delicate task of entering the enemy's domains to one or two old and experienced baboons. These take the lead, and gliding softly past the sentry dogs, find admission by some crevice, or by the simpler mode of climbing over the fence.

"Meanwhile, the rest of the band array themselves in a long line, leading from the scene of operations to some spot where they will be out of danger from pursuit.

"All being ready, the venturous leaders begin to pluck the fruit or to bite off the stalks, as the case may be, and quietly hand the booty to the comrade who is nearest to them. He passes the fruit to a third, who again hands it to a fourth; and thus the spoil is silently conveyed to a distance in a manner similar to that which is employed in handing water-buckets to a fire-engine. When a sufficient amount of plunder has been acquired, the invading party quietly make their retreat, and revel in security on their ill-gotten goods.

"Although on service for the general weal, each individual baboon is not unmindful of his personal interest, and while he hands the booty to his next neighbour, deftly slips a portion into his pouches.

"The baboons when in their native fastnesses are under a very complete system of discipline, and enforce its code upon each other most strictly. Considering the daring inroads which these creatures constantly make upon their neighbours' property, and the daily dangers to which all gregarious animals are necessarily subject, the most wary vigilance and the most implicit obedience are necessary for the safety of the whole community.

"The leaders have a mode of communicating their orders to their subordinates, and they again to those placed under them, in a curiously varied language of intonations. Short and sharp barks, prolonged howls, sudden screams, quick jabberings, and even gestures of limbs and person, are all used with singular rapidity, and repeated from one to the other. There was a system of military telegraphing by means of attitudes and sounds which was invented some time ago, and which really might have been copied from the baboons, so much do their natural tactics resemble the artificial inventions of mankind.

"In the advanced guard are the young males, who keep forward, well in front of the main body, and run from side to side, for the purpose of reconnoitring the ground over which they will have to pass. The females and their young occupy the centre, while the rear is brought up by the old and experienced males. Thus the more active and vigilant animals lead the way, the weakest are kept under protection, and the powerful elders have the whole of their charge constantly in view. In order to ensure the utmost precision in the line of march several trusty animals

[1] *Mammalia:* "Baboons."

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are selected as 'whippers-in,' whose business it is to keep order, to drive stragglers back to their proper position, and to maintain a correspondence with the chief in the rear."

He goes on to say, that, clever as are these animals, their ingenuity is quite equalled, if not surpassed, by many of the animal kingdom which are placed much lower in its system. Therefore, it is not to be imagined that the quadrumanous animals are put forward as the most rational of the lower creations. The above extract, however, will suffice for our purpose, without chronicling the doings of ants, bees, for instance, among insects, and wolves and jackals among quadrupeds. It was clearly impossible for these baboons to have arrived at this state of things without a long-continued, patient, self-sacrificing submission to a hard grinding drill, with an extraordinary amount of coercive interference with refractory "weaker" adult members of the community. Whether, owing to hereditary influences (instinct), this training is pursued with an increased facility, or whether it has to be gone through all over again every generation, is a problem for the consideration of biologists.

That these monkeys get so far and no farther, and never show any desire to segregate, break away, or advance from this drilled state, reminds us of the rudimentary integrations of the ancient Egyptians and modern Chinese, and like the castes of the Hindoos, which, when once in, it is difficult to get out of.[1] This drilling of monkeys by monkeys resembles the nation-making of Bagehot, when he speaks of the primary necessity for pre-historic races of obedience to spiritual and legal penalties; and for the binding men together, of despotism, and for military purposes especially, the requisite of a single government regulating human life. He says:

"The object of such organisations is to create what may be called a cake of custom. All the actions of life are to be submitted to a single rule, for a single object, that gradually created the 'hereditary drill' which science teaches to be essential, and which the early instinct of men saw to be essential too."[2]

Man was probably a direct imitator of his fellow-creature, the baboon; but we may give him the benefit of the doubt, taking well into consideration his simian-like origin, and credit him with utilising a temporary uprising in his simple individuality of allied memories.

Now, let us suppose that a savage retires some day for shelter from the fierceness of the midday sun for a siesta under the shade of a wide-spreading beech. It happens this time, however, that the heat has a contrary effect; so after turning about restlessly on his

[1] See Bagehot, *Physics and Politics*, p. 27, and Spencer's *Sociology*.

[2] But why not interference with segregations and differentiations as well as with integrations? When are we to cease from meddling? Who is the bold individual who, *supra-logicum*, will fix for all time the hegira of the non-interference period? Again, if the *oikos* meddles with itself, why should not a collection of *oikoi* do the same? And this not by analogy, but because "it is their nature to"?

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back for some time, he falls in, for him, a pensive mood, and then the thought strikes him that he might do better than scratch and bruise his hands among the rocks in searching for his fish dinner. So the whole invention of a fishing-rod slowly forms itself in his sluggish mind. But before he sets about fashioning his rod from a tree branch, and searching for the cast-off skin of some animal or other for a net—a bag with a hole in it as yet—he must get another savage, meanwhile, to give him some of his fish to live upon. And then there are the osier bands to be hunted for, which are to fasten the net, or rather bag, to the stick—a job which will take him days, if not weeks, to accomplish. So the only thing for him to do is to beckon to a fellow-savage who is paddling down there with his hands in the stream, seeking for his supper, and persuade him to divide his "catch" daily with him, till the net is finished. The savage who wants a net happens to be of stronger and better physique than the one who paddles in the river, so he easily coerces him, should he refuse to do his bidding.

Here we come across the first representatives of the now familiar characters of the well-worn comedy or tragedy, which, with a change of properties and scenery, is the same that has been played, with immense applause, before immense audiences down to the present day, in all quarters of the globe. There is the savage who wants for the first time a fishing-rod, and his companion who fishes for him. The first represents interference, probably coupled with coercion; the second, who goes to the wall, or who, instead of going *to* the wall, will afterwards perhaps put his *back* to the wall, and fight for the rod, represents resistance. The man who will perhaps put his back to the wall is the man who gets thin on short commons of fish, and suffers from the change, the prototype of the manufacturing factory "hand" of our day, who suffers from the introduction of machinery. Should they fall out, the lending savage will doubtless be beaten in the fight, but will take his revenge by imitating his conqueror and making it a better net, and will ultimately benefit by the transaction.

From what has been said above, it follows that there are two kinds of interference: Reflex for the lower animals, such as vorticella; and Rational for the higher, such as the prawn and the monkey and man; the latter including Irrational interference, such as in some of man's experiments.

Rational interference and Irrational interference together make up the general law of Anticipatory interference, so called, because the interference anticipates[1] the action or resistance of environing

[1] Reflex interference is anticipatory in so far as the protozoon's cilia first interfere with its environment, but not in the real sense of the meaning, as the creature has no nervous system.

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objects—the interferer is not, except in the humblest forms, at the mercy of the interferend. The anticipation increases in quantity and quality from the reflex action of the lowest animals, till in Rational interference it reaches its highest.

Often in the higher animals, Rational interference never goes beyond the anticipatory part of it; as when the snake, having charmed a bird, is distracted by the sight of another prey, or where a human tyrant only threatens a community with bodily coercion.[1]

The *rationale* of resistance to interference is as follows: The resistance to the action of the cilia comes from the water, not from its contents; but when once these contents are under the influence of the cilia, they exercise an almost inappreciable rudimentary coercive influence upon the catching organism, which is obliged to swallow these contents. Alien provender, however, such as mineral or earth refuse, will be passed by, and will float out of the mouth to mix with the stream again. When animal resistance has once commenced, it increases generally in quantity and quality with the coercion, but also varies with the same amount of coercion greatly at times, down almost to no resistance at all.[2]

When we arrive at the fights of such complex animals as lobsters and spiders, the resistance of the interferend increases and changes often to flat coercion, and then back again to resistance—a sort of see-saw, till the stronger animal carries the day. Among vertebrates the environment of other animals of the same species exercises a certain influence upon combatants, but when we arrive at a high condition of human civilisation, public opinion makes itself felt by morally coercing both the interferer and the interferend, as in the late 'bus strike. Rational interference, increasing with the appearance of each ascending order of animals, gives each species an advantage over that below it in the scale; and when man arrives upon the scene, in the foresight and sagacity of the statesman, we are witnesses to its extreme development.

The power of putting the drag, so to speak, on immediate action, is in all animals, man inclusive, principally exercised in the obtaining, consuming (cooking in the case of man), and also in the digestion of food. Even a state of superior civilisation, looked at in a certain way, is only a better way of seeking out, fighting for, eating and digesting food. Cultivation of the sciences, literature, and arts leads to better feelings; fine brain work influences the blood by producing a better quality of digestion, and leads to a more comfortable way also of eating and drinking.

We may note here, that there is a human instinct, to which man has as yet failed generally to satisfactorily apply rational interference.

Hunger, which interferes with everything everywhere, is now, in

[1] This kind of moral pressure slowly becomes a substitute for flat coercion. Man's "Law and Order" will rest more and more upon such ethical interference.

[2] The snake and the bird, for instance.

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this nineteenth century, a cruel, merciless, unreasonable enough carnivore; but his brother tiger, lust, a most overwhelming, absolute, despotic, reflex monster, almost chemical in his action, still rages about, although with narrower range, much as he did in pre-historic times. Mill says:

"The majority, both of the upholders of old things and the apostles of the new, seem at present to agree in this opinion, that one of the most important and responsible of moral acts, that of giving existence to human beings, is a thing, respecting which there scarcely exists any moral obligation, and in which no person's discretion ought on any pretence to be interfered with; a superstition which will one day be regarded with as much contempt as any of the idiotic notions and practices of savages."[1]

Men and women, prudent in everything else, remind us in their madness for sexual combination, of some sort or other, of the dear old friends Mr. Pepper amused us with at the Polytechnic Institution years ago. Only a very small minority of our fellow-creatures (and no thanks this to the clergy and philanthropists of all creeds) don't imitate the flies, or rather the chemicals! Without pretending to prophesy, however, we already see in the dim future a happy reverse of all this, and that statues of Malthus will one day rise in every chief city of our native land. Bagehot's explanation is probably the right one. He says:[2]

"The most successful races, other things being equal, are those which multiply the fastest (this of course of pre-historic man, and of man just before history, which is not quite the same thing). In the conflicts of mankind numbers have ever been a great power. The most numerous group has always had an advantage over the less numerous, and the fastest breeding group has always tended to be the most numerous. In consequence, human nature has descended into a comparatively uncontentious civilisation, with a desire far in excess of what is needed; with a 'felt want,' as political economists would say, altogether greater than the 'real want.' A walk in London is all which is wanted to establish this."

But, to return to our subject. The quantity and quality of anticipatory interference used by an organism increases with the complexity of its mental organisation; the higher the animal in the zoological hierarchy, the more definite, continuous, and varied both the anticipation and the interference, till in the representative parliamentary institutions of man we arrive at the most definite, continuous, and varied instrument of anticipatory interference, the parliamentary majority, in the future to be returned by a gross, not by an effective, majority[3] of the electors. As we reckon the density of the atmosphere at any one time by barometric pressure, so in a perfect adjustment of the representative system the amount and value of any particular interference with the collective social organism (the sum of the

[1] Mill's *Dissertations*, vol. ii. p. 387.
[2] Bagehot, *Physics and Politics*, p. 195.
[3] See Donisthorpe's *Individualism*, p. 275.

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organic units) will be accurately measured by the parliamentary division list.

Rational interference with the units of the social organism often causes a wrench to our moral feelings; for politics and law follow the evolution of Nature, which knows nothing of absolute right or absolute wrong, of *meum* and *tuum*, and of sticking to the truth. The ethics of one age often lie in the dust-bin of the next; might is right here, with a vengeance. With treaties from Louis XI. to Bismarck made to be broken; with public schools and Royal Academies unblushingly violating their charters; with legislators from Lycurgus and Solon down to Balfour meddling, and often muddling, with landed property; with the whole structure of our constitutional and common law, scaffolded and buttressed through the ages by legal fictions; with an Established Church and House of Lords founded upon Cromwell's and Cranmer's spoliation; with a State Bank playing ducks and drakes for a century with the first principles of commercial morality; with the law of equal freedom suspended for the sake of children, invalids, lunatics, and women; with, lastly, vivisection and vaccination by State permission, reminding us that the popular reproach against the Jesuits, "that you may do evil that good may come out of it," is out of fashion now, whatever it was then—it is a little late in the day to be over-scrupulously uneasy about stealing and lying when handy. Cork well the bottle of State ethics, and put it on the top shelf out of the way of the units—it is only for the consumption of the social organism.[1]

The so-called voluntary, non-State, independent, or private experiments in social matters, come under the same law of interference. Although the disturbances and misery consequent upon the State interfering at any one time, and the amount of coercion employed, is brought more vividly home to the minds of the people, by those opposed to the opinions of the interferers (the Parliamentary Opposition), still they are not greater in amount nor in permanent effect, taking into account their limited and partial character, than those caused by the State legislature.[2] The temporary and permanent upset of small tradesmen about Westbourne Grove when Mr. Whiteley first opened his large establishment, and the havoc played by machinery upon its first introduction, are examples of the *misery*, and the rattings and tyranny of trades unions in the early years of their existence, of the *coercion* caused by private interference.

If we step from legislative to functional interference, the blunderings and mismanagements of the Post Office, Naval and Military Boards, are considerable. But the unbusiness-like business of ordinary

[1] See Appendix.

[2] The difficulty of repealing a law once passed is, up to now, most prolonged; but this is a curable defect in the legislative machinery, and no more an irretrievable one than "dear law" in the administrative.

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business men, and their frequent innocence of ethics, even in their own special departments, whenever any one has the misfortune to have dealings with them, is a fact illustrated and ear-marked by the colossal business of our Bankruptcy Court. It is not only true of Buonaparte that his victories were but retrieved blunders! The constant muddling of hospitals and charitable institutions points the same way. When the crisis and the usual inquiry arrive, there is a general whitewash, nothing comes of it—but the officials of a Government are more often, when got at, punished.

Laws against the stream of social development, or not to the taste of the Social Organism, fall more or less stillborn; but, when otherwise, whether the reduced evil effects in these cases last longer than the non-State independent failures is uncertain.

To give a push on to the Social Organism, to choose, expedite, or drag the time—to place human nature, in fact, under the most favourable conditions for its next move, after taking carefully the bearings of the whole coming change—to act, in short, as the skilled adviser, and to fill the post of overlooker to the natural process—these are the serious and responsible duties of statesmen. But knowingly to bamboozle, delay, and obstruct this natural process are unfortunate acts. None, indeed, interfere more than reactionists themselves by obstruction. By their system of groyning against the inroads of the ocean of progress, they have, from time to time, played havoc in all directions with the beaches of the political seashore.[1] We do not grudge them the interference, which is natural enough—the necessity of it from their point of view we may admit—but let us not forget the damage consequent upon it.

When, instead of gaping at coming avalanches with our hands in our pockets, we abandon the Static attitude, prepare our State baby-linen, and help to deliver Nature, the outcome may be astonishingly different from what we expected at the outset; as in cutting through Panama, after-effects, never beforehand suspected by us, may arise, such as the alteration of the currents. Things may go backward instead of forward, as evolution is not necessarily progression, but not rarely retrogression; but this is only saying that life is life! It is not the fault of statesmen, but the involved maze and intricateness of the problem: "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." Whatever the difficulties and dangers of experiment making, if we are not content to be mere gregarines, we must face, unostrich-like, with a firm grasp of the rudder, social storms with brave hearts and cool heads. We must clear our decks for action, leaving to extreme individualists and reactionists the dangerous habit of sitting in fair weather upon the safety-valve, or rather upon

[1] Like the good people of Brighton, who have thus sacrificed their far-famed beach.

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the bayonets of evolution, and pretending to like it; yet often, without warning, these bayonets move, and sometimes, dreadful to imagine, charge.

We have so far endeavoured to make clear the law of Anticipatory Interference. Bul there is a law secondary to it, but arising from it, the Law of Compensation.

A skilled surgeon (with the ultimate approval of the medical staff, the nurses, and the general consensus of humanity in the hospitals, to back him) considers an operation indispensable in an almost hopeless case. The patient, however, from fear or obstinacy, refuses to submit himself to this—his one chance for life. By doing so, he not only opposes himself to the opportunity of meeting the adverse circumstances under the most favourable conditions, but sets himself to brave the environment of opinion, coeval with him as an individual; a unit *versus* the sum of units. It is true the operation may fail, though succeeding in 80 per cent. of the reported cases; and the patient, should he know too much about the matter, may fear the secondary sometimes life-long disturbances, even if the operation succeeds, it may set up, which, although severe and uncompromising enough, are as nothing in the balance to the overwhelming advantage of a successful issue to the operation. It succeeds in 80 per cent. of the reported cases; but, supposing it to be the first of the kind ever performed, should apparently similar cases subsequently yield negative results, the operation is still justified, not by its success alone, but by the courage of the forlorn hope—the attempt to save human life.

This will be said to be an extreme case; but all sociological experiments of any reach and importance are so termed and considered by the opponents of them.

An extreme individualist may ask, Why an operation at all? Why not leave nature to work a cure? The answer to this would be, that such a course is forbidden generally by the law of Anticipatory Interference, of which the patient is the outcome. The application of this law for centuries to the successive generations of the ancestors of the patient has made him what he is—an artificial product; and this artificiality is distinctive of the mental element, which, as we ascend to the more highly developed animals, increasingly and advantageously enters into the composition of Anticipatory Interference. If the patient is sensible, he will not be content to be treated as a piece of granite or a gregarine, a mere rudimentary survival, the victim of *laissez aller*, but will wisely consent to be dealt with after the manner of his ancestors, though in a better manner, and would naturally expect an application of the law of Anticipatory Interference in the shape of the best surgical aid, with which the age in which he lives can supply him. But supposing

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it to be a question of the advisability of an operation in a severe case of child-bearing (the Cæsarian one, for instance), which is not a disease, but a so-called natural process; *à fortiori*, the patient would still look for this artificial treatment, an expectation almost hereditary and involuntary on her part, and would resent being left to Nature, like a dog or cat.[1] Of course it is for the surgeon to leave the case "severely alone" should he think proper to do so, and in that case the non-performance of the operation would supply another exception to the general law.

It is true that the secondary effects, which might prove damaging, are snuffed out in the case of failure by the death of the patient; whereas, unfortunately, in the social organism, either in the event of success or failure, these secondary effects remain, which, although not necessarily permanent, may last a long time.

But if evil developments are often inseparable from interference with the social organism, there is also a balance to the good on the other side. This balance presents itself in the shape of beneficial outcomes, quite unexpected at the time of the interference, which are more or less permanent, often very permanent. Just as in the individual, scarlet fever, measles, or influenza may leave behind them some general improvement of the whole constitution, or of some local organ, as a set-off to some permanent lesion, such as deafness, so change in the body politic often produces secondary advantages or gains, not necessarily observed at the time of the change, nor long after. These secondary or subordinate gains take at times the shape of tangible or mental bequests to future ages. For instance, whatever the science of politics may owe to the interferences of the ancients (and some think it to be very little), the art and literature of the Greeks and the system of law of the Romans are illustrious examples of valuable legacies left to posterity. The failure of the statesmen of antiquity to solve some of the great social and political questions, and their many blunders, are *compensated* for by benefactions which would never have existed if they had never interfered. The experience drawn from the experiments of the mediæval and cinque-cinto Italian Republics resulted similarly in the legacy of the modern States system.[2]

[1] These animals, indeed, when domestic pets, have usually much attention shown them during pregnancy.

[2] The political factors, then, are the Social Organism, the Environment, the Interference, the Coercion, the Damage, the Resistance, and sometimes, but not always, the Compensation—*i.e.*, $SO \times E \times 1 \times C^{o} \times D \times R \times C^{om}$ = the State of Domestic Politics at any one time of interference. The environment here stands for inorganic nature (climate and the natural environment), as the political and moral atmosphere (the artificial environment) may be taken as part of the social organism. The environment often means the encircling mass of units around any single unit within the social organism Much of our constitutional and legal *wisdom* is the product of the unphilosophical habit of drawing precedents; that is, extracting social phenomena of an earlier age from their natural and artificial environment, and applying them to a later and more advanced stage of social evolution, such as from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth or nineteenth. Extreme individualists do the same thing when, with



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It may be well to note here that when an act of State irrational interference occurs, subsequent similar acts in the same direction, by a continuous sort of bolstering up and maintenance of the original error, cause, after a long interval of time, an exasperation and change in public opinion, which, producing a reaction and an imitative interference in the very opposite direction by the ministerial successors of the original interferers, leads to the re-establishment of the *status quo*, or an approximation to it.

The Navigation Laws of 1651, for instance, followed by the Dutch war, the loss of Russian and Baltic trade, the passing such Acts as the forbidding the importation of pig and bar iron from our American colonies, the ultimate loss of the latter through Stamp Acts and tea taxes, and then for a termination the rational reaction and the entire repeal of the obnoxious laws by Huskisson in 1849. The compensation in this case was the immense development of our commercial marine and the increase of our naval power.

There can be little doubt, then, that this Law of Compensation when the interference succeeds, is somewhat a set-off for the friction caused by the interference; and, in the case of failure, offers by its legacies even then a certain positive result. This positive result is less satisfactory after a failure than the product of our direct intention, and less flattering to human pride, but it still is a gain to progress, and often a large one. But whether the account is to the good or the bad, let us not be too eager to launch our invectives upon the unfortunate specialists, who are the brokers of the situation, on account of an unluckly move, either made too late or too early, or which should not have been made at all, for we choose them to conduct the business from among our best men, and we are justified in this course by their previous successes. But I fancy I hear some reactionist crying out, "How can we trust the people to choose leaders who are both clever manipulators and honest statesmen, and who will take large, sagacious, broad views of public questions?" The answer to this question is by no means a difficult one. By allowing them, the people, to educate themselves in politics in every possible way, by encouraging free, full discussion of all important public questions by all classes mixed together in district clubs, by giving plenty of local government and Home Rule—by doing a great deal more in fact than has yet been done, to strengthen and nourish

nineteenth century spectacles, they criticise the legislative acts of their ancestors of the sixteenth century. The sumptuary laws and proclamations against luxury and encroachments upon, and imitations of, the costume of the nobility by the citizen class were, on the whole, successful; and according to the ideas of *la haute politique* of those times, necessary, as the real object of them was to keep the lower sort of folk in their places.

Again, the alleviating attempts to regulate wages might have succeeded more or less if the earlier irrational interference of the landlords with land and labour had not been so overwhelmingly thorough, so mercilessly exterminating, as to amount to a revolution. The saddle should be put upon the right horse; Henry the Eighth's *novi homines* may or may not afterwards have upset the economical buggy, but they had already come a smash with the big state-coach.

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that Public Opinion, which, already holding the balance between political parties, daily the arbiter of neutral questions, in the distant future, when State legislatures and State legislators are objects of only antiquarian interest, and statesmen survive only as overlookers, will be identical with the Social Organism itself, the units of which, themselves legislating from their own homes, in their own arm-chairs, at their own breakfast tables, will then vote upon all important questions, with as much ease as if they were filling up a census paper. The Social Organism will, in fact, turn smoothly upon its own safe axis of deliberation, discussion, and decision, free from the swerving and irregularities of State legislatures and the impertinences of State officials.

Meanwhile, our extreme individualists and reactionists will for a long time to come draw an audience. They will be able to point with admiration to the Chinese Empire, the Pope, the Established Church, and the House of Lords, as irresistible arguments for the overwhelming statical[1] tendencies of the human race. And as interference and experiment, both great and small, are most probable in the not remote future, these lectures of theirs will not be thrown away, should they tend to check hasty legislation before adequate discussion.

## Appendix.

In art, as well as politics, compensation for the violation of first principles does not arrive sometimes for some length of time. Mitchell says :[2]

"In architecture the two great principles of the arch and the entablature are thoroughly antagonistic to each other, and each so complete in itself that their proximity as principles of construction is not wanted. If the superstructure is to be supported by an arch, what need of an architrave."

Now the Romans tried to unite them, and this union continued to the establishment of the Eastern Empire, ending in the debased and degraded Composite. The ruins of Palmeira, with its coupled and imbedded columns, broken pediments, recessed and curved entablatures, often bent round to form the moulding of an arch, show us what a general failure it seemed to turn out.

Yet *from this degraded union sprang* the beautiful Roman Corinthian Order, which for fineness of proportion and richness of

[1] As to man's staticism, Mill says: "The great majority of mankind are, as a general rule, tenacious of things existing: habit and custom predominate with them in almost all cases, over remote prospects of advantage; and however popular may be the constitution, in the ordinary course of its working, the difficulty is not to prevent considerable changes, but to accomplish them even when most essentially needful. Any systematic provision in the Constitution to render changes difficult is therefore worse than superfluous—it is injurious."

[2] See Mitchell's *Architecture*, p. 4.

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decoration has never been surpassed. Again, the eclecticism of the Italian of the Renaissance, a mere jumble of principles in fact, a mixture of Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Romanesque, and Gothic, rewards us with the bold and imposing Florentine of Brunelleschi, the light and graceful Modern Roman of Bramante, and the elegant Venetian of Michele. To these may be added the fine Anglo-Tuscan works of Inigo Jones and the churches of Wren. It all ended in the Rococo of the Jesuits; but we do not regret the jumble.

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# CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

## SCIENCE.

THE *Report on the Meteorology of India for* 1889[1] has just reached us, and, as usual, is a bulky and valuable record of meteorological work. In form it closely resembles the *Reports* of the last few years, and the results of the observations recorded at ninety stations are tabulated and described on lines which experience has justified and with which meteorologists are now familiar. It appears that the observations are now taken at intervals of ten, sixteen, and eight hours respectively, and that the last are utilised in the preparation of the daily weather report which is issued by the Meteorological Department of India. This daily report is an important part of the work of the Department, and it is satisfactory to find that it is based upon the largest possible number of observations, including many that are made at stations which are not dealt with in the *Report* before us. As an indication of the nature and scope of the work which is here reported upon, it may be mentioned that the elements of meteorological observation to which attention is given are solar radiation and duration of sunshine, nocturnal radiation and temperature of the ground, temperature of the air, atmospheric pressure, wind direction and velocity, hygrometry, cloud proportion and rainfall. The data obtained with respect to these will need no commendation to the notice of practical meteorologists, who may be safely trusted to recognise their high practical and theoretical value. But it may be mentioned that they afford ample evidence that the organisation of the Department is maintained in a high state of efficiency, and reflects the highest credit upon Mr. Eliot, the reporter, and the officials who serve under him. It would be beyond the limits of such a notice as this to enter into details respecting the enormous number of data which are tabulated and dealt with. Besides this, they are not, as a rule, amenable to the brief and summary treatment which is here possible. Nevertheless we feel assured that they will not be lost sight of in quarters where their importance can be best appreciated and where they can be best utilised in the solution of meteorological problems. The relations

[1] *Report on the Meteorology of India in* 1889. By John Eliot, M.A., Meteorological Reporter to the Government of India. Fifteenth year. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing, India.

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between the more important meteorological phenomena discussed in the text which accompanies the tabulated results are dealt with in the concluding section of the *Report*, and some tentative suggestions are put forward as to their probable causes. There are no rash speculations on these matters, and no attempt is made to force the facts into the framework of preconceived ideas. Hence meteorologists will find in this section much that is deserving of careful consideration, and will at the same time perceive that the heads of the Department are not mere recorders of phenomena, but are fully alive to the desirability of correlating them, and of aiming at the establishment of such laws and principles as will embody their causal relations. In addition to the text and tables there is a series of ten plates, containing maps, which show the positions of the meteorological observations and rain-gauge stations in 1889, the mean distribution of temperature and pressure, and resultant wind direction during each month, the tracks of the storms originating in the Bay of Bengal and the Arabian Sea, and other details. There are also two appendices, one giving an abstract of meteorological registers for the year, and another the registers of original observations, reduced and corrected, which we believe have not been introduced into previous *Reports*.

*Cyclone Memoirs*, Part IV.,[1] is one of the best volumes of the series that has yet appeared, and is of considerable value both practically and theoretically. It presents in a condensed but intelligible form the essential points in the history of all the more severe storms that have been known to occur in the Arabian Sea. The material on which the author has had to work was in many cases imperfect, but, such as it was, it has been dealt with and utilised with great skill, though we fancy at the cost of great labour. The results form the first part of the memoir, where they will henceforth be easy of access, and at the command of all working meteorologists. The facts having been brought together and summarised, the author next proceeds to reduce them to a form in which they will be practically useful both to the meteorologist and the seaman. In doing this he first gathers the storms of each month together, in order to see the liability to disturbance to which each is subject, as had been previously done by Dr. Buist and Mr. F. Chambers to a certain extent. The results give the seasonal distribution of the storms, which is a matter of great practical moment. This attained, the next task is to obtain the average tracks of the storms in the different months, which is done as far as the data will allow, and the conclusions embodied in a series of maps, which

[1] *Cyclone Memoirs*, Part IV. Arabian Sea. An Inquiry into the Nature and Course of Storms in the Arabian Sea, and a Catalogue and brief History of all recorded Cyclones in that Sea from 1648 to 1889. By W. L. Dallas, Esq. Published by the Meteorological Department of the Government of India, under the direction of J. Eliot, M.A. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing, India.

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show not only in what months storms are most likely to occur, but the course they may be expected to follow. Combining and summarising the conclusions following from the analysis of the phenomena of the storms from various points of view, the author finds that there exists a slight tendency to the formation of cyclones in January, which disappears in February to appear again in April, while it steadily increases in May, and reaches its maximum in June. In October the number of cyclones again increases, and the autumnal maximum, which occurs in November, is as great as that of June. As regards the main track of the cyclones, it appears to be very much the same, subject to the change in the curvature, which is duly noticed. The storms nearly all originate somewhere off the west coast of the Peninsula, travel more or less to the northward, and subsequently curve to the north-east or north-west according to the season of the year. At the end rules are given for finding the direction of the centre of a cyclone, and a number of important general conclusions are drawn from the whole investigation.

The English edition[1] of the first volume of Professor Lang's *Lehrbuch der Vergleichende Anatomie* is a very welcome addition to our anatomical literature, in which we anticipate it will at once take a prominent if not a leading position. In the course of translation, it has been enriched by the author's notes, collected for the purpose of expansion and improvement since the German edition was published, so that as it stands it may be regarded as practically a second edition of the work. It has been fortunate, too, in securing the approval of Professor Haeckel, who, in a short Preface written specially for the purpose, commends it to English students in the hope that it will promote the progress of animal morphology and make that important branch of science still more popular. Published under such favourable auspices, the volume may be expected to be widely used both by teachers and students, though its great and undoubted merits would in any case have soon made themselves felt. It is not without faults, as we shall presently show; but, on the whole, it is so excellent a production, that these will for the most part be more or less readily condoned.

Coming to details, we are of opinion that in what he has included as well as in what he has omitted the author has shown great judgment and wisdom. In the preparation of such a work, which deals with a subject which is in a state of rapid development, it is no easy task to sift the contents of original memoirs and other chronicles of research and fuse the facts they embody into a symmetrical and harmonious statement which will be a faithful reflex of the whole

[1] *Text-Book of Comparative Anatomy.* By Dr. Arnold Lang. With Preface to the English translation by Professor Dr. Ernst Haeckel, F.R.S. Translated into English by Henry M. Bernard, M.A., Cantab., and Matilda Bernard. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

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subject. This, however, the author has accomplished, and with a success which has rarely been surpassed.

His method of treatment, too, is commendable, and seems calculated to meet with the approval of teachers, and, at the same time, facilitate the real progress of the student. The various divisions, subdivisions, and classes of the animal kingdom are taken *seriatim*, and dealt with as fully as even advanced students are likely to find necessary. In each case we have first a systematic review of the whole group, and then detailed descriptions of the tissue systems, the organisation, modes of reproduction, &c., met with in the various types of animal life which it includes. These descriptions are, as a rule, well balanced and uniformly adequate to the end in view. Two features give them an individuality and excellence which distinguish them from those found in similar treatises—viz., the fulness with which the histological structure and the embryological development are considered. We know of no work for students where the reader is brought into closer contact with the problems of ontogeny than he is here, and where the facts of adult morphology are so constantly traced back to the phenomena of embryology. At the close of the second chapter there is a splendidly written section on what is termed the fundamental law of biogenesis—viz., that "the history of the development of the individual is a short recapitulation of the history of the race, or phylogeny." Other cognate matters are dealt with at the same time, such as egg segmentation and the development of the two primary germinal layers of the Metazoa. At the end of the fourth chapter we have a section on the ontogeny of the Vermes; at the end of the fifth, sections on the ontogany and phylogeny of the Crustacea, and in the sixth, similar sections with reference to the Tracheata and the Arachnoidea. These references will suffice to show on what grounds it is claimed for this volume that it gives greater prominence to the evolutionary and developmental aspects of the subject than is usually the case in text-books for students. In the classification the author has ventured upon a modification of current schemes by raising the Platyelmia, or flatworms, to the position of a separate phylum, under the name of Platodes. Whether this will be accepted by other morphologists it is as yet impossible so say; but there will be no difference of opinion as to the able manner in which this interesting group of animals is handled. The adaptations of the forms it includes to their special environment is kept well to the front, and leads up to an admirable sketch of the influence of parasitism on the structure and development of animals. In accordance with its extent and importance the great phylum of the Arthropoda, or Articulata, is made the subject of very elaborate treatment, nearly one-half of the volume being devoted to it. It is dealt with in two divisions, the Crustacea and Tracheata respectively, the latter including the Protracheata (Onychophora), the Antennata

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(Myriopoda and Hexapoda), and the Arachnoidea. In the chapter on the Crustacea illustrations are introduced with more than average liberality; and these elucidate so fully the details of the text that the student will only have himself to blame if he loses himself in the multitude of facts, and fails to grasp their mutual relationships and their morphological significance. Among them are several which present at one view the various modifications of special organs and systems which are met with in the various divisions of the Crustacea in a way which is most striking and suggestive. For teaching purposes they will be found extremely valuable, and if drawn on a large scale they will make capital diagrams for illustrating lectures. By their aid the student will readily grasp the plasticity, so to speak, of the Crustacean type, as shown by the wide range of modification presented by the appendages, the central nervous system, and other structures. The development, too, is admirably elucidated by the figures given of the various stages of larval life which occur in the different orders, and the embryology of the crayfish is beautifully portrayed by a series of illustrations taken from those of Reichenbach.

The second division of the Arthropoda occupies the last chapter of the volume, which exhibits all the fulness of treatment, lucidity of style, and wealth of illustration of the earlier sections. Students of entomology may be referred to it as giving one of the best accounts of the comparative anatomy of insects to be found within the limits of a text-book, while the descriptions of their metamorphoses, embryonic development, and the inner processes which go on during metamorphosis, embody the results of the latest researches, and contain much information that is rarely brought within the purview of the student.

Thus far we have spoken only of the excellencies of the volume, which, beyond all question, are both many and great. But a strict impartiality requires that we should not pass over without a word one or two points in it which will to some extent detract from its utility. Prominent among these is a want of uniformity in the quality of the translation, which now and then becomes more or less unsatisfactory. In some places, the clearness of the original has been impaired, and the form of expression used by the translators will impose a tax upon the efforts of the student to which he should not be subject. It is noticeable, too, that the terminology and nomenclature adopted by the author often differs from that in common use, at least in this country, and this will give rise to some difficulty to those students, often the best, who wish to avoid the disadvantages of being men "of one book." In saying this, we are not unconscious of the difficulties which beset a writer who is dealing with a subject which is rapidly advancing, and, in consequence, experiencing a good deal of modification in one direction or another.

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But the fact remains, that the introduction of new names and technical terms is becoming a serious matter, as all students and teachers know, and the feeling cannot be altogether suppressed that some attempt at a greater uniformity should have been made.

In conclusion, the publishers ought to be complimented on the way in which the volume is got up, the type, printing, and binding being in the best style.

A *Traité d'Anatomie Comparée et de Zoologie*,[1] is the French edition of the preceding, and being identical with it, so far as the main structure and methods of treatment are concerned, deserves to be spoken of in the same terms. On several points, a careful comparison will bring out some differences between them, but they are not of fundamental importance, and are not likely to affect its utility. Almost at the first glance, the reader will notice that this edition contains no preface by Professor Haeckel, and that the translator affords no information as to whether any changes have been made in the work during the process of translation. This, however, may be due to the fact that the translation is not yet completed, the two parts before us only bringing it down to the end of the Crustacea. To French students the work cannot but prove a great boon, and we have no doubt it will be welcomed with all the cordiality its high merits deserve. The translation appears to be a good one, and is marked throughout by the clearness which is so characteristic of French scientific literature.

We are glad to find that the *Aide-Memoire d'Anatomie*,[2] by M. Julien, has reached a second edition. This, of itself, is a proof that it has been found useful by those for whom it was written, but we are of opinion that it has not yet obtained the popularity to which its merits entitle it. The work of a practical and experienced teacher of anatomy, it puts into the compass of a few pages the essential points connected with the anatomy of the muscles, ligaments, vessels, and nerves of the human body, and so arranges the facts in a series of tables that while their first acquisition will be greatly facilitated, their subsequent revision will be the work of a few hours only. Naturally the skeleton is first dealt with, but, following the good old method of outlines first and details afterwards, its component parts are merely enumerated at the outset, and only when these have been passed in review is the student introduced to the perplexities of the muscular insertions and other matters. As regards the nerves, the author has given special attention to the branches distributed to the muscles, and after setting forth the details at length groups them into synoptical

[1] *Traité d'Anatomie Comparée et de Zoologie.* Par Arnold Lang. Traduit de l'Allemand par Q. Curtel. Première Fasicule. Deuxième Fasicule. Paris: Georges-Carrée, Editeur.

[2] *Bibliothéque Médical de Poche. Aide-Memoire d'Anatomie.* Second Edition. Par Alexis Julien. Paris: Octave Doin, Editeur.

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tables, which the student, at any rate, will know how to appreciate. The apparent origins of the cranial nerves, their distribution, &c., and the principal convolutions of the brain, are also very clearly presented, and with sufficient fulness to meet all ordinary requirements. We commend the volume to all who want a useful and reliable "pocket-book" of anatomy.

The same author has published also, as a small brochure,[1] a paper presented to the Académie des Sciences early in the year. It is entitled, *Loi de la Position des Centres Nerveux*, and shows that there is a constant relation between the position of the principal nervous centres and that of the principal sensory and locomotory organs. The truth of the law is established by references, brief but sufficient, to the various types of nervous systems met with among Radiata, Annelids, Molluscs, and Vertebrates, and the author feels justified in extending it from the cases considered to the whole animal kingdom. A physiological explanation of the law is also offered, and as a corollary it is pointed out that, contrary to the opinion of Ampère and Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, a vertebrate is no more an upturned annelid than the annelid is an upturned vertebrate.

Mrs. Monteiro's volume[2] on the natives and natural history of Delagoa Bay is extremely pleasant reading, and, though unpretentious in style, is not without value as a contribution to the popular side of natural science. By the authoress herself it is described as a medley of "everything in general and nothing in particular"; but, so far as it answers to this description, we think it the more likely to interest not only those friends who suggested the writing of it, but also many others in whom the curiosity to know something of foreign countries has not yet been lost. The natural history it contains refers for the most part to the insects and flowers met with within rambling distance of the Bay; but here and there other natural phenomena are described, for the authoress is evidently one of those who have eyes to see and intelligence to note whatever manifestations of Nature they happen to come across. The accounts of the natives, their curious customs, mode of life, mental and moral characteristics, and other peculiarities, are told in plain and simple language, and in a spirit of sympathy which does not always appear in descriptions of the so-called inferior races of mankind. We hope the volume will be widely read, both at home and in the colonies, for it shows how the inconveniences of life in uncivilised parts may be compensated by an interest in its natural productions, and may lead in some cases to observations by which science will be enriched. It contains twenty illustrations after the author's sketches, and from

[1] *Loi de la Position des Centres Nerveux.* Par Alexis Julien. Paris: Chez l'Auteur.
[2] *Delagoa Bay: Its Natives and Natural History.* By Rose Monteiro. London: George Philip & Son.

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the natural objects by A. B. and E. C. Woodward, which are excellent specimens of what such illustrations ought to be.

The author of *L'Homme dans la Nature*[1] is known as an able writer on anthropological subjects, but in this volume he takes up a more independent position than he has previously done, and gives us the latest and most general ideas to which, in the course of his mental development, he has now attained. The questions he deals with are amongst those which have been the subject of much discussion in anthropological as well as in other circles, and, though they are of a complex and difficult nature, the volume affords ample evidence that he has not been at all presumptuous in undertaking their consideration. Put briefly, his object may be said to be to determine, as far as present knowledge will allow, the place occupied by man in organic nature and his probable origin and descent. The conclusions he reaches may not be acceptable to the disciples of the various schools; but the thoroughness of the investigation, and the ability displayed in the co-ordination of the facts which bear upon it, will be admitted on all hands. In the earlier chapters there is nothing that calls for special comment. They are occupied with preliminary matters, such as the aim and scope of anthropology, its principles and methods, and a general clearing of the ground for the more serious questions that are to follow. It is due to the author, however, to say that they are well written, and admirably summarise the general facts and principles of the subject. In the twelfth chapter the reader is introduced to the ultimate object which the author has set before him; the present position of the problem is stated, and the course to be pursued in its investigation is indicated. Then we have a serious of chapters devoted to a thorough analysis of all the accessible data on which a scientific solution of the problem must be based. Chief among them are the chapters on brain structure and development in the animal series; the form and the volume of the brain in vertebrates generally, mammals, primates, and man; the craniometric characters of these groups; the characters associated with the positions assumed by man and animals; and the relations of form and function as seen in limbs, hands, feet, mandibles, teeth, and other organs. These chapters deserve to be spoken of in terms of the highest praise, so searching is the analysis, so lucid the style, and so impartial and scientific the treatment. As the end approaches, the author is in a position to pronounce judgment on the evidence adduced, and to put into a few propositions the conclusions at which he has arrived. In the first place, he finds that the evidence to hand is in favour of the animal origin of man, although he admits that it is possible by a mental effort to consider him a separate part of creation. He maintains indeed that

[1] *Bibliothèque Scientifique Internationale. L'Homme dans la Nature.* Par Paul Topinard. Paris: Felix Alcan, Editeur.

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by his body man is, and ever will be, an animal—that is to say, a vertebrate, a mammal, a monodelph, a primate. In the second place, it is pointed out that, on account of secondary differences which exist among primates, they are divisible into groups which show a gradation in passing from the lowest forms up to man. These groups are not quite the same as those recognised by English zoologists, nor does the author agree with the estimates of the latter as to the relative value of the differences which exist between them. For ourselves, we think he over-estimates the interval which separates man from the anthropoid apes; but on so delicate a question we should hesitate to pronounce a final opinion. As to the unity or plurality of the origin of man, the author puts forward several suggestions which are worthy of attentive consideration, without apparently arriving at any definite conclusion on this important question. As a final word, we may add, that though the author does not seem to advance the great problems discussed much beyond the point at which previous investigators left them, he has presented a re-statement of them in a remarkably clear manner, and has brought together in orderly array the facts and arguments which must be duly considered by all who wish to form an intelligent opinion upon them.

We have read *La Vie dans le Monde Réel*[1] with very great interest and with some profit. The alternative title best expresses the nature of its contents, which are devoted to a consideration of the function of iron in the vital activities of living organisms. The subject is opened by a reference to the opinion held by Thenard, to the effect that the nitrates assimilated by plants must be produced by the oxidation of nitrogenous *detritus*, the decomposition of which is constantly effected by iron in the form of peroxide. This view the author appears to adopt, and suggests that the peroxide in the soil gives up a portion of its oxygen to the nitrogenous compounds, and changes them, partially at least, into soluble nitrates, while the partially deoxidised iron, under the influence of air, returns to the state of peroxide. He even goes further, and suggests that the fixation of the nitrogen of the air may be as easily explained by the well-known reactions of iron as by the actions of microbes, to which some authorities have recently attributed it. All that is required, he says, is a porous, humid soil, containing decomposing animal or vegetable matter, nitrogenous or non-nitrogenous, but sufficiently oxidisable to reduce the peroxide of iron, and in some way act as an incentive to its reactions. Obviously this is a very ingenious theory, and one cannot but wish that those who are in a position to do so would submit it to such experimental tests as would show whether or not there is any positive evidence in its favour.

[1] *La Vie dans le Monde Réel: Rôle du Fer dans l'Organisation.* Par Émile Vial, Paris: G. Masson, Editeur.

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In dealing with the respiration of plants, the author somewhat strangely falls into the error of regarding that process as of an opposite character to that of animals. What he describes as respiration is really that form of metabolism often called carbon-assimilation, which is a very different and probably a more complex process. More important than this, however, is the fact that he attributes to the action of iron an important *rôle* in the constructive metabolism which results in the formation of organic substance. On the authority of Verdeil and Mulder he locates iron, in the form of protoxide, in the chlorophyll of plants, and suggests that it plays a part in the decomposition of the carbon dioxide and water, which underlies the process of assimilation. Unfortunately, the evidence that chlorophyll contains iron is conflicting, as its presence is both affirmed and denied, and, however benevolently we may look upon the author's theory, it cannot be accepted until this fundamental question is decided. For a similar reason—the lack of positive proof that his data are true to Nature—the explanations of other functions of plant life can only be regarded as ingenious speculations which may or may not be true.

It is the *rôle* of iron in the vital functions of man and animals, however, to which the author devotes most attention; and, though we are far from considering that he justifies on scientific grounds the views he holds, we are willing to allow that they are put forward in a telling way, and seem deserving of the attention of physiologists. The active principle of the red blood-corpuscles is said to be the compound of potassium and iron known as potassium ferrate, and to this is ascribed their colour and the reactions of hæmoglobin. In the presence of reducing agents, and therefore in contact with combustible tissues, this is decomposed in such a way as to give rise to potassium binoxide, water, and carbon dioxide; but in the lungs, oxygen being absorbed, water and carbon dioxide are exhaled, while potassium ferrate is reconstituted, and the colour of arterial blood restored. This example will suffice to show how the author's theory of the function of iron in the animal economy is applied to explain some of the phenomena presented by the blood. To those who are familiar with the best analyses of the blood, and with the way in which its constituents are distributed in its various parts, it is hardly necessary to point out that the author again starts with a hypothesis which appears to be still in need of scientific verification. In subsequent sections he deals with medical phosphates, the chemical mechanism of digestion, the action of iron in the assimilation of earthy phosphates, and closes the volume with a chapter on the cure of phthisis and other diseases by nutrition. Into these matters we shall not attempt to enter, as they are treated in a manner similar to that pursued in the sections we have already referred to. Much that is advanced is of a novel character, and in some respects

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is at variance with the teaching of high authorities; but there is a want of certainty in the fundamental propositions which overshadows the whole treatment, and renders the conclusions drawn more or less unreliable.

In these days when "spade industry" and "fruit culture" are so much advocated as means of improving the resources of people whose lot is cast in rural districts, a work like the *Traité d'Horticulture Pratique*[1] is calculated to be of great service, and one cannot but wish that a similar work in English were within reach of those who would be willing to make good use of it. It is a volume which has been awarded the Prix Joubert de Hiberderie by the French National Society of Horticulture, and is certainly deserving of high distinction. The author is chief gardener of the National Parks and the Orangery at Versailles, and every page bears the impress of the skilled and experienced man. The treatment accorded to the various branches of the subject is well proportioned, and very suitable for the object in view, which is to meet the wants of those who wish to make gardening an industry for the employment of profitable labour. Kitchen gardening and fruit culture occupy the chief place, and are dealt with at great length and with much detail. The culture of flowers, however, and that of ornamental trees are not left out of consideration, though they are relegated to a somewhat subordinate position. Though a "practical man" in the best sense of the term, the author shows great powers of description both in explaining the methods to be employed and the principles on which they are based. There are numerous illustrations in the volume which will be of great service, especially to young students.

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## PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

We have received this month two books dealing with the philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer, both by writers who reject the conclusions of the great pessimist. The first is an English translation of some of Schopenhauer's Essays, with an Introduction by Mr. Ernest Belfort Bax;[2] and the second is an attack, from a theological point of view, upon pessimism by M. Léon Jouvin. It strikes us as a little unusual that an English translator of these specimens of Schopenhauer's philosophical writings should have been selected who is not in sympathy with his subject, though there is no ground for any

[1] *Traité d'Horticulture Pratique.* Par Georges Bellair. Avec 340 figures dans le texte. Paris: Octave Doin, Editeur.

[2] *Selected Essays of Arthur Schopenhauer, with a Biographical Introduction and Sketch of his Philosophy.* By Ernest Belfort Bax. London: George Bell & Sons. 1891.

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suspicion that the translations are not fair and conscientious. Some of the essays have already been made known to English readers by the translations of Mr. Bailey Saunders: notably those on Suicide and Women. The difference in the translations is not very great. Mr. Bax is the most literal, and Mr. Saunders is the liveliest. The most important piece translated by Mr. Bax is *Fragments of the History of Philosophy*, in which Schopenhauer demonstrates to his own satisfaction the superiority of his system to all that have preceded it. The essay on *Philosophy and its Method* is not only a key to the author's method, but a good specimen of his literary style. Mr. Belfort Bax's Introduction will probably be more read than most of the essays he has translated, and he deserves to be congratulated on having succeeded in giving so interesting an account of the philosopher and his writings in so short a compass. The biographical sketch well portrays the man and his egoistic peculiarities, and does not omit many particulars which tell unfavourably against him. The analysis of the philosophical system is remarkably clear, and brings out the chief factors of the theory in a succinct and easily understood manner. This analysis is followed by a very penetrating criticism, not the least forcible being the practical denial Schopenhauer gave to his own theory by his style of living. With regard to the general question as between optimism and pessimism, Mr. Bax considers it unanswerable, because it is wrongly stated. The problem is stated in terms of individual feeling as measured by quantity, while its subject-matter really transcends individual feeling, and is incommensurable. Indeed, upon individual grounds pessimism is rejected. We all grumble at life, but we prefer existence to non-existence, which, as Mr. Bax says, is a fact that remains to be explained, The volume is an addition to the valuable series of Bohn's Philosophical Library, and the reader may find it a convenience and an assistance to his study to have the philosophy and the criticism in the same book.

M. Léon Jouvin has devoted a considerable amount of labour and time to the study of the philosophy of Schopenhauer and Hartmann, and the result is a voluminous essay on *Le Pessimisme*,[1] which has been awarded a prize by the Academy of Moral and Political Science. M. Jouvin writes from the "deist" point of view, and makes a fierce onslaught upon these "detestable philosophers." No doubt the majority of people are more of his way of thinking than that of the pessimists, whose doctrine, at least, seems to have the defect that no one can live up to it, a condition notoriously exemplified in the philosopher of Frankfort. The first part of the book is devoted to a history of the pessimistic philosophy, which M. Jouvin contends is not new, but the oldest and most universal. A superficial pessimism certainly is common enough, but this should not be confounded

[1] *Le Pessimisme.* Par Léon Jouvin. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1892.

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with the philosophical doctrine, which is much more than a recognition of the prevalence of what we call evil. To say there is evil in the world is not the same as saying the world is bad. The optimists admit the existence of evil; the pessimists affirm the preponderance of evil. In following the history of the development of philosophy, the writer comes to the conclusion that modern pessimism was the natural reaction from the exaggerated optimism of the last century. He briefly relates the life and describes some of the least amiable characteristics of Arthur Schopenhauer, and examines his theory of the World as Will and Representation. A short account of the various writers who have since either followed or opposed Schopenhauer concludes the first part. The second part of the essay is devoted to a discussion of the theory, and an exposition of what M. Jouvin believes to be the true theory; which may be summed up in the propositions, that God has willed that we should deserve happiness; that there is no greatness without merit, no merit without liberty, and no liberty without evil. What we call evils are only the conditions of the trial to which the creature must submit before he can deserve happiness. This theory is expounded at length, and will be recognised as the ordinary theistic explanation. We do not know that it needs any more faith to accept this view of life than the pessimistic one. It is certainly more conducive to healthy activity. "Suffering is the price we pay for goodness. Good so gained is best for us: it is bought; we have deserved it." The second section of this part is on the Balance of Good and Evil; a matter which cannot be determined by superficial observation. Our conclusion, as M. Jouvin rightly observes, must be affected by our theory. If there is a final cause, present evils do not prove that the world is bad in the pessimistic sense, and so he says the question is: "Is its author a being of intelligence, of power, of infinite love; or is it only a poor Will or a miserable Unconscious?" This sentence by itself will give the reader a sufficient idea of the writer's treatment of the pessimists. In affirming the goodness of the world, the writer examines at length the reality of happiness, goodness, and beauty; and devotes some further pages to a consideration of love, art, science, and progress. The third part of the essay, which is perhaps most to the point, is on the consequences of pessimism. The writer admits that pessimism has performed a useful service in correcting an exaggerated optimism, and by the way he has some very trenchant criticisms on atheism pure and simple, and does not omit an examination of evolutionism. In an Appendix is given an outline of the systems of Schopenhauer and Hartmann, illustrated by copious extracts. On the whole, it is a very able piece of work, and contains many pithy sentences and interesting paragraphs; we think it would have been more effective if it had been shorter. The author is better in his criticism than in the



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exposition of his own theory. He begs his readers not to blame him if they find the account of pessimism wearisome: "To render these systems more wearisome than they are appears to me to be so difficult that if I have obtained this result, I shall begin to think I am an extraordinary man, and capable of having a great success in Germany."

M. L. Barrou, who describes himself as "Chef d'Institution à Paris," has sent us a remarkable work in three parts, entitled *La Raison et La Foi*,[1] which the title-page further informs us is a solution of two great problems, which has for its purpose the reconciliation of Reason with Reason, and Reason with Faith. M. Barrou is in deadly earnest, and there is something pathetic in the way in which he has devoted himself to a fruitless task. The first part, containing two chapters only, was published by the author tentatively, and he considered he received sufficient encouragement to proceed with his design. But in the opening chapter of the second part we learn that the contradictions of some, the smiles, even the disdain, of others, has only tended to increase his ardour. Night and day for eighteen months his brain has been haunted by the same ideas. The idea is to establish religion and morality upon a scientific basis, and he has discovered that the misunderstanding which is at the bottom of all our philosophical problems accounts for the failure to solve them satisfactorily, and he has discovered, too, the cause of the misunderstanding. It is geometrical: we are all wrong in believing that every oblique line drawn from a straight line must encounter all other lines parallel with it. We cannot reproduce his argument, or the figures by which it is illustrated. His conclusion appears to be that this is not true without we can produce our lines to infinity, which he regards as impossible. He does not believe in an infinite universe; the universe is bounded, enclosed in an infinitely great but not infinite sphere, outside of which there is nothing—no lines, no space, no anything. Correlatively he believes he can demonstrate that, as there is a maximum sphere, so there is also a minimum—*i.e.*, a line is not capable of infinite divisibility. These two points being satisfactorily proved, it is possible he thinks to put philosophy and religion upon a reasonable basis, and solve all the antinomies. If the universe is a limited sphere, it must have a real centre, which may be our world; and so we get back to the pre-Copernican astronomy, about which the author is quite easy. After this we are prepared to find that the philosophy and faith of the author are Catholic, and that our science is all wrong. He is confident in the future of Catholicism, and, speaking of its progress in England, gives us some information, which we will forbear to translate, "Le Catholicisme, chacun le sait, gagne tous les jours du terrain en ce pays. *On dit bas*

[1] *La Raison et La Foi.* Par L. Barrou. Paris: Chez l'Auteur. 1890–1.

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*encore, mais on dit et l'on répète que sa souveraine s'est convertie au Catholicisme secrètement.*" We can only regard the work as a painful exhibition of misdirected talent.

*Further Reliques*[1] is an interesting collection of essays by the late Miss Constance Naden, edited by Mr. McCrie. They embrace a variety of subjects, from the Geology of the Birmingham District to Cosmic Identity. They are all marked by a clearness of thought and an excellence of style for which the young and gifted authoress was distinguished. These essays may help to a better understanding of Miss Naden's philosophy—Hylo-Idealism—in which she so cleverly combined Idealism with Materialism. We fail to see why her friends should attach so great an importance to the understanding of her theory, which is easily comprehensible, but none the less open to criticism. It is open to a Materialist, as well as to any one else, to choose between Realism and Idealism. We cannot but think that Miss Naden's philosophical reputation will suffer from the ill-advised defence of her admirers. They are too ready to break a lance with any one who ventures to cast a doubt on the validity of her conclusions. The present volume contains, beside Miss Naden's essays, appendices by Dr. Lewins, Dr. E. C. Brewer, and Mr. McCrie, who replies to Dr. Dale's article on Miss Naden which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* in April last—which is also reprinted in this volume. With the exception of Dr. Dale's article, which is interesting for other than philosophical reasons, these appendices seem to us an intrusion. Mr. McCrie himself says that "perhaps no collection of posthumous essays ever required so little of introduction or direction to be addressed to the reader." Nevertheless the reader is made to feel that he is constantly being directed, and cannot but regret that these indiscreet friends have not permitted Miss Naden's various essays to speak for themselves. These remarks do not apply to Mr. McCrie's Introduction, which is judicious and to the point.

Mr. J. A. Farrer has written an original and delightful book on *Paganism and Christianity*,[2] in which he has successfully cleared Paganism from the libellous aspersions of the Fathers, which have survived till, and are continually reproduced in, the present day. The method by which Paganism has been dealt with by the Christian Church, Mr. Farrer shows, is the short and easy one always used by advocates. It is to pick out all the black spots in your opponent's case, and the brightest ones in your own, and exhibit them side by side. The juster method employed by Mr. Farrer is to show the bright side of Paganism, which suffers little by comparison with the bright side of Christianity; while a comparison of their darker sides is not all to the disadvantage of Paganism. With regard to the revolution

[1] *Further Reliques of Constance Naden.* Edited by George M. McCrie. London: Bickers & Son. 1891.

[2] *Paganism and Christianity.* By J. A. Farrer. London and Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1891.

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alleged to have been effected by Christianity, Mr. Farrer affirms that it did not improve in any essential respects the general state of the world. As to literature, no one can read the Fathers without perceiving at once that he had passed to an altogether lower intellectual atmosphere. The change from Cicero or Seneca to Tertullian or Augustine is painful in the last degree. By Paganism we ought to say Mr. Farrer means the civilisation and philosophy of Greece and Rome, and he finds his illustrations in the lives of their noblest sons and the writings of their wisest thinkers. In the first chapter, on Pagan Monotheism, Mr. Farrer shows that Polytheism was overthrown by philosophy, though the current language was still tinctured by extinct beliefs. Pagan theology we find to be similar to the natural theology of modern deists, and more attractive than the speculative or scholastic theology of the Church. This chapter ends with the very beautiful prayer to Zeus by Simplicius. Pagan religion shows that the Stoics had as fine a conception of the conduct of life as we have to-day. On this topic Mr. Farrer incidentally refers to the influence of Zwingle and his successors of the Broad Church—an influence due, at least in Zwingle's own case, to his love of heathen philosophy. Other chapters are on special features of Pagan belief and superstitions, but even here ecclesiastical Christianity has not much to boast of, nor Paganism much to lose by the comparison. As far as morality and civilisation are concerned, the debt they owe to Christianity, Mr. Farrer concludes, indisputable as it is in some respects, is not so great as most Church historians would have us believe. Mr. Farrer indulges in the hope of seeing Christianity (at least so much of it as has departed from Catholicism and orthodox Protestantism) united and reconciled to philosophy, to the great benefit of the world. "Stronger religious affinities connect us with Seneca or Porphyry than with any of the early Christian theologians; and, to put the matter truthfully, our rationalised Christianity is simply the higher philosophy of Paganism—with a different phraseology, of course, but the same in substance with that which was taught and preached in the Roman Empire by Stoic, Platonist, and Pythagorean, in the days before the fanatics, who miscalled themselves Christians, drowned the sound reason of the world in the torrent of their all-overwhelming ignorance." In an Appendix Mr. Farrer has embodied the sentiments of some of the great Pagans in well-written verse.

Mr. Fitzroy has written a very interesting book on *Dogma and the Church of England*,[1] but we think he fails to make out his case that dogma is not an essential part of the Church system. The fact that a few liberal-minded of the clergy have placed dogma beneath practice, or have ignored dogma altogether, does not prove the

[1] *Dogma and the Church of England.* By A. J. Fitzroy. London and Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

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undogmatic basis of the Church. Mr. Fitzroy gives a brief sketch illustrating the liberal side of the Church before and since the Reformation, but the principal part of the book consists in sketches of the broader section of the clergy of the present century—from Sydney Smith to the late Dr. Edwin Hatch. Very few of the examples, however, can be regarded as anti-dogmatists, though the sketches are highly interesting, and illustrate the growth of liberal thought. Mr. Fitzroy has exercised a praiseworthy self-denial in refraining from quoting living preachers, or he might have made out a stronger case. With the intentions of the writer and the spirit of the work we have the warmest sympathy, and endorse his views as to the desirability of a further removal of dogmatic tests and the establishment of religion upon a more practical and ethical basis. But Mr. Fitzroy will find that the vast majority of the clergy are opposed to any such improvement, and the remedy will probably have to be found in some other direction.

Professor Kirkpatrick deals with some of the results of Old Testament criticism in the *The Divine Library of the Old Testament.*[1] The work is in the form of five lectures on the Origin, the Preservation, the Inspiration of the Old Testament, and its Use in the Christian Church. The author accepts many of the results of modern criticism, but, as his title implies, does not accept the logical inference. Notwithstanding the unauthentic character of the writings, the unequal value of different books, the difficulty of making any distinction between them and other Scriptures, he still regards them as "inspired by God" in a sense in which no other writings are. Apart from theory, the book contains some interesting information on the origin and preservation of the text.

*The Jewish Religion,*[2] by Dr. Friedländer, will be found instructive, not only to the members of the Jewish community, for whom it is intended, but also to Christians and others who desire to learn what is the teaching in the Jewish Church at the present time, for that is the subject of the work. We find it more conservative than we should have expected, especially on the subject of the Bible and tradition. The writer gives much exceedingly interesting information on points of importance. The work is divided into two parts: "Our Creed," and "Our Duties," the duties being both moral and ceremonial. The moral tone of the teaching is, as we might have expected, of a high character. The religious customs and their objects are described at some length.

*The Church in Germany,*[3] by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, is one of

[1] *The Divine Library of the Old Testament.* By A. F. Kirkpatrick, B.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.
[2] *The Jewish Religion.* By M. Friedländer. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1891.
[3] *The Church in Germany.* By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. London: Wells Gardner Darton & Co. 1891.

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a series of books on the National Churches of which Mr. P. H. Ditchfield is the general editor. The aim of the series is an attempt to follow the history of the "true Catholic Church" in each country, and not necessarily the Church to which the greater mass of the inhabitants at present belong. The purpose is partly polemical—in fact, in Mr. Baring-Gould's volume, obtrusively so; and the history is a little more than a vehicle for the advocacy of Episcopacy. The author's familiarity with the history of Germany, and his acquaintance with modern Germany, have enabled him to produce an interesting work on a subject of really vast extent.

Dr. Dale's Sermons[1] are marked by a massive eloquence and strength of thought which elevate them far above the average, even in a time which is not deficient in preachers of the first rank. He may even be pardoned for making so little concession to modern thought, as his dogmatism is based evidently upon personal conviction and not upon tradition. That his theology is largely the product of his own thought is probably the source of his power.

*The Nonsuch Professor in his Meridian Splendour, or the Singular Actions of Sanctified Christians*[2] is the curious title of a curious book by the Rev. William Secker, a seventeenth-century preacher. The style is quaint and pithy, and the object of the discourses is to show what a Christian ought to be.

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## SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

We have before us four books which can be grouped together so as to form three deeply interesting scenes in an economic diorama.

We take first a work which displays in an attractive form the history of the economic growth of a living nation—our own; which presents a picture of that nation as it is.

Mr. Arthur Rogers has no need to apologise for the publication of the late Professor's lectures.[3] He has given us a fascinating work—a concrete embodiment of economic principles, full of illustration, crowded with odd bits of learning, constantly lit up with vivacious allusion and *recherché* anecdote. It is difficult to cast ourselves back into the days when economic science was an untracked field to us, but we are inclined to recommend Mr. Thorold Rogers'

[1] *Fellowship with Christ, and other Discourses.* By R. W. Dale, LL.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1891.

[2] *The Nonsuch Professor.* By the Rev. William Secker. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1891.

[3] *The Industrial and Commercial History of England.* By the late James E. Thorold Rogers. Edited by his son, Arthur G. L. Rogers. London: Fisher Unwin. 1892.

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lectures as an introduction to the science, which many a past student would have been thankful to have known, as a new and pleasant entrance drive which will beguile the new-comer's passage to an externally unattractive mansion.

Take, for instance, the story of the origin of the Lords of Belper, on p. 17; the happy reference to Macaulay, on p. 47; the incapacity of the poet for the reproduction of his kind (p. 59); the cynical reference to the War Office and its muddlings (p. 328); and this delightful passage (p. 333):

"They who are familiar with the attitude and action of Governments are perfectly prepared for promises of legislation, and scarcely ever feel surprise when these promises remain unfulfilled, generally under the plea that other public business is too pressing to be postponed."

Some of us knew the late Professor in the flesh; many more know his reputation. The book constantly reflects his known smartness of speech. We like nothing better throughout it than this alliteration:

"The Bull of Borgia, pontiff and profligate."

Professor Rogers had caught the spirit of what we may call the new economy, and gives ample evidence of it in these pages. He is not sentimental, but he has no sympathy with the apotheosis of capital and the immolation of labour. "Idlers, profligates, and criminals" he classes together as noxious, and takes no pains to conceal his contempt for the selfishness of the individual or the class.

Not the least interesting sketches in his lectures are those which concern agricultural development and failure in Great Britain. The Professor seems to have taken a special interest in the life of the farm, and knew it more practically than the majority of thinkers. His criticisms go to the root of the whole matter. Overgrown holdings, paucity of capital, and consequent stint of labour have been the ruin of English agriculture. "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place." "Latiundia perdidere totam Italiam, iam vero et provincias" (this, if we remember aright, is the exact quotation). But it is not the large holding *per se* which does the harm; it is the conjunction of the large holding with insufficient capital, and therefore with inadequate labour. Professor Rogers shows that up to the latter part of the eighteenth century England was still a country of moderate holdings, and agriculture was, as we all know, in those days the chief of English industries. The minimum amount of capital which used to be insisted on was £5 per acre; the tendency recently has been to employ but £4 per acre or less; yet with the altered conditions of agriculture £10 per acre is said to be required. This starvation of tillage has its first

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result in curtailment of the labour power. In old days (we quote the Professor) a farm required a hand for every twenty acres; now there is more usually one to every thirty or forty. The point is a telling one. Even a superficial interest in agricultural operations must convince us that half the losses of hay, half the failures of corn crops, are due not so much to bad seasons as to mismanagement of labour. We ourselves have pointed this out over and over again. The most obvious and satisfactory escape from the disastrous thraldom of present custom is the encouragement of small farming and allotments, with complete security of tenure. Let us quote the words of our author:

"While I am entirely indifferent as an economist to extended and extensive ownership, where the estate is unencumbered and is judiciously managed, I am quite persuaded that a greatly divided occupancy, under which the tenant, whether flitting or sitting, is secured in his improvements. and protected from any rise of rent whatever on his own outlay, is the best hope for the revival of British agriculture. This country is overflowing with capital. . . . . The annual waste of improvident investments is, I am sure, equal to the revenue of many a European State. But agriculture languishes. We are importing more and more every day, not only of grain, but of minor agricultural products—eggs, poultry, fruit. . . . . The skilled British agriculturist has no rival in the civilised world. But the agricultural capital has vanished. . . . . For this state of things there is and can be but one reason, and that reason is distrust."

One other point out of the many that crowd on us we select for notice. Professor Rogers is quite in accord with the new view of the relation of population to subsistence. Vice and misery, he writes, are not preventive of population. Malthus was wrong. "Thieves are inconveniently prolific, so are the miserable." Mill partly saw the light through the veil of the Malthusian assumptions. But it has been reserved to the last three or four years, and in a large measure to the Socialist school, to sweep away the idea that on the margin of humanity there is a distress "unto death."

Here we must leave a delightful work, merely suggesting to the editor that there seems to us to be an unusually large percentage of errors, due either to the printer or to the transcriber, which it would be well to put right in any future edition.

We turn to Mr. Phipson's *Redemption of Labour*.[1] We had not before seen the first volume, which was published in 1888; but it was little more than introductory to the larger volume just issued. The work is in every way iconoclastic. The old economists are cast down, their doctrines are slain with the sword, the modern economic system is burned with the fire of invective.

[1] *The Redemption of Labour; or, Free Labour upon Free Land.* By Cecil Balfour Phipson. Vol. i., 1888; vol. ii., 1892. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

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But we are quite certain that the work will be severely handled by the critics; and we do not intend to join them. It has been undertaken and carried through with a lofty purpose and in an earnest spirit. Such a work it is not well to attack lightly. A brief review cannot do it justice, and should not do it injustice. If Mr. Phipson has gone astray it will take a small volume to refute him; if he is on the right track, he demands a fairly severe course of study. One by one he takes the well-known principles of economics and turns them inside out till a new and strange lining appears. Yet in many respects he grips the best of the later theories, and he works up to a true ideal.

Whether, however, his methods are practical or wise is a point upon which we reserve our opinion. When we are told that we must restore the feudal system and bring back the patriarchal family, we feel justified in requiring time to consider the arguments. "I have always held," said Archbishop Whately, "that two and two make four, yet if a person of known respectability came to me and said that he had discovered that they do really make five, I should certainly hear all his arguments." This is our attitude in regard to Mr. Phipson's book. We say it without the slightest shadow of unkindness. Unfortunately it is distinctly a dry book, and the more difficult on that account to digest.

Yet the evident sympathy with struggling humanity, and the desire to find a way out of great natural misery, demand the attention of those who pass by: such portions of the work as the analysis of all wealth into "food products" and "other products," the attack upon the system of inflated credit, the chapter on the heresy of bimetallism, declare at once a practical purpose.

From the same publishers comes a less pretentious work on *Poverty*,[1] "an inquiry into its causes and the method of their removal." Mr. Godard's reading is fairly wide, and he draws largely on the Fabian tracts—we are not aware whether he is a member of that society: his illustrations here and there, to our mind, overshoot the mark: that is a common fault nowadays with writers who feel strongly the injustice of the present distribution of wealth. The key-note of the book is touched in these words: "We have not discovered any stern law of nature proclaiming poverty to be inevitable. . . . . But we have, on the contrary, clearly discerned that poverty is due to man, and need not, therefore, be perpetuated." And then the writer proceeds to make a great many just and useful criticisms on the present condition of the British nation, which lead him up to that Socialistic remedy which no one can yet clearly define, and as to which we hope one day to have something to say in detail.

A different view of the social question presents itself in Professor

[1] *Poverty: Its Genesis and Exodus.* By John George Godard. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

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E. de Laveleye's new work.[1] Democracy—the rule of the people—goes hand in hand with the more equal distribution of wealth, the wider spread of education.

M. de Laveleye is too well known in England to require an introduction from us; his two new volumes (which are, we believe, to be compressed into a short English primer in the Social Science Series) are excellent reading; he has an intimate acquaintance with the classics as well as with modern economists; he has acquired a vast stock of facts which he uses with aptitude and facility; the division of the book into short chapters or sections gives a special ease in the reading; and his French is fluent and graceful. What further recommendation can we add? unless it be that he evidently admires England and English institutions, so that we English may "felicitate" ourselves as we read.

The work is a careful historical examination of the origin of government, and the grounds for preferring a democracy; it contains occasional philosophical disquisitions on portions of the subject, and closes with a series of useful essays on the history of liberty in the countries of Europe. If the earlier chapters which analyse sovereignty and the political state are a little stale after Austin, Wheaton, or Dicey, we cannot go so far as to say that they might be better omitted.

The author has before him from the first the leading questions of the day. His third book—there are twelve altogether—begins with an inquiry into the relations of Church and State. This, however, will not be of much help to our "Liberationists." M. de Laveleye's criticism is chiefly directed against the Church of Rome. That Church claims to-day, as it has always claimed, to be a power above and beyond the State. This claim is fatal to its recognition by the State. If it will not give in its submission, it cannot have State support. M. de Laveleye fearlessly exposes this position in one of the most interesting chapters of his work.

Another interesting summary is that on the rights of women; but it is forgotten how much the ladies owe to the bachelor Bentham. The little note to this chapter, which records the fame of Miss Ramsay and Miss Fawcett, contains a double inaccuracy, which is not unpardonable in a foreigner. And the mention of this leads us to two minor points which struck us.

The author goes rather far when he says that the constitution of a State was derived by analogy from that of the human body, or that there was any transfer of meaning from one to the other. The word is a general term specialised in two separate senses, probably at different periods without any thought of an analogy.

And we must correct the confusion of the terms "federal," and

[1] *Le Gouvernement dans la Démocratie.* Par Emile de Laveleye. Two vols. Paris: Felix Alcan. 1891.

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"confederate," as we have done elsewhere. In Book II. chap. vii. *ad init.* M. de Laveleye has the ideas quite clearly defined. A federation is the German *Bundestaat*, a confederation the German *Staatenbund;* Mr. Austin showed the difference half a century ago. In a later chapter the term "confédèration" is used as synonymous with "fédèration," which is a pity.

The social life of a democracy is not examined, but it is referred to on occasion. M. de Laveleye looks to the spread of democratic sentiment to assuage the hostility of the different classes; but he is not a socialist, and he does not clearly see the remedy. Perhaps he best sums up his own mind in the opening sentences of his preface: "Les ouvriers sont mécontents . . . . ils réclament une part plus grande du produit annuel du travail . . . . et l'on n'entrevoit pas encore quelles seraient les lois qui pourraient donner satisfaction à leurs vœux."

We have received another work by M. de Laveleye bearing the title *Luxury*.[1] The book is well worth reading. It is severe, no doubt, on modern society, and his attitude is ascetic, though his asceticism is very unlike that of Count Tolstoï. M. de Laveleye agrees with the philosophers of old and the Fathers of the Church in condemning luxury as pernicious to the individual and fatal to society. He does not, however, carry his austerity to the extreme of fanaticism. His contention is that luxury confers no real benefit on a community, and that it is unjustifiable both on ethical and economic grounds. He takes issue with Bastiat, who in his *Economic Harmonies* holds that men must multiply and refine their wants in order to provide occupation for the increasing number of workers. M. de Laveleye answers this argument in this way: "When our rational wants are satisfied, what we need is not to create a superfluity for the satisfaction of spurious needs, but to employ our leisure in cultivating our minds, enjoying the society of our fellows, and fostering our love of the beautiful. The higher a man rises in culture and knowledge, the less he cares for fine clothes or sumptuous fare. This is only another version of Wordsworth's ideal—"plain living and high thinking."

M. de Laveleye justly complains of the high pressure of modern life, and the terrible waste of energy that takes place in the pursuit of unnecessary wealth "We are all—from the summit of the society ladder to its base, from the Cabinet Minister, who succumbs under the mass of business which overwhelms him, to the miner at the bottom of the coal-pit—becoming the slaves of a gigantic social engine, whose motion constantly accelerates." There is much in the book which is calculated to generate sober reflection in the minds of all who are not besotted worshippers of the spirit of the age. We

[1] *Luxury.* By Emile de Laveleye, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Liége, &c. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

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may regard the work as an admirable lay sermon by a nineteenth-century philosopher who is neither a dreamer nor a bigot.

A remarkable change has taken place in the methods of political economists since the time of John Stuart Mill. To-day a system entirely different from that which he exemplified is adopted by some of the foremost writers on political economy. It is admitted by them that the study of wealth cannot be isolated, except temporarily and provisionally, from other social phenomena, and economics must be regarded as a branch of the great science of Sociology. In America and in France this truth is being recognised by men of high standing as political economists. One of the most distinguished recent writers on the subject in the United States is Professor Richard T. Ely, of the Johns Hopkins University. His *Introduction to Political Economy*[1] is an excellent survey of the field over which economic inquiry ranges. In his first chapter he points out that "political economy is a social science, but it is not social science in its broadest sense. Another name," he adds, "has been reserved for that larger branch of knowledge, and that is, Sociology." He goes on to define Sociology, which, as he observes, "deals with social phenomena," like political economy; though the latter science only deals indirectly with many questions with which the sociologist is compelled to grapple. Professor Ely thus felicitously shows the necessity for studying the social organism under various aspects:—"The entire life of man in society is truly one, but it is so great, so complex, in all its almost infinite variety of manifestations, that it seems necessary to separate it into parts by more or less artificial lines. Not that any part has an independent existence, for each part affects vitally every other part, but that in this manner we accommodate things better to the limited power of man's intellect." In another portion of the same chapter he warns his readers that the scope of political economy is not small or insignificant because it is concerned with what is commonly called "getting a living." "There is scarcely a phenomenon of society," he says, "perhaps none at all, which does not come sooner or later within the range of the economist's discussion, although he arrives at all from his own peculiar starting-point." A fact in the history of production generally overlooked by superficial students of political economy is dwelt upon very emphatically by Professor Ely—viz., that a large part of production is not designed at all for the market-place, *e.g.*, household production, in which women have so considerable a share. This is only a part of the annual income of a country of which no account is taken in ordinary money-estimates of annual income. A man's own house, when occupied by himself, as truly produces a

[1] *An Introduction to Political Economy.* By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Political Economy in Johns Hopkins University. London: Swan Sonnenschen & Co.

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part of his income as when he lets it to some one else. Horses, carriages, furniture, books, works of art, and such like, annually produce quantities of utility; yet these utilities largely escape valuation when produced by articles owned by those who enjoy them. The economist, according to Professor Ely, is not confined to the material life, for there is scarcely a phase of the life of society which does not come within his province. In dealing with property in land, the author points out the inconsistency of Henry George, who, while denying the right to private ownership of land, disputes also the right of governments to levy taxes, and calls taxation robbery. When he comes to the Malthusian theory, Professor Ely admits the difficulties in his path. He, however, deprecates violent or unnatural methods of keeping down population. "We may be sure," he says, "that if there is a moral governor of the universe, modern nations, like ancient nations, will be called upon to show their fitness to survive. Every time the sun rises it looks upon a larger population than ever before in the United States, and consequently upon a more complex industrial civilisation. A force mighty, and it almost seems irresistible, is at work day and night, day and night, never ceasing, thrusting upon us more and more social problems. These problems can never be solved by the policeman's club or the soldier's bullet, for this quiet on-moving force laughs such repression to scorn. Only righteousness can solve them, for only in righteousness is there power to enable us to adjust ourselves to our new environment."

The student of German socialism cannot overlook the part played by Ferdinand Lassalle in the organisation of the working classes in Germany. Lassalle was perhaps the greatest leader that the Social Democrats have ever had, and, but for the untimely close of his brilliant though chequered life, he might have succeeded in effecting a great social revolution. An interesting little book on his connection with the German socialistic movement has been produced by Mr. W. H. Dawson,[1] whose work on *Bismarck and State Socialism*, has been already noticed in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW. The character of Lassalle was a very remarkable one. He impressed Heine with the greatness of his intellectual gifts, and he was possessed of a dauntless courage and an iron will. In the struggle between Bismarck and Lassalle, the latter succeeded in turning the hand of the man who was afterwards destined to consolidate the German Empire. Bismarck, after attempting to ridicule Lassalle's socialistic programme, admitted that an honest attempt to improve the lot of the masses called for general sympathy. He sent for Lassalle, and invited him to discuss social problems. Bismarck has himself said; "I saw him, and from the time I first spoke an hour

[1] *German Socialism and Ferdinand Lassalle.* By William Harlut Dawson. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

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with him I have not regretted it. He was one of the most intellectual and gifted men with whom I have ever had intercourse."

Lassalle's strange death in a duel with young Racowitz of Berlin, on account of the beautiful Helene von Dönniges, is a thrilling piece of romance in real life, and Mr. George Meredith has deemed it sufficiently interesting to found a work of fiction upon it—*Tragic Comedians*. The abrupt termination of an extraordinary career left much of Lassalle's life-work unfinished; but his main idea—State intervention on behalf of the working classes—has since become the groundwork of German social legislation. His struggle for universal suffrage was not fruitless, for after his death, in 1871, the principle was legally recognised in the German Empire.

Anything written by a man of such political sagacity and experience as M. Jules Simon cannot fail to command attention. His book,[1] written in conjunction with M. Gustave Simon, on the woman question, is an elaborate attack on the advocates of the equality of the sexes. The method adopted in dealing with this important subject is partly dogmatic and partly sentimental. The authors desire to bring back the seventeenth century, with its reverence for authority, its unquestioning faith, and its domesticity. The idea is unpractical, however charming. It would be as fruitful to sigh for the days of the Crusaders. The introduction of divorce is condemned, though the wrongs of women in private life are acknowledged. Why should we shrink from consequences? If the social position of women is anomalous, our duty is to set it right. All women cannot marry, and it is better for those who cannot marry suitably not to marry at all. We must do something to find employment for women who require to earn their own bread. MM. Jules and Gustave Simon would object to women becoming physicians or advocates, though they are willing to let them become nurses or compound medicines. The book is readable, the style is agreeable; but the whole philosophy of the writers is old-fashioned, and based on time-honoured prejudices. It is true that a woman must look forward to becoming a mother—at least in the majority of cases; but if she is to leave all the thinking and all the practical work of life to her husband she may only succeed in becoming a nonentity, and in rearing up mindless offspring. It is yet to be seen by fair trial whether women are unfitted for the learned professions. They have admittedly taken high rank as novelists, and even as poets—witness the examples of George Eliot, George Sand, and Mrs. Browning. In the case of Harriet Martineau we find a woman able to deal with economic questions. The future of woman cannot be gauged by the past. The sex have hitherto been deprived of political rights; they have been domestic creatures merely. Let

[1] *La Femme de Vingtième Siècle*. Par Jules Simon, de l'Académie Française, et Gustave Simon, Docteur en Médecine. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1892.

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them preserve their domestic charm, but give them the right to think on the great problems which concern them quite as much as the so-called "lords of creation."

In *Notes de Voyage d'Un Hussard*,[1] we have a pleasant gossipy book, dealing with the social life of Turkey and Persia, and throwing some light on the intricate political problem generally known as "the Eastern Question." The author, M. Jean de Pontevès de Sabran, a French officer of Hussars, is evidently as keen in his observation as most of his fellow-countrymen. He studied the habits of the dogs of Constantinople; he caught glimpses of the ladies of the Imperial Harem; in Teheran he was struck by the fact that the higher the rank of the ladies the shorter were their petticoats. How characteristically French all this is! A pleasant book like this should be read by Englishmen—or translated for them if they are ignorant of French—in order to get rid of their constitutional melancholy!

A good sketch of the leaders of European socialism is given in M. de Wyzewa's book, *Le Mouvement Socialiste*. Justice is done to Mr. William Morris, and other remarkable socialists of our time. But M. de Wyzewa is rather short-sighted in his assumption that socialism is merely a malady analogous to the action of bacteria on the human frame. Socialism is something more. It is the outcome of discontent which is, to some extent, natural and just. The honest way for statesmen to deal with socialistic theories is to examine them, and test their practical worth. Karl Marx, Ferdinand Lassalle, and Karl Rodbertus may have been misguided enthusiasts, but they certainly were not fools. It is time for the conservative order of critics to wake up, and see what is actually taking place around them. Let them cease muttering about the "sacredness of property," and try to determine by the light of logic and common-sense whether there may not, after all, be something in socialism.

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## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

MR. HOUSTON'S attempt to bring together in a single collection "the documents which contain the constitution of the Dominion of Canada and illustrate its historical development," has resulted in the publication of a volume that will without doubt grow in favour as it becomes known to students of political and legal science. His

[1] *Notes de Voyage d'Un Hussard.* Par Jean de Pontevès de Sabran, Capitaine Commandant au 1er Hussards. Paris: Calmann-Levy.

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book,[1] however, is of a character that can commend itself only to a limited circle of readers, although its value to all who are interested in tracing the progressive course of Canadian history is simply inestimable. From the date of the Treaty of Utrecht to the present time, there are here gathered together the Treaties and Statutes that mark the respective stages of the constitutional growth of the Dominion. The explanatory notes which are freely furnished to elucidate what may appear involved or obscure in these documents, have a special value in themselves and supply a substantial outline of Canadian history. The Treaty of Utrecht itself is not published in its entirety, only the clauses strictly pertinent to Canada being given. Following on this treaty, Mr. Houston has selected a series of documents which trace the development of representative Assemblies in the maritime provinces, five documents dealing with Nova Scotia, and one each with New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. Next are given the Articles of the Capitulation of Quebec in 1759, and of Montreal in 1760, the French text being given on the left hand and the English text on the right hand pages. "Extracts from the Treaty of Paris, 1763," and the Royal Proclamation of George III. setting up the four distinct and separate governments of Quebec, East Florida, West Florida, and Grenada, fully illustrate the steps taken to carry on the government of "the extensive and valuable acquisition in America secured to our Crown," by the wisdom and valour of Wolfe. Lord Mansfield's judgment in Campbell *v.* Hall, 1774; the Quebec Act, 1774; the Constitutional Act, 1791; the Union Act, 1840, and the Confederation Act of 1867, and their Supplementary Acts, constitute the bulk of the book; and in each case Mr. Houston shows in his notes that he has omitted no means and grudged no labour necessary to secure the most perfect accuracy of text. The Colonial Habeas Corpus Act, 1862; the Colonial Laws Validity Act, 1865 (which justifies its publication as being equal in importance, as a charter of colonial liberties, to Lord Mansfield's judgment in the Grenada Case); and a series of Governor-Generals' Commissions and Royal Instructions, closing with those of Lord Stanley of Preston, complete this valuable volume. There are, however, between sixty and seventy pages of "Appendixes," which are as useful as any in the main portion of the book, relating as they do to the Colonial boundaries, to the treaties dealing with the questions of the Fisheries and of extradition, and containing several pages extracted from Lord Durham's famous report. Mr. Houston's belief that the true line of development of the Canadian constitution takes us back, not to the French

[1] *Documents Illustrative of the Canadian Constitution.* Edited, with Notes and Appendixes, by William Houston, M.A., Librarian to the Ontario Legislature, Toronto: Carswell & Co., law publishers. 1891.

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*régime* in Canada, but to the colonial governments of what is now "the United States," accounts for the absence of all French documents, except the Articles of Capitulation of Quebec and Montreal, as well as for the inclusion of the Constitution of the United States of America in an Appendix. We would suggest, however, that the task to which Mr. Houston has applied himself with so admirable a zeal and with so much industry will receive a fitting supplement by the publication, as he finds leisure and opportunity, of a selection of the chief documents dealing with the earlier period of Canadian history, a period certainly equalling in interest if it does not in importance that with which he has so well dealt in the present volume.

Egyptologists will give hearty welcome to any additional information concerning the topography of Ancient Egypt, for to them the geography of Lower Egypt is of greater interest than that of the Upper Country, which presents fewer difficulties to the student. Since the great discoveries made in the Delta during the last decade, chiefly by the officers of the Egypt Exploration Fund, the interest of archæologists has been centred in the Lower Country, where the Hamitic race has been so inextricably intermingled with tribes of other origin—Semitic, Libyan, and others. Lower Egypt, too, has, in many periods of history, proved itself antagonistic to Upper in matters both of religion and policy.

Hence M. de Rougé's book on *Géographie Ancienne de la Basse-Égypt*[1] will interest many readers. M. de Rougé treats in order of each of the twenty nomes of Lower Egypt, identifies the Egyptian name of each, considers their position and extent, identifies the chief town, the nome divisions of *Mâ* or *canal; Uu* or *territory;* and *Pehu* or *inundated country.* He enumerates also other towns, places, temples, giving finally the titles of their chief priests and priestesses, and the names of the gods honoured in each place.

This exhaustive and comprehensive plan is followed throughout the whole book, which supplies a long-felt want among Egyptologists, and which forms a notable addition therefore to the ever-increasing list of works dealing with the subject of Ancient Egypt. To the archæologist M. de Rougé's work will be of high value, for it is a *catalogue raisonné* of nomes, towns, temples: their names are given in hieroglyphics, and their characters are determined, together with their later nomenclature, whether Coptic, Greek, or Arabic. The value of the book is still further increased by the addition, in an appendix, of a hitherto unpublished Oxford manuscript, "The Names of the Episcopal Sees of Egypt," in Coptic and Arabic, which will give the Egyptologist further means of identifying place-names.

[1] *Géographie Ancienne de la Basse-Égypt.* Par le Vte. Jacques de Rougé. Paris: J. Rothschild. 1891.



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An index of Egyptian, Greek, and Arabic place-names of the Delta completes the utility of M. Rougé's book.

It would not be possible to enter into discussion of the many points raised by M. Rougé, and it would be ungrateful to adversely criticise a book of such value; still we may, perhaps, point out one or two omissions which might very easily have been remedied. It is a pity that the dynasty-dates of the place-names are not given, so that the student might be able to distinguish between names of the Fourth Dynasty (*c.* 4500 B.C.) and those of the Ptolemies, more than four thousand years later. It is true that in some cases this is done, as in the case of Petaïha (written by M. Rougé, "Petoiah"); but in the majority of cases we are left without any clue to the epoch of the name, which might have dropped out of use less than a century after the inscription in which it is mentioned was cut. Thus, on page 7, a sanctuary of the monotheistic king Khu-en-Aten's god, Aten (the sun-disk) is mentioned as existing in the Memphite nome. Aten was recognised before Khu-en-Aten made him his sole god. Does this temple date from before or during the heretic's reign (*c.* 1450 B.C.), of which few monuments have been found so far north as Memphis?

Probably the most interesting part of the book is that treating of north-eastern nomes, where the famous fortresses, store-towns, and holy cities of Tamis, Avaris, Pelusium, Migdol, Tahpanhes, Pithom, Phakonsse, and Bubaskis were situated, and where the Egypt Exploration Fund has been reaping such rich harvests.

In conclusion, M. Rougé has done much by his clear and scientific work to clear up our ignorance of the early history of the Egyptian Delta. Much yet remains to be done before our knowledge may be said to be even roughly complete; and further study of ethnology may do much to solve difficulties hitherto insoluble. The influence of alien peoples, the monotheistic sun-worship of Khu-en-Aten, the relations of the Egyptians with the early Achaians and other Mediterranean peoples, have all yet to be explained and made clear to us. And for the present it must suffice that M. Rougé has given us help in these points, and that his help is accurate, painstaking, and exact.

Another small book dealing with the history of Egypt, though far removed in style and form, is Mr. G. A. Henty's *Dash for Khartoum*.[1] As an historical tale perhaps it is allowable to notice this book under this section of "Contemporary Literature." But in so doing, we would not wish to give our sanction to all Mr. Henty's statements, nor would we wish to support any theory of the desirability of connecting history with fiction. It is enough to say that

[1] *The Dash for Khartoum.* A Tale of the Nile Expedition. By G. A. Henty. London: Blackie & Son. 1892.

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the *Dash for Khartoum* is a plain, straightforward, manly tale, written for boys; that its setting is taken from recent events in Egypt, and that it tells as its moral the evils of over hasty action. The style of the book is vigorous, its illustrations passable. For the rest, Mr. Henty's name is guarantee sufficient for the English boy whose vigour is not so much abated that he has no love left for tales of adventure and daring.

There is always considerable attraction about books of travel, which tell the tale of the traveller's experiences and impressions rather than that of his own doings. And especially is this so where the travels are made through lands which are of present political interest. From such accounts we may learn much, not only of political events and political condition, but also much of popular feeling and popular prejudice. Consequently, recent records of travels in the great borderland between France and Germany, and of experiences of life in Canada, will be of great interest to Englishmen, who are glad to learn in a pleasant way something of two lands which have played an important part in past history, and which may be destined still farther to present difficult problems for the solution of statesmen and thinkers.

It would be almost impossible to speak too highly of Mr. Henry W. Wolff's *Country of the Vosges*.[1] Both in choice and treatment of his subject Mr. Wolff has succeeded; the great borderland between France and Germany, the country of the Vosges, is filled with historic memories, whether Roman, Merovingian, Hohenstaufen, or Bourbon; race and language alike tell a history of long years of trouble and warfare; great fortresses and older castles record the fact that the district is one of great military importance. Evidence of the interesting nature of this subject may be found by a glance at the titles of the chapters, where figure Metz, Strassburg, Münster, Mülhausen. But there is more than historic interest to draw the traveller to the Vosges. There is the charm of a picturesque land, well-wooded, exceedingly fertile, side by side with a long range of mountain country, marked by fantastically shaped rocks, numerous valleys and glittering lakes. Further attraction still is to be found in the wealth of legend and tradition which naturally clings to a land so prominent in history.

It will be seen that Mr. Wolff has succeeded therefore in choosing a subject full of interest, and yet almost unknown. He has been no less successful in his treatment of it. The book is the narrative of travel from Metz to Mülhausen, from north to south, with notices of places passed on the way. These notices give descriptions of scenery, history, habits, and peculiarities of the various districts visited by

[1] *The Country of the Vosges.* By Henry W. Wolff. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

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Mr. Wolff, and most pleasantly are they written, with singular charm of style that has gained its ease and freshness in no small degree from the beauties of nature which it describes.

Nor is Mr. Wolff's work merely of interest to the historian and lover of picturesque places; much information may be gained by the politician as to the condition of these debatable lands. No stronger proof could be given than Mr. Wolff gives of the truth of the statement that France has singular aptitude for incorporating and absorbing conquered lands. Alsace is really French, and the Prussian Government has done little to win the hearts of a people who still cross the border in order to join their former fellow-countrymen in commemmorating events common to their history. It is admitted that Prussian administration is good, but it is not, we are told, attractive. The rule of Prussian officials is economical and practical, so much so indeed that the peculiar charm of the country round Metz, the Lombardy poplars, is doomed to extinction; but it is foreign rule. The Prussian soldiers from Mecklenburg or elsewhere cannot understand nor mingle with their fellow-subjects west of the Rhine. But we cannot notice in detail the large amount of information which Mr. Wolff has collected. We can only add that the historian and politician alike will learn much from *The Country of the Vosges*, and that this pleasant account of an interesting land will probably provide many a traveller with a holiday, which, if it be as humorous and pleasant as Mr. Wolff's book, will lead to our giving thanks to the writer for introducing us to so enjoyable a land, and our thanks will be more hearty since the introduction will have been so happily effected.

Not less interesting is *My Canadian Journal*,[1] by the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, which gives an account of the years during which Lord Dufferin was Governor-General of Canada (1872–1878). The book is in the form of letters, and as the earlier ones were written more than twenty years ago, is perhaps, as Lady Dufferin herself says, rather a record of the past than a description of the present. Still the book is full of interest; all the more so as the authoress looks at things almost entirely from a social and not a political standpoint. Lady Dufferin, as seen in these letters, entered thoroughly into Canadian life, and filled her difficult position with unflagging energy and never-failing good nature. That her post was no easy one will be seen at a glance from the incessant receptions, balls, dinners, and entertainments of every kind which made up her official life. Here, for example, is a record of one week's work: four balls, three picnics, three dinners, one concert, a cricket match, and a review, not to mention incessant inspection of schools, colleges, churches, nunneries, hospitals, prisons, and lunatic

[1] *My Canadian Journal*. By the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. London: John Murray. 1891.

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asylums, in which last institutions Canada seems to be particularly rich.

The Governor-General and his wife had the widest experiences of Canadian life, from the Palmer hotel, Chicago, in which 343 servants are employed, and eleven miles of carpet laid down, to the roughest camping out, with a very limited supply of blankets. They mixed freely with every class of people, even visiting Indian villages in the West, one tribe of which, indeed, they found just recovering from one of their most savage orgies. From Lady Dufferin's account these Indians appear a strange people. Drunkenness is their chief sin, yet they are strictly moral; a priest visiting them occasionally, arranging all of a suitable age in couples, and marrying them indiscriminately. The book contains much interesting information, and is filled with humorous incidents, which combine to make it most pleasant reading. We cordially recommend it to all who are interested in Canadian life, and have an hour or two at their disposal; we only regret that it has so long been kept from the public.

The "University Correspondence College Series" has received an addition of no small merit by the publication of a small book on *Early Grecian History*,[1] by Mr. A. H. Allcroft and Mr. W. F. Masom. Both writers by their University degrees are well qualified to discharge the task which they have undertaken, and on the whole we may say that their work will, as it deserves, be found extremely useful. In a small volume of some 150 pages, the tale of Greek history is told from the earliest times, up to the end of the Ionic Revolt.

It is unavoidable in such a book that extreme condensation should be needful, and that, consequently, an interesting narrative is impossible; hence this little work presents us with little but a bare outline and skeleton of facts. As such, in large measure, it is excellent. It has the advantage of having been written after the publication of the newly-found treatise *On the Constitution of Athens;* though even here is a danger. The writers of this history are inclined to use the treatise largely, and without any doubts of its genuineness; though this may now, perhaps, be regarded as fairly established. It is, however, less safe to look upon it as superseding all other authorities. As this series aims at preparing for examinations, we may, perhaps, be allowed to notice one or two points needing correction. Should a second edition of this book be called for, the authors might well remove some too obvious traces of its joint authorship; thus, on page 10 "scarabs" is explained as "engraved gems," while on the next page the same word becomes "engraved seals." Again, "Anchimolius" (p. 97)

[1] *Early Grecian History* (Univ. Corr. Coll. Tutorial Series), by A. H. Allcroft and W. F. Masom. London: W. B. Clive & Co.

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figures later (and wrongly, if we may accept the orthography of Herodotus) as "Anchemolus" (p. 124). More, too, should have been said of the influence exerted by Athens and Sparta upon Greece. Even for examination purposes, it is desirable to be able to draw a very clear contrast between the two states, and their shares in Hellenic progress and thought. As a rule, the authors are exceptionally candid in stating views in the notes, which are opposed to their own in the text; it would have been well, therefore, to explain that the derivation of *ναυκραρία* from *ναῦς*, which we find given on page 102, is almost impossible, as the word was used at Athens before the Athenians became a naval power. It is true that Solon imposed on each naucrary the tax of a ship and two horsemen, but we find the word used of Cylon's rising (*circ.* 632). The word is far more probably merely another form of *ναυκληρία*, and derived from *ναίω*.

Such criticisms as these are not to be taken as lessening the usefulness of this book in any considerable degree. Both to teachers and learners it will be an invaluable help, but its value will be largely increased if these small points are corrected, and, above all, if an index be added to a second edition. Such an omission as this is fatal to the popularity of a work of this kind.

A pleasant book enough is Mr. Hitchcock's *Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius*,[1] which tells the tale of the love passages in the lives of some great men which have not ended happily. There is a strange fascination in reading the letters written by Gibbon in his well-known style, to Madame Necker, nor is there less interest in viewing Dr. Johnson as a suitor. Other great men find place in Mr. Hitchcock's book—Goethe, Mozart, Cavour, and Edward Irving. All alike are kindly treated, and our knowledge of their characters is increased by this faithful study of human passion in its highest form. And yet this little book cannot be said to tell us much that is new about those of whom it speaks, but it possesses the merit of giving collected and condensed information, which is no small help in judgment of character. Mr. Hitchcock has done well in publishing his study. To those who know well the great names he has written of, his book will be of interest, and to the world as a whole it will be of value as a psychological study. The book is well printed on good paper, and contains portraits of those whose lives it touches upon.

The new section of the *Annals of Our Time*[2] is a book worthy of notice. Volume III., part I., covers the period from June 23, 1887, to December 31, 1890. As a useful summary of facts this book is already known under the editorship of Mr. Joseph Irving,

[1] *Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius.* By Thomas Hitchcock. London: James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1892.

[2] *Annals of Our Time.* Vol. III. Part I. By H. Hamilton Fyfe. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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and Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's continuation of the *Annals* in every way bears out the well-earned reputation of the previous parts. The book is carefully indexed, and is most catholic in its interests and entries. Each event, moreover, is forcibly and yet briefly narrated, and the whole book is a model of condensation. The only point in which we should be inclined to adversely criticise Mr. Fyfe's work is on the subject of literature. We cannot help feeling that this most important side of national growth has been a little sacrificed to the claims of suicides, murders, wrecks, and accidents, which after all are matters of more temporary interest than the publication of great books and the record of the thoughts of great men. In all other respects this new section is most excellent. Its usefulness is obvious.

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## BELLES LETTRES.

WITHOUT contest, the most important work we have to announce this month, is Mr. F. G. Fleay's *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama*,[1] from 1559 to 1642. It gives all attainable information—together with much hitherto unattainable—about the great period of the English stage—what pieces were acted, where, on what occasions, and at what dates, and by which companies; what theatrical pieces were printed, with dates of publication and names of publishers. Under each author's name is given a complete list of his extant dramatic works, and such particulars of his career as have any bearing on dramatic history. The names of authors are ranged alphabetically. In some instances, full details are given of an author's non-dramatic works; in others, even his poems are passed over in silence. But in this seeming discrepancy, as in all else, Mr. Fleay has undeviatingly carried out the principle on which his whole work is based—namely, that it shall be a biographical history of the great epoch of the English drama—not a dramatic biographical dictionary. What, in our eyes, gives it its chief value, is that it furnishes a really trustworthy record of what was doing in the theatrical world in Shakespeare's time and immediately afterwards. Mr. Fleay, in his highly interesting introduction, speaks feelingly of the pressing need of such a record, "if the study of dramatic history is to be continued in the future by any one outside a circle of faddists, who think that in perpetual statement of individual opinion, as to whether *Andronicus* is or is not good enough to be Shakespeare's, there can be any element of human interest." "It would spare," he says again, "one-third of the variorum notes of

[1] *A Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama*, 1559–1642. By Frederick Gard Fleay, M.A. In two volumes. London: Reeves & Turner. 1891.

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editors, and the only loss would fall on the authors of popular hand-books on early dramatic authors, who would lose all chance of padding their stolen materials with futile and mutually destructive hypotheses of fictions, leasings, and chimæras." Just such a record the present work supplies, especially, if taken in conjunction with the author's previous *History of the Stage*. But to lead to valuable discoveries, or to confute ill-based theories—and we are convinced that it provides the requisite material for both these important ends—it must be used with judgment and intelligence. It is, as Mr. Fleay strikingly observes with reference to a former work of his, "a lens to aid the sight, not an eye to see with."

*Tales of Mystery*[1] is the title of a small demy 16mo volume, the first of a series called "The Pocket Library of English Literature." The editor is Mr. George Saintsbury, and his pleasant introductory discourse on the curious phase of horrific fiction which forms the subject of the volume, is much the best thing that volume contains. For, in our opinion, any attempt to impart an adequate idea of any single tale—much less of a whole school of fiction—by means of extracts, is altogether illusory. As well might one present a brick as a specimen of the kind of house of which it formed a part. We have no doubt that Mr. Saintsbury has chosen his samples with the unerring literary *flair* which is one of his chief characteristics; but passages which to him, who is familiar with the work in which they were embedded, seem to resume all that is of interest in the book, fail of their effect—utterly miss fire—when, torn from their context, they are laid before readers who have no knowledge of the story, save what they gather from these fragments, and from the short "arguments" by which they are prefaced. We have always set our face against any pretence of giving acquaintance with an author by means of excerpts from his works, and the announcement of "A Library of English Literature" made up of such shreds and patches, seems to us too like an invitation to a banquet of crumbs.

Mr. Haines has chosen a strange title for his "Romance." *Unless!*[2] does not reveal, nor even suggest, anything when taken by itself; but its meaning is made a trifle less misty by reference to the motto on the title-page. It is from Mrs. Barrett-Browning:

> "Unless you can swear for Life, for Death,
> Oh! fear to call it loving."

And that is exactly what the heroine of Mr. Haines's story cannot bring herself to do. She goes through the marriage service, and then, declining to see her husband again, she shuts herself up in

[1] *Tales of Mystery: Mrs. Radcliffe, Lewis, Maturin.* Edited by George Saintsbury. London: Percival & Co. 1891.

[2] *Unless!* A Romance. By Randolph Haines. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

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her maiden bower. The fault, however, is not, as it seems to us, altogether hers. The hero's wooing has been of such a poor submissive sort, he has so persistently grovelled at her feet, that it is little wonder that she spurns him. However, "at long last," as they say in Lancashire, all comes right. But there is no evidence of the author's being aware that the absurd and unnatural humility of the bridegroom is the direct cause of the bride's arrogant freak.

*Miss Wentworth's Idea*[1] is in many respects above the average level of contemporary fiction. It is well written, the dialogue is good—neither stilted, nor slipshod, nor too sparkling—the characters, too, are sufficiently real. But, alas! like too many characters in real life, they are utterly uninteresting. If Mr. Norris's personages inspired any sympathy, the story would be a pathetic one. But as it is, the only one of them who gains any hold on the reader's liking is the unprincipled *roué* who figures as "the villain" of the piece. Such a complete failure in characterisation—making the good people tiresome, and bestowing such charm as the author has at command exclusively on the black sheep—cannot be atoned for by any minor excellences.

*The Red Grange*[2] is one of Mrs. Molesworth's pleasant stories for young people. The heroine narrates her own history, commencing from her early childhood, and we follow her through all the chances and changes of her somewhat eventful life. It is a good story of its kind, and several of the characters are well drawn. Still, as is too often the case where everything is subordinated to the didactic purpose, pointing the moral has not always tended to "adorn the tale."

We have received quite a shoal of little volumes purporting to form part of "The Railway and General Automatic Library." The first we happened to open was *In Human Shape*, by Alice M. Diehl. It is the "shilling shocker" reduced to its simplest, and it must be allowed, its most inoffensive, expression, and thus, seems well adapted to the mode of publication to which it is destined—that is, to be shot—like cheap *bonbons* or wax-matches—out of a machine, into whose "slot" the intending purchaser has previously dropped a small coin. But the titles and signatures of some others of the issue give promise of better things. *Thirty Years at the Play*, by Clement Scott; *Russian Tales*, by Pushkin, Gregorovitch, and Lermontoff; and *John Pas-plus*, by the Marquis of Lorne, would seem to be worthy of a more dignified mode of being put into circulation.

Mrs. Vere Campbell's lugubriously named novel, *Of this Death*,[3]

[1] *Miss Wentworth's Idea.* A Novel. By W. E. Norris, Author of "The Rogue," &c. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.
[2] *The Red Grange.* A Tale. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.
[3] *Of this Death.* By Mrs. Vere Campbell. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.

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is not a book "pour l'usage des jeunes personnes." One of the scenes between the heroine, Phyllis Eden, and the German tenor, Holfer, would be "un peu fort" even in a French naturalistic novel; but the young lady's rapturous delight in her own undraped charms, reflected in the dim looking-glass of the school dormitory, her ecstasy "as she swept a gleaming glance over her creamy bosom and her big arms," seems to us far more immodest and prurient than any wholesome love scene between man and woman could be. By the way, why a girl not seventeen, nor yet obese, should have such "big arms," we cannot imagine. But Mrs. Campbell no doubt knows best. This bedroom scene—and it does not stand alone—puts one in mind of Nana, sitting on the rug before her blazing wood fire, lost in loving contemplation of her own peerless person. Zola, no doubt, is crudely outspoken; he uses words that could not be printed in an English novel. But at least he never tries to enlist the reader's sympathy on behalf of his corrupt heroine. No man better knows the distinction between purity and impurity—vice and virtue. Mrs. Campbell, on the other hand, does not seem to be aware that her heroine *is* corrupt. However, to pursue our criticism further would be sheer waste of time; for the book is a poor performance—high-flown and by no means well written. We should not have discussed it even at the length we have, but that, in its moral tone, it is such a daring departure from the unwritten laws of English fiction.

If we cannot fully participate with "A Son of the Marshes" in his loving enthusiasm for the Surrey Hills,[1] we have at least experienced the full charm of his delightful book. His tales about birds, beasts, and fish, often bring to mind John Burroughs's admirable handling of kindred topics. Only here, it is the familiar English *fauna* into whose most secret haunts and habits we are initiated, so that we seem to be learning new facts about old friends. The scenes which figure most frequently and prominently in this pleasant volume, are situated in the neighbourhood of Leith Hill and Dorking—a part of Surrey with which we are not personally acquainted. But the districts we know best, and have, perhaps, often looked on with eyes too unseeing, gain fresh lustre and beauty when described by "A Son of the Marshes"—just as scenes passed, day by day, without attention, take hold of us at once, when depicted on canvas by a master hand.

*Tumble-down Farm*[2] is an unusual story, and full of interest; but we are not sure that it does not lose something in the telling. The machinery adopted for bringing the incidents before the reader, is the same as that employed by Wilkie Collins, in *The Moonstone*,

[1] *On Surrey Hills.* By a Son of the Marshes. London: Blackwood. 1891.
[2] *Tumble-down Farm.* A Novel. By Alan Muir. London: Spencer Blackett. 1891.

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where, it will be recollected, an old servant of the name of "Betteredge" was the narrator of a great part of the story. In *Tumble-down Farm*, an old country druggist, of the name of "Booke" is supposed to write the tale, from memory, with the supervision, and occasional help, of the Squire's daughter, a somewhat romantic young lady, but whose view of the events and of the actors in them, is juster and more enlightened than that held by the narrow-minded, prosy, old tradesman, whose whole morality consists of the worship of "respectability" and solvency. With him, what our grandfathers used to call "a warm man" cannot fail to be a good man. Still if the fare set before us is not dished up in the most appetising way, it is good savoury food for all that. The character of "Vanity Hardware"—the uncouth name Mr. Muir has selected for his heroine—and her strange story, are too intrinsically interesting to be greatly marred by the intervention of "Dr. Booke," though it cannot be denied that he is always tedious and often provoking.

*A Matrimonial Mixture*[1] is, to our taste, heavy reading; not that it is too serious, or too abstruse; far from it. On that score, Mr. Hyne is absolutely void of reproach: his prose is "altogether lighter than vanity itself." But there is over the whole performance a spirit of *persiflage*—a mechanical, forced, jocularity, which, to us, is unspeakably wearisome. Nothing is more depressing than dull farce. In the whole three volumes, the only thing we found to admire was the precision with which Mr. Hyne renders the Yorkshire dialect in its most unmitigated form. When he tries to reproduce the half and half speech, which is more an affair of accent and pronunciation than of dialect, he is, as might be expected, far less successful.

*Eleven Possible Cases*[2] is a volume of eleven short stories by the like number of American *littérateurs*, all more or less known to fame on this side of the Atlantic. Each author contributes one story. They are strikingly dissimilar, but all good. To our own individual taste, "The only Girl at Overlook," by Mr. F. Fyles, and "The Mystic Krewe," by Mr. Maurice Thompson, are "le dessus du panier."

That Mr. Hawley Smart, whose name as a novelist was more familiar twenty or thirty years ago than it is to-day, should, in this "fin de siècle," be publishing *A Romance of the Crimea*[3] seems like putting the clock back, and returning to the days of one's youth. The *Romance* will not on that account be the less welcome—nor seem the less romantic—to those who can remember the stirring time of which it treats; while to the younger generation, to whom

[1] *A Matrimonial Mixture.* A Novel. In three volumes. By C. J. Hyne. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.

[2] *Eleven Possible Cases.* By Frank R. Stockton, Franklin Fyles, Joaquin Miller, Maurice Thompson, Ingersoll Lockwood, Edgar Fawcett, R. G. Smith, Kirke Munroe, Nym Crinkle, Anna K. Green, and G. London: Cassell & Co. 1891.

[3] *Beatrice and Benedick. A Romance of the Crimea.* By Hawley Smart. In two volumes. London: F. V. White & Co. 1891.

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the Crimean War is a mere matter of history, it will be welcome on its own intrinsic merits, for it is an interesting story, told with considerable brightness and *verve*.

We must not omit to notice at this season three excellent boys' books:[1] *Held Fast for England*, and *Redskin and Cowboy*, by Mr. G. A. Henty, the boys' own author, and *The Pilots of Pomona*, by Mr. Leighton. All three, like all really good literature for boys, from *Robinson Crusoe* downwards, can be read with pleasure by children of an older growth. Of Mr. Henty it is superfluous to speak in praise, and of *The Pilots of Pomona* it is sufficient to say that it can be read immediately after *Held Fast for England*, and suffer little, if at all, by the comparison thus forced on the reader.

*Le Mariage d'Hervé*[2] is a pretty story, more on the lines of an English, than of a French, novel. It has one feature, though, which is by no means English, but a recognised convention in virtuous French fiction—the facility and frequency with which the hero melts into tears, and is on the verge of fainting. If "Hervé" were rather less *larmoyant*, he would not on that account be less interesting to English readers.

Jules Verne is not seen at his best in *Mistress Branican*.[3] He is nothing if not marvellous, and the present long-winded story, though sufficiently improbable, contains none of those brilliant impossibilities, disguised as scientific truths, which form the *clou* of Jules Verne's fiction. Doubtless, the "Bibliothèque d'Éducation" would scruple to print *Journeys to the Moon* or *Voyages Beneath the Ocean Depths*. Still, deprived of the resources furnished by such fantastic themes, in the realistic description of which he stands unrivalled, Verne is apt to become prosy and tedious. His delineation of character never was of any account. All his characters, whatever their nationality, are Frenchmen, if they are intended to be taken *au sérieux*, and his comic foreigners are merely traditional *fantoches*. These defects are markedly apparent in the present work, and besides that, the action is too slow—*ça ne marche pas*. A thousand trivial details and unimportant conversations are related with tedious prolixity, and the geographical and ethnical information, which has all the air of being freshly extracted from the *Tour du Monde*, instead of being deftly incorporated into the web of the story, is inartistically "sandwiched" (to use a political byword of the hour) between the incidents, causing interminable *longueurs*. Still, a writer of such world-wide popularity as Jules Verne is sure,

[1] *Held Fast for England*. A Tale of the Siege of Gibraltar. By G. A. Henty. *Redskin and Cowboy*. A Tale of the Western Plains. By G. A. Henty. *The Pilots of Pomona*: A Tale of the Orkney Islands. By R. Leighton. London: Blackie & Sons. 1892.

[2] Bibliothèque des Mères de Famille. Deuxième Série. *Le Mariage d'Hervé*. Par Mlle. Trompart. Paris: Firmin-Didot et Cie.

[3] Les Voyages Extraordinaires (Couronnés par l'Académie Française). *Mistress Branican*. Par Jules Verne. Bibliothèque d'Éducation et de Récréation. Paris: Hetzel.

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here and there, to throw out some bright coruscations to justify his fame. And accordingly, in the latter half of the second volume the interest rapidly increases, and finally culminates in a dramatic *dénouement*.

*Un Grand Amour*[1] is a beautiful story, full of genuine human feeling. The noble, self-immolating, love of the deformed *Vicomte* is a fine conception, and is skilfully and consistently worked out, as from incredulous amazement, that love and joy can exist for him as for other men, he passes to trembling hope, quickly growing into all but assured happiness, as bright and triumphant as it had been unlooked for. Then, when the cup of fruition is at his lips, the inevitable catastrophe occurs, and the *pauvre déshérité de la Nature* finds himself confronted with the bitter choice of, on the one hand, a life of sorrow and renunciation for the woman he loves, or on the other hand, his own self-effacement, involving, in the peculiar circumstances of the case, not only the abandonment of all that binds him to life, but of life itself. His choice is soon made, for his is *un grand amour*, that holds the welfare of its object far dearer than his own. By his death alone can her happiness be purchased, and he willingly pays the price, quietly and unostentatiously laying down his life for a ransom.

There is a great deal to admire in Madame E. Caro's *Amour de Jeune Fille*.[2] The characters are, for the most part, well drawn, and the incidents are naturally brought about. But there is a want of relief, of light and shade. The picture is too *terne* and sombre to be pleasant. The narrow poverty-stricken home, the stern, cross, invalid father, the broken-spirited, querulous, foolish, mother, and brooding over the joyless household, the constant undefined fear of coming evil, from the underground, mole-like life of the youthful brother—still a boy in age, but precocious in vice. Out of such elements as these it would be hard indeed to make a pleasant story. Through the occupants of a neighbouring villa, as gay and prosperous as her own household is gloomy and forlorn, the "Jeune Fille" makes the acquaintance of her soldier lover. But the reader feels from the first that their love is but an episode, bright but illusory, destined to end in disaster, leaving behind it a darkness tenfold deeper than that to which it gave a momentary brightness. To read *Amour de Jeune Fille* without being saddened by it, one would need to be gifted with spirits incalculably "above proof."

The present edition of M. Hector Malot's *Mondaine*[3] is from an illustrated collection of standard novels now in course of issue by M. E. Dentu. M. de Voos's graceful vignettes are rather out of the usual run

[1] *Un Grand Amour*. Par Camille Bruno. Préface de Léon de Tinseau. Paris: Paul Ollendorff. 1891.
[2] *Amour de Jeune Fille*. Par Madame E. Caro. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 1891.
[3] *Mondaine*. Par Hector Malot. Avec Illustrations de De Voos. Paris: E. Dentu. 1891.

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of illustrations, many of them merely shadowing forth the subject-matter of the letterpress, without attempting to portray the personages, or to depict the scenes described. They are something after the manner of the vignettes and "tailpieces," so highly prized by bibliophiles in some old editions of *Bewick's British Birds*. For instance, in the chapter where "Lotieu," all but famished, steals by night into Geoffroy's studio, to share the meal of the pampered cat "Diavolo," an exquisite little vignette represents a tempting meal set out on the corner of a table; and when "Lotieu," surprised by the artist, is compelled to explain his burglarious entry, and, bit by bit, tells his story, M. de Voos's vignettes follow the thread of his narrative like a subdued *obbligato* accompaniment. It is the prettiest scene imaginable. But all the scenes between "Geoffroy" and "Lotieu" are pretty. From first to last, their relations are idyllic. There, however, is another and darker side of "Geoffroy's" life. His home is desolate and loveless; for his wife is a heartless "Mondaine." But we must forbear from giving any indications of the story. No *résumé* could give even an idea of the vivid and sustained interest of *Mondaine*.

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## POETRY.

For the spirit of her work, and for the study of her material, the authoress of *Victorian Poets*[1] merits praise. She cannot be congratulated without reserve upon the distribution of her pages, nor yet upon the order of merit she assigns. It may be on account of family relationship that Elizabeth Barrett Browning comes after her husband, and third in the list of poets noticed; and it is presumably the tie of friendship which induces the coupling of Matthew Arnold with Arthur Hugh Clough, and the relegating of Arnold to a fifth place. Worse still, Swinburne comes in at the close of the cycle of great poets. In this lowly position he is dismissed with ten pages as against sixty accorded to Browning. The extensive quotation which the authoress makes use of is probably part of the plan pursued by the publishers of the University Extension Series. It is very well to illustrate by citation a writer's works, but sometimes the effect is weakened, and quotation becomes the equivalent of poverty of original matter. A little less of citation and a little more of comparative criticism would have made *Victorian Poets* a more useful book. Nevertheless, as it is, it will be found serviceable to the readers for whom it is intended, especially as a catalogue

[1] *Victorian Poets*. By Amy Sharp. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

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of larger works to consult is given, and biographical dates of the chief poets treated.

Be it granted that Mr. Ruskin[1] may claim an unique rank as an art critic, and that he has given us some of our finest English prose. Be it granted also that he is a privileged person, that he has the right to curse what once he blessed, to bless what once he cursed. An indulgent public may even pardon him his *Præterita* in consideration of a fair amount of grain in a very large quantity of chaff. But that we should be called upon to admire him as a poet from the tender beginnings of his poetical career at seven years of age, when he wrote—

> "Among the rushes lived a mouse,
> With a pretty little house," &c.—

up to 1886, when the said career practically terminates with the lines—

> "St. Peter went to fish,
> When sprats were twopence a dish;
> But St. Peter went to preach,
> When sprats were twopence each"—

this is more than we can endure. Not that the study of Ruskin as a poet is altogether unprofitable. In his precocious verse it is interesting to presage the future writer of the *Stones of Venice*. But why should Mr. Collingwood, the editor of these poems, take us year by year, and call upon us to society raptures over Ruskin at eight, at nine, and ten, and so on to the twenties? Why should he give us the gross when the dozen was all that was needed? Perhaps Ruskin worshippers can answer the riddle. For the profane, the reason is not easy to discover.

The "Aldine Edition of British Poets" contributes a well-bound and finely-printed issue of Gray,[2] with introduction, biography, and notes, not too profuse, but yet amply sufficient. It is not necessary to speak of Gray himself. He is a writer already judged. His "Elegy" has passed into a proverb. It remains only for editors to reprint the poet with succeeding generations' interpretations of him; and this is what the new publication admirably achieves.

A *Minor Poet*,[3] it may be presumed, would aspire only to minor recognition. Yet this piece, and others published under the same title, and coming from a woman's pen and a woman's heart, contain chords of deep-breathing music and meaning. The present volume is a reprint of the one issued in 1884, with the exception of an extra sonnet and a translation published at Cambridge in 1881.

Not unwelcome is a second contribution of Dr. Buchheim, Pro-

[1] *Poems of John Ruskin.* Now first collected, and edited in chronological order, by W. G. Collingwood. London: George Allen. 1891.
[2] *Gray's Poems.* London: George Bell & Sons. 1891.
[3] *A Minor Poet.* By Amy Levy. London: Fisher Unwin. 1891.

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fessor of German Literature at King's College, London, to English acquaintance with the poetry of the "Vaterland." Before, it was the *Deutsche Lyrik*, which the English press received very favourably. We imagine that a no less cordial reception will be given to the *Balladen und Romanzen*.[1] The Doctor classes his selections into periods, and in a learned introduction fully explains the principles which have guided his choice, and sketches at the same time the history of the German "Lied." The notes at the end are pertinent, but would have been more acceptable in a larger print, even at the risk of increasing the bulk of the volume.

[1] *Balladen und Romanzen*. By Dr. Buchheim. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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# BIBLIOLATRY.

THERE seems no sign at present of the public growing weary of discussions about the Bible. In theology it is the one engrossing question of the day. All other questions are diminishing in importance before the one great question of the inspiration, the authority, the infallibility of the Scriptures. The importance of the question, the rapidity with which it is developing, the energy and vehemence with which those who take different views are making known their opinions, the consequence of it upon the future of religion —all give a significance to it which has attached to no other religious question since the day when Luther attacked the Catholic Church. It meets us on every side, not only in the pulpit, but in the magazines, in the popular literature, in the daily papers, in the clubs, and in the street. It is no wonder. For centuries the religion of Englishmen, or shall we say the religions of Englishmen, have rested upon the Bible, upon a belief in its inspiration, its infallibility, its authority. Every theological idea, every scientific discovery, every social reform, almost every thought, has had to submit to the test of being compared with some Biblical doctrine or speculation or statement. In a sense, if not absolutely strict, yet in a very far-reaching sense, the Bible, and the Bible alone, has been the religion of Englishmen.

They had thrown off the yoke of the Church, for to them the Church had no other end than to teach the contents of the Bible. They refused to recognise any other book as in any sense sacred, or even, in the same sense, religious. Their first resort and their last resort has been to the Bible. What does the Bible say? has meant to them, What does God say? For they believed that God spoke, or wrote, or dictated, or suggested every word in the Bible. It did not seem to matter that different sects found very contradictory doctrines in the Bible, they all equally believed it to be infallible.

But within the last few years a great change has been coming over the way in which those best able to judge regard the Bible. Science, history, literature let a flood of light upon the origin and formation of the Scriptures, and scholars began to see that its authority was questionable and its infallibility an illusion. We need not recapitulate the general conclusions of criticism which are now generally admitted, some of them at any rate, by the best scholars in the Church of England.



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On the other hand, these discoveries and admissions have alarmed numbers of good men whose faith is pinned to the literal truth of the Bible. All their doctrines, all their hopes, all their teaching have no other basis, and it is with dismay and almost despair they hear that the basis is an unsound one. Thirty-eight of these alarmists in the Church of England have jointly set their hands to an extraordinary "Declaration on the Truth of Holy Scripture," which appeared in the *Times* of the 18th of December 1891.

This document seems to call for a word of comment on the part of those who look on the controversy which it has provoked from an independent point of view. Lord Grimthorpe very correctly said in one of his letters to the editor of the *Times* upon the subject, "that the whole of the recent discussion arose between persons who equally accept the Articles, though it is open to other persons to intervene, if they and you like." As we cannot approach the subject either from the point of view of the Declarationists or their opponents, who equally with them accept the Articles of the Church of England, regarding them as all unequally in the dark, we have no desire to intervene in the discussion, but only to express an opinion of our own upon some points, and to let a little light in upon the appalling ignorance of the Declarationists and their supporters. We have endeavoured in a previous article to show the untenable position of the Biblical critics who still maintain the inspiration and authority of the Scriptures, and do not intend at present to recur to it.

It is difficult to realise the state of mind of those gentlemen who have signed the declaration—ignorant, arrogant, conceited, seem the epithets which naturally fall from the pens of their opponents. And yet there is a sort of humility, a self-effacement, a submission to authority about them which perhaps would demand a different treatment. They do not affirm a superior knowledge; they do not set up their own judgment against that of the critics. They prefer to suppress knowledge, judgment, reason, and affirm that these are incompetent witnesses upon the subject. They bow their heads, they close their eyes, they silence reason, and wish other people to do the same. Their state of mind beggars description, or, if any description seems appropriate, it is only that of pious and invincible ignorance.

The emptiness of the Declaration perhaps can best be shown by a brief examination of a few paragraphs.

The first paragraph contains a moderate statement of an undeniable fact. "It is evident . . . . that there are now current certain impressions that Holy Scripture has been discovered not to be worthy of unquestioning belief." These impressions, or rather these well-founded opinions, are held by scholars in the Church—hence these tears. The next paragraph, however, contains one of those extraordinary assumptions of which theologians alone are

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capable. "These impressions are manifestly a dishonour to God, as discrediting his faithfulness and truth." This is begging the question with a vengeance. Without a word of argument, or evidence, or proof, it is at once assumed that the contents of the Bible are identical with the faithfulness and truth of God—that God is responsible for every statement contained in the Scripture. It implies, of course, the doctrine of plenary inspiration which it was fondly supposed had died with the late venerable Dean of Chichester. It implies, as we have said, that God spoke, or wrote, or dictated, or suggested, every word in the Bible, and therefore to question any statement or opinion found therein is to dishonour God. Argument, of course, is useless, because these Declarationists have voluntarily put themselves beyond the pale of argument.

The next paragraph, however, does call for a word of criticism, as it appears to be intentionally misleading, designed to convey a false impression to those who are not in a position to know the real grounds of the critical opinions about the Bible.

"And although such impressions might appear to originate in various learned speculations in theological and physical science, yet they are in great measure derived immediately from the popular literature of the day, and therefore no sustained argument can reach the mass of those affected by them."

But if these gentlemen have any sustained argument or any argument at all to offer, why do they not publish it in the popular literature of the day, so that it might reach the masses? It might even reach the critics in time. We wish, however, to call attention to the insidious way in which it is implied that the impressions to which the declaration refers are unfounded. They "might appear to originate in various learned speculations in theological and physical science." "Might appear to originate?" They do originate, there is no question about it, and not in "various learned speculations," but in positive discoveries, both in theological and physical science. The intellectual consequences of the conclusions arrived at by geologists, astronomers, biologists, and anthropologists are not to be disposed of by calling them learned speculations. They are facts established beyond all possibility of dispute by any one who has even an elementary acquaintance with them. The same may be said with regard to the theological question. It is something more than speculation which leads to the conclusion that the Priestly Code is of post-exilic origin, that the second part of Isaiah was composed in Babylon, that the history of Chronicles is largely the work of imagination, and so on. If historical investigation can prove anything it has proved these points. But it is not true, say the Declarationists, that the tribunal of human reason has any jurisdiction in the matter, though they are angry with Archdeacon Wilson for saying that they have put

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reason out of court. One of the signatories explained that what was meant was the "reason of the individual," but they were willing to accept the authority of the Church, which is the "reason of the many." The Declarationists say they believe in all the Canonical Scriptures, "wholly independent of our own or of any human approval of the probability or possibility of the subject matter." But the Canon is only the assertion of human approval, and the Church itself is only human after all. The *Guardian* deals with the point in the following terms; it says the Declarationists affirm: "Our reason leads us to accept the authority of the Church. The Church has guaranteed the Scriptures, therefore we accept all the subject matter of the Scriptures." The *Guardian* says it is in the last clause that the fallacy lies. But we are tempted to ask how are the Scriptures to be distinguished from all the subject matter of the Scriptures? Can we accept the Scriptures without accepting their contents?

All this, however, principally refers to the preamble of the Declaration; it is in the body of it we get the gist of the matter. In the seventh paragraph they tell us: "We therefore solemnly profess and declare our unfeigned belief in all the Canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as handed down to us by the undivided Church in the original languages. We believe that they are inspired by the Holy Ghost; that they are what they profess to be; that they mean what they say; and that they declare incontrovertibly the actual historical truth in all records, both of past events and of the delivery of predictions to be thereafter fulfilled."

One is tempted to ask where is the undivided Church to be found? Even upon the question which is thus referred to the undivided Church there is division. The Greek and Roman Churches receive the Apocryphal books of the Old Testament as canonical and inspired; on what grounds, then, do these Anglicans who appeal to the undivided Church reject them? If the "reason of the many" is the final authority, they are clearly in the wrong in doing so. Letting this pass, we must also leave as it is the statement "that the books declare incontrovertibly the actual historical truth in all records," for that is one of the points at issue, and by the third paragraph argument is ruled out of court.

But there are two statements which demand a passing examination. "They (the books) are what they profess to be;" "they mean what they say." What do they profess to be? Some of the books profess to be no more than the genealogies of a people and the chronicles of a nation; others profess to be the utterances of earnest, if not of excited, men on questions of international politics; others profess to be poems or songs on various occasions; others profess to be the sayings of the wise: they do not profess to be

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inspired, nor authoritative, nor infallible. Undoubtedly portions of some of the books profess to have been suggested to the writers by God; but, on the whole, the Scriptures do not make the claim for themselves which the Church makes for them. And in the cases, for instance, where we read, "And the Lord said unto Moses," is it dishonouring to God or perilling our eternal life, to stop and ask whether the writer literally meant what he said, or, if he did, whether he were justified in doing so? We are only challenging the pretensions of some unknown writer; and where is the wickedness of that?

"They mean what they say" is a very curious statement to proceed from a body of men who are notorious for perverting the undoubted meaning of the Scriptures and the Old Testament. It is the much-abused critics who contend that the books mean what they say, though in some cases they may also hold that what they say is erroneous. If we wish to know what the Old Testament writings mean we should prefer the opinion of a learned Jew to that of an Anglican Churchman. They are the books of his nation, they are written in the language of his ancestors, they contain his doctrines and his laws, therefore he ought to be the best witness to their meaning. But this would not suit the Declarationists.

We can give an illustration of the way in which the Church declares that the books do *not* mean what they say. On Christmas Day, just a week after the Declaration appeared in the *Times*, we attended morning service in an English cathedral. The preacher was the Dean, whom we need not particularise more distinctly than by saying his name appears eighteenth among those appended to the Declaration. We felt safe then that we should hear nothing which would contradict the propositions in the document, and especially we should find that the Scriptures mean what they say and say what they mean. It was not long before we came to the proper Psalms for the day, the second of which is the 45th Psalm. We followed it closely, bearing in mind the statement, "they mean what they say." There can be no doubt what the 45th Psalm means. It is a royal nuptial ode, composed on the marriage of Jereboam, or some other monarch. Any Jew could tell us that. Yet why was it sung in the Cathedral on Christmas Day? Only upon the assumption that it does not mean what it says. That though it says certain things in praise of an Eastern monarch and his bride, it means "the majesty and grace of Christ's kingdom." It says nothing of the kind, and we are therefore bound to believe it means nothing of the kind.

After the Psalms the First Lesson was read, being the first seven verses of the ninth chapter of Isaiah. The prophet says that certain events are about to transpire, that a prince is born, in whose time he anticipates the restoration and triumph of the oppressed

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people of God. That is what he says, and no doubt that is what he meant. But it was read on Christmas Day because the Church understands it to mean something quite different.

When the preacher ascended the pulpit, he read, as an introduction to his sermon, part of the eighth chapter of the book of Proverbs and the opening verses of the fourth Gospel, and he commenced his sermon by reading a passage from an unnamed author, which, he said, might be regarded as a paraphrase of these quotations from the Scripture. The paraphrase was certainly a remarkable one, for it was nothing less than an imaginary description of the inner life of the Trinity before the creation of the universe. The point is this: we were led to infer that the praise of Wisdom, taken in connection with the *Logos* doctrine of the fourth Gospel, did not refer to Wisdom at all, but to the pre-existence of Christ. Here, then, was another important instance, according to the Church, of the Scriptures not meaning what they say. The assertion of the Declaration then is contradicted by the teaching of the Church, though in these and many other instances, curiously enough, the Declaration is right, but right in a sense which the signatories did not mean, and would not be willing to accept.

Having renounced reason and argument, the Declarationists are bound to offer a ground for their belief, and this they find in the "testimony of the universal Church, the witness and keeper of Holy Writ." As many of the supporters of other propositions in the Declaration differ from it on this point, we may leave them to fight it out amongst themselves. The appeal is simply from the light of modern knowledge to the ignorance and superstition of antiquity. How far these Declarationists are prepared to go in their submission to the universal Church and antiquity, we do not know; we only know they are on the road that leads to Rome.

It would be interesting to comment upon some of the criticisms and defences to which the Declaration has given rise. Archdeacon Wilson rushed in with a slashing letter, and the *Spectator* and the *Guardian* repudiated the views of the thirty-eight in an unexpectedly liberal spirit. The *Times* has opened its columns to a correspondence on "The Bible and Modern Criticism," which has produced some curious examples of theological casuistry. We have neither space nor inclination to follow the controversy; but there were one or two contributions to it which demand a passing notice. The first was a letter from Lord Grimthorpe, which appeared in the *Times* of January 3, which contained some sensible remarks and some foolish ones. He quoted the Primate's *Life of Cyprian*, on "the unanimity of and erroneousness of the early Councils"—"the conclusion reached by them was often uncharitable, uncatholic, unscriptural, and ununanimous." So much for antiquity. He also characterised the assertion, "that the Church was before the Bible,"

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as "absurd cant"; and, with regard to the Declaration, he justly said: "They, and we too, need some stronger ammunition than declarations, if they were signed by one hundred times thirty-eight bishops and deans."

As against the critics, however, Lord Grimthorpe allowed his prejudices to get the better of his common-sense. The passage in which he refers to them is so amazingly absurd that it deserves reproducing in full:

"It has been my fate," he writes, "during the last year to listen to a third part of a series of lectures preached under a trust founded by Bishop Warburton, and held by sundry great writers, for 'proving the truth of the Christian religion from the completion of the prophecies of the Old and New Testaments which relate to the Christian Church, and especially to the apostasy of Papal Rome.'

"Lawyers go even to church with ears open to anything like good reasoning, orthodox or not. Thus far we have heard nothing but the most confident assertion that the unknown 'higher critics,' including the lecturer himself, have demolished the idea of the Evangelists, and of the founder of the lecture (if that goes for anything with such superior persons), that there were any real Messianic prophecies in the Old Testament. We have sat waiting for anything that, even in theology, can be rationally called proof or argument, and we have not got beyond the *dicta* that such and such things, practically meaning any definite prophecy at all, are too improbable to be seriously entertained, and consequently, that the unlearned Evangelists and their Master, who quoted and applied them to him, were no better than preachers in Hyde Park, or any Stiggins who wants to utter something striking."

The learned peer may consider this argument effective, but it will strike most readers that it is the kind of writing of a man who wants to be thought to say something clever and cutting. The use of the term "higher critics," which, of course, did not originate with Lord Grimthorpe, is an implied sarcasm, as if there were another class of critics, say "lower critics," who were better worth attending to. The "higher" might be better omitted, as the discussion is simply between the critics on one side, and the not-critics on the other. But more important still is the admission that the "higher critics" are unknown to the writer. Has he never heard of Kuenen, or Wellhausen, or Renan, or Professor Robertson-Smith, or Canon Driver? If they are "unknown" to him, we must presume that he has never read their works, and is, therefore, practically ignorant of the subject on which he is expressing such strong opinions. Then we have one of those splendid specimens of reasoning which are so common to theologians, and not unknown to lawyers. If the critics are right, then, according to Lord Grimthorpe, the first preachers of Christianity were no better than preachers in Hyde Park or Stiggins.

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The Hyde Park preachers, we might excuse, as, for all we know, they may be earnest if mistaken men, but no critic would, under any circumstances, descend to the vulgarity of comparing the Evangelists with the red-nosed rum-and-water-soaked hypocrite of the Pickwick Papers.

If this is a specimen of the "lower criticism," we may be pardoned if we continue our preference for the "higher."

It was left to a Mr. R. Anderson to bring the question down to the lowest depths of absurdity in a letter, in which he expressed his willingness to sit at the feet of Lord Grimthorpe, and to accept his judgment against that of the critics. In a letter in the *Times* of January 5 he said:

"The 'higher critics' are specialists and experts. Their place, therefore, is in the witness-box. Or, if specialists may ever be allowed a seat on the judicial bench, it should be only as assessors. They make the worst judges possible. The judicial faculty is rarely developed in men who are habitually toiling over details. But these critics write and speak as though men like Lord Grimthorpe were not competent to master their facts and arguments, and more competent than they to adjudicate upon them. It is somewhat invidious to speak thus of the living; I will appeal therefore to three great lawyers, not long gone from us: Lord Cairns, Lord Justice Lush, and Mr. Justice Archibald made no secret of their convictions on the subject. No strangers to the attacks of 'higher criticism,' they professed unfaltering faith in the Bible. And surely if we are to be led by men in such matters, most of us would be content to accept the decision of a court composed of these three great judges."

This is very curious, as Mr. Anderson himself objects to unqualified submission to the authority of the Church, though even we should think the Church a better court of appeal than the one proposed. But Mr. Anderson's supreme fallacy lies in the assertion that men best acquainted with a subject are not the best judges of that subject. Every English judge is presumed to be an expert and a specialist in the knowledge of and interpretation of the statutes, and if he did not toil over details in cases or actions brought before him, as no one else in court does, and bring his special knowledge to bear upon the evidence, his decision would be worth very little. As for experts in the witness-box, if they are called it is to afford the judge and jury the benefit of their especial knowledge, which the judge does not adjudicate upon, but accepts and uses in order to adjudicate upon some question in dispute. Shallow as Mr. Anderson's idea of experts and specialists and "higher critics" is, the application of it renders it more absurd still, for Lord Grimthorpe, whom he exalts to the seat of judgment on this matter, has already confessed that he has not heard the witnesses, that the "higher critics" are unknown to him.

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Of the numerous other contributors to the correspondence upon the subject, we have not space to offer more than one or two brief comments. Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, is amusing, as he always is, with his vague and sonorous sentences; he appears in the main to agree with Archdeacon Wilson's criticisms of the Declaration, but at the same time he tells us that he "read the manifesto of the thirty-eight with heartfelt delight in view of its solemnity and exquisite pathos"—solemn and pathetic it certainly is to find so large a number of good men in responsible positions so hopelessly opposed to the progress of knowledge and intelligence. Anything else pathetic about the Declaration we fail to see.

Archdeacon Wilson said that "Criticism is making the Bible tenfold more real and precious." More real it certainly is if our knowledge is brought to correspond more closely with the facts of the case. We hardly see how it can be tenfold times more precious to those who accept the critical view than to those who believe in the literal truth of its doctrines and predictions and promises. Much of it may still be useful, as the writer of the second Epistle to Timothy said, "for doctrine, for correction, for reproof, and for instruction in righteousness." But as much may be said for many other books which are just as real and precious.

We have contented ourselves with a general criticism of the intellectual position of the Declarationists, feeling as we do the utter futility of attempting to meet their assertions by a repetition of facts and arguments to which they have already shown themselves impenetrable. These facts and arguments are to be found by those who desire them in the works of the acknowledged greatest Biblical scholars of the day; to master them all demands considerable time and attention and labour, but until they are mastered any adverse opinion is unworthy of consideration. That all these gentlemen who signed the Declaration have mastered and weighed them, we are very much inclined to doubt. Though in their present intellectual condition no quantity of facts and arguments would make an impression upon them. If they had any wish to learn, it would be possible to teach them; but they love darkness rather than light, not because their deeds are evil, but because they themselves are hopelessly insensible. We cannot do better than close this paper with a passage from one of the most brilliant of the "higher critics" themselves:

"We may leave to mediocre intellects the satisfaction of believing themselves invincible in their ponderous arguments. We should not as much as try to refute them. The results of criticism cannot be *proved*, they must be perceived; to understand them requires long training and a thorough culture of the perception of the *finesse* of things. It is impossible to convince the man who obstinately rejects them, just as it is impossible to prove the existence of microscopic animalculæ to

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the man who refuses to make use of a microscope. Determined to shut their eyes to delicate considerations, to take count of no shades whatsoever, they fling their everlasting 'prove to us that it is impossible' at your head. (There are so few things that are impossible.) The critic will leave them to enjoy their triumph by themselves, and, abstaining from discussing with narrow intellects, determined to remain such, he will pursue his road, supported by the thousands of inductions which the universal study of things will cause to spring forth from all parts and which so powerfully converge towards the rationalistic point of view. Obstinate denial cannot be grappled with; in no matter what order of things is it possible to make a man see who is determined not to see."[1]

The only consolation we have is that every such irrational production as the "Declaration on the Truth of Holy Scripture" must, in the end, powerfully contribute to the progress of rationalism.

WALTER LLOYD.

[1] Ernest Renan: *The Future of Science*, p. 279.

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# GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA

## IN HISTORY AND FICTION.

LUTHER has been described as "the monk who shook the world." Savonarola may be taken as the embodiment of the first seismic disturbance, the distant rumbling, which portended the religious and social earthquake that was to follow.

There is an interest attaching to Girolamo Savonarola to which Martin Luther can lay no claim—the interest of an excited curiosity which can never be satisfied, of possibilities which were never destined to be converted into facts. Of Luther we know everything, the greatness and the littleness of the man. What he might have done he did. There is nothing over. The play is before us to the end of the third act, and the curtain drops, leaving no potentialities to be developed by the imagination.

With Savonarola it is all quite different. There are some bold strokes, some rugged outlines, and no more. The rest must be supplied out of the more or less vivid imagination of the man who has drunk deep of the springs of history during a most fascinating period, who has known Rome when a Borgia ruled, who has ridden into Florence in the gay and gallant cavalcade of Lorenzo the Magnificent —above all, who has stood in the Duomo, and heard one of those wondrous sermons, the echoes of which reached from the Papal city to the Golden Horn.

In how great a degree Girolamo Savonarola influenced the history of the Papacy and so of the world, how much or how little his life and his death accomplished, it were impossible for any one to say. It is this very shadow of doubt which makes the man so fascinating, which has attracted to him writers of every nationality in history and fiction, English, French, American, German, above all, Italian and Florentine. No great religious teacher, short of the religion-makers of the world, has been regarded from such varied points of view, has attracted and repelled so many minds, has secured such opposing verdicts, and yet remains, when all is said, an enigma, incapable of and resisting definite solution.

An intellect of the highest order; a narrow-minded enthusiast; an impostor, whose genius was in inverse proportion to his influence; a teacher inspired by God; an integral part of, and diametrically

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opposed to, the spirit of the Renaissance—the Church of Rome burnt him as a heretic; the same Church proposed to confer upon him the dignity of canonisation. To one he is the Luther of an earlier age; to another, a monk basing a meretricious power upon visions and miracles, stemming the tide of intellectual progress which surged and eddied around him. To one thinker he is the last of the Schoolmen; to another, the first of the Reformers.

Carlyle tells us that it depends upon the age and the impetus of opportunity what precise form "the heroism" of the born αναξ ανδρων will take. Sometimes it is the ebb rather than the flow, the backwater rather than the stream, which determines the character and aims of the man who leaves his mark upon some epoch for all after time. This was the case with Girolamo Savonarola, as we find him limned by the greatest of his biographers, Professor Villari. The splendour of the Dukes of Ferrara, the earliest of his impressions—and it is the earliest which are the strongest in every life—cast Savonarola back upon the ascetic ideal. The elegant epicureanism of Lorenzo the Magnificent, the greatest of the Medici, completed the moulding, while it fired the eloquence and pointed the denunciation of the monk. The Renaissance produced Savonarola; but it was in spite of itself.

Elena, the mother of the prophet and patriot, seems to have been a remarkable woman, great men having ever been born of great mothers. Savonarola's youth was passed at Ferrara, at that time, under the House of Este, one of the most conspicuous States in Europe.

Borso ruled at Ferrara, the last Marquis and first Duke of Este, the arbiter of Italy. Savonarola's uncle was the Court physician, and the boy doubtless had every facility for perceiving the real passions and craft which held sway over the character of the Sovereign, beneath the crust of simulated liberality and external splendour. Around the strange, sensitive, introspective boy were Paganism masquerading as Christianity, tyranny in the livery of freedom. It was a clever and subtle mask; but, to the awakened intelligence of the future reformer, the real face, with its passions and innate cruelty, showed itself clearly enough beneath.

*Heu fuge crudeles terras, fuge litus avarum*, was the pathetic cry of a spirit which was seeking, in a wealthy wilderness of material magnificence and spiritual destitution, the secret of its own mission.

1481 is the ever-memorable date which links the name of Savonarola with that of Florence, to be for ever after associated together by an indissoluble marriage bond.

Florence is selfishly rich in the corruscation of splendid names which combine to form its crown—Dante, Giotto, Donatello, Fra

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Angelico, Lorenzo the Magnificent, Michel Angelo, and Girolamo Savonarola, in character the greatest of them all.

When Savonarola crossed the Apennines, and the Tuscan border stretched out before him, he seemed to himself to have entered a new and smiling world. Here was Nature at her fairest. Man could not fail to be in touch with it.

He was soon rudely undeceived. The young monk entered the Convent of St. Mark, which owed its existence to the liberality of the Medici family, a fact not without a certain touch of irony in the light of subsequent events.

When Savonarola entered upon his residence in Florence, Lorenzo de Medici had been in power just twelve years, and the eyes of all Italy, of all Europe in fact, were fixed upon that brilliant court. The great Florentine handicraftsmen Ghiberti, Donatello, and Brunelleschi were dead, but their influence on art remained. The reputation of Lorenzo was attracting men of eminence in letters and art from all parts, who found in the Prince's penetrating and powerful intellect an encouragement and stimulus for their own.

It is not probable that any generation except his own—in spite of Mr. Roscoe [1]—will accept Lorenzo himself as a poet equal to the author of the *Divine Comedy;* but his encouragement of learning and the arts cannot be exaggerated.

Probably few men, however exalted their station, have received so excessive an adulation during their lifetime, or so flattering a panegyric during the century after their death. No doubt this was largely due to that liberal patronage of literature and the arts to which we have referred; but can we believe, with Professor Villari, that this was the whole secret? Gratitude towards a dead patron is not generally a long-lived plant, and gratitude lasting a century would be indeed phenomenal.

The answer may more probably be found in the turbulent and dangerous times during which Lorenzo lived, and in the history of fifteenth-century Italy, in which Florence, through him, played so great a part.

To have steered the bark of State successfully during so long and troubled a period, to have elevated Florence abroad, and brought her prosperity at home, would have constituted no mean claim to regard had Lorenzo known no more about art than did George I.

Although Lorenzo was condemned by the fiery rhetoric of Savonarola, some allowance must be made from the fact that the monk and the democrat was wounded in the most vulnerable part

[1] *Life of Lorenzo de Medici.* By William Roscoe. A curious book, which has gone through *at least* sixteen editions. His estimate of Savonarola may be gathered from the following sentence: "When the Florentines destroyed their golden calf, and the wretched priest expiated by his death his folly and his crimes."

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by the licentious freedom of Lorenzo's life, and by the one-man power which he had succeeded in substituting for the democratic idea which hitherto, in name and form at any rate, had obtained in Florence. Add to this the vivid religiosity of the Prior, and contrast it with the Platonism, the almost avowed Atheism, of the Prince. It is not necessary to seek further for grounds of animosity between these two men, both of them standing head and shoulders above their fellows.

The first years of Savonarola at Florence were years of disappointment, almost of despair. Beneath the intellectual elegance of the period, there lurked an abandonment of dissipation, an unlimited riot of excess, in which men of the highest genius, statesmen of acknowledged power and probity in all other respects, took their part without shame or concealment.

It is this gloomy background which throws up into such bold relief the moral revolution the great preacher was afterwards to effect.

Preaching was dead. The pulpit had become a platform for the expression of the learned elegance of the age.

Plato and Aristotle, not Christ, were the sources of inspiration.

The preaching of the new teacher attracted but scant attention. It was an age when a Cardinal could discourage the reading of the Scriptures in Greek because they tended to vitiate the purity of the readers' style.

Savonarola offered his hearers the rugged simplicity of a mind steeped in Old Testament prophecy; but the polished periods, the classical references were missing, in their place were merely earnestness and enthusiasm. These qualities had fallen into desuetude; they were at a discount.

The Church was in a worse condition morally than even the world outside. Except the Borgia no Popes ever disgraced the Holy See more than did Sixtus IV. and Innocent III. All three happened to be Savonarola's *spiritual* masters. Such a statement reads like bitter irony; but it is the irony of a truth which ate into the very heart of a man like Savonarola.

In the circumstances of his life the fierce denunciation of his later days was the very essence of studied moderation.

At this period, had not Savonarola, weakened by fasting, and with mind wrought up by long hours of meditation and prayer, believed that special visions of holy things were vouchsafed to him, it is probable that his courage would have given way beneath the strain.

In 1486 Savonarola met with his first opportunity. He was sent to preach throughout Lombardy, and especially in Brescia. These sermons attracted great attention; and for the first time it came to be whispered in Italy that a new force had arisen. Three years later

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Lorenzo himself recalled the preacher to Florence, thinking that his fame would form a valuable chattel to the city.

As Savonarola was returning he saw one of those visions which natures like his own have, again and again, in the history of human thought, conjured to their aid—Columbus, Joan of Arc, Savonarola differing widely in every other respect, but possessing in common that personal enthusiasm which was the mainspring of widely varying action.

At Savonarola's first sermon the church was filled to overflowing, a sea of upturned faces. From that time, attacked by some, almost worshipped by many, the preacher became a growing power in Florence, before which even that of the Medici had ultimately to give way.

In 1491 the conflict began between Savonarola and Lorenzo, or rather the Medician idea, which outlasted the life of the dictator, and only terminated with the death of the friar.

The power of Savonarola was founded—as was that of Luther a quarter of a century later—on an intense belief in the divine origin and character of his own mission.

Savonarola was deeply read in Old Testament Scriptures, every page of which he had annotated with his own hand. Among the Puritans a similarity of study produced very like effects, in keeping with the fiercer spirit which is instinct in the older books of the Bible.

Savonarola drank deeply at this source; and he found in the mystic pages of the Book of Revelation imagery and threatenings suited to his moods. It cannot be denied that in the world around him there was adequate reason to account for all the indignation, moral, social, political, which found expression in his sermons.

Mr. Addington Symonds' study of *The Renaissance in Italy* admirably depicts the life of the age, and the sort of target against which the friar's fiery darts were sped.

Few events in Savonarola's life are more interesting than the visit the friar paid to Lorenzo as the latter lay dying at his country seat in Careggi. Beyond the fact that it indisputably took place nothing is certain. The story, as told by Roscoe, contradicts in all essential details the one we owe to Villari.

The Magnificent lay dying. The sins of his past rose up before him in mutinous array: absolution must be sought, but from whom? Around him was a crowd of courtiers and venal priests, who preached an elegant philosophy, and practised coarse licentiousness.

They had been the boon companions of his convivial moments. In the hour of death, when the shadows of an impenetrable future were already casting themselves ominously over a present fast slipping from his grasp, Lorenzo turned from the priests of the circle with a sense of the hollowness of all the support and consolation

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they had to offer to the bed of death. Their readiness to absolve him was a measure of the worthlessness of the absolution when it was obtained.

Then the vision of the one man who had ever denied his authority and denounced his administration rose up before Lorenzo—the Prior of San Marco, with his pronounced features, furrowed forehead, aquiline nose, set mouth, and lined cheeks.

Intense must have been the surprise of the great teacher when the message reached him: "Lorenzo desires your presence." Savonarola went at once, but not only, or even primarily, as the priest; he was the guardian of the liberties of Florence. The coming interview was a great opportunity.

Lorenzo and Savonarola met in the chamber of death. What passed can be, to a great extent, only matter for conjecture; for it is improbable that witnesses would be present at such a scene, and for various and sufficient reasons neither actor in the momentous drama was likely to disclose the secrets of the interview.

The story comes to us from the age of Savonarola of the three demands of the friar, cognate with the three great sins which specially disturbed the Dictator's conscience:

A declaration of Faith in God and His Church;

Restoration of that which had been wrongfully seized;

Liberty for Florence.

The second demand probably proved the crux. At any rate, Savonarola went out from the presence unsatisfied, and Lorenzo the Magnificent died unabsolved.

Such, at any rate, is Villari's account in substance, which he defends in a note[1] of considerable argumentative power.

There can be no doubt that this was the story generally received in the century following the death of Lorenzo; and although it is doubted by an authority like Ranke, and denied *in toto* by Roscoe, who makes Savonarola unnaturally complaisant, the deduction from probability is all in its favour.

Hardly was the great man dead, and Piero de Medici, another instance from history of a degenerate son[2] of a great sire, had fairly launched himself on that career which was soon to rob him of all the power and property the Magnificent had bequeathed to him, than Savonarola set about the execution of the designs which the transcendent power of Lorenzo had held in check.

To effect these he must first be free. His first step was to obtain a Brief from the Pope liberating the Florentine brotherhood from

[1] *Life and Times of Savonarola.* By Professor Pasquale Villari. Vol. ii. p. 168.

[2] It is right to remark that Sismondi's estimate of Lorenzo is as severe as was that of Savonarola. He says in his *History of the Italian Republics*: "He (Lorenzo) was a bad Italian. He degraded the character of the Florentines, destroyed their energy, ravished from them their liberty, and soon further exposed them to the loss of their independence."

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dependence on the Order in Lombardy and to get himself named Provincial.

Savonarola then undertook the reform of his own monastery. The old Dominican rule of poverty was re-established. Study was encouraged. Holiness of life and zeal in proselytism became once more the rule instead of the exception.

But the time was rapidly coming when the Prior of St. Mark's would be called upon to fill a much larger position in the eyes of the world. Lorenzo had held the balance of power and had conserved the existing order in every State in Italy. That moderating and conservative influence was gone. Disintegrating forces were on the alert, now that the grip they dreaded and respected was relaxed. The times demanded a leader; all eyes turned to Savonarola to fill the vacant place.

Italy at this juncture presented some very curious features. A succession of venal Popes occupied the chair of St. Peter; the highest and holiest offices of the Church were openly bought and sold in the market; a crafty Moor reigned at Milan, his own aggrandisement his sole object; the Turks, at this time the first military power in the world, were threatening Italy with invasion; France laid claim to the throne of Naples; everywhere were wealth, luxury, art, learning, the gilded trappings of the Renaissance; beneath was a seething mass of oppression, crime, misery, and discontent.

George Eliot has to a great extent caught the reflection of the obverse of the medal in *Romola;* but the colouring is hardly dark enough.

In Italy there was neither fusion nor cohesion. Florence, which hitherto had presented a united front, was now divided against itself. Piero di Medici was industriously weaving the web of his own ruin from within, while Savonarola thundered against his house from without.

The old warlike spirit was gone. Mercenaries fought the battles of the States. Italy was ripe for plunder. The grapes hung temptingly over the wall. Human nature has never been conspicuous for the virtue which consists in resisting such opportunities.

Charles VIII., king of France, is the name which stands at the head of the next page of this eventful history. He had inherited the claims of the House of Anjou to the throne of Naples. Encouraged by the Pope (Borgia), invited by Ludovico the Moor, stimulated by the Cardinal of St. Piero (afterwards Pope Julius II.), the French king crossed the Alps, and descended upon Italy.

Never, perhaps, did a great enterprise fall into less capable hands. In appearance, Charles was the Richard III. of France.

> "I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
> Cheated of feature by dissembling nature
> Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
> Into this breathing world scarce half made up."



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Hideous as was Charles to look upon externally, his mental powers, if such they may be called, were in keeping with the shell in which they were encased. At the king's back, however, was the first chivalry in Europe. Before him marched a body of splendid Swiss infantry—the Spartans of a later and more effeminate age.

It is not necessary here to tell again the story of all that followed: the success of the troops, in spite of the vacillations of the king, the fall and exile of Piero de Medici, and the triumph of the popular party in Florence.

This was the most successful period in Savonarola's life, and it was, coincidently, the period of his greatest failure. The virtue of the former rests with himself; the latter depended on forces external to his control. The friar had foretold with marvellous accuracy much of what had happened. To him Florence looked as her first citizen. The Duomo was packed with worshippers who hung daily with breathless interest on Savonarola's words. The slightest encouragement from the friar would have ensured the sack of the wealthiest houses in the city which belonged to the party to which Savonarola had always been opposed.

It is to his credit that his voice was raised, at a time of intense popular ferment, on the side of forbearance, charity, and peace. Had Savonarola on a later occasion exerted his immense influence in the same direction, instead of leaving it in abeyance, the whole history of his life would have been different, and the tragedy of his death might have been averted.

In one point, however, the Prior conspicuously failed, and the failure represents one of the great "might have beens" of history. Savonarola had welcomed and encouraged the advent of the French king, expecting at his hands a spiritual as well as a political salvation for Italy. But the man was not equal to the part. Savonarola obtained from Charles terms for his own State denied to every one else; but the magic of his enthusiasm failed to stir the stagnant pulses of the man who held the destiny of the world in his grasp.

In our estimate of the possibilities and results of Savonarola's life, what he might have done and what he apparently failed to do, it is necessary to remember the material he had to work upon at the great opportunity of his life.

Never were the Prior's abilities more conspicuous than during the anxious year—1495—which followed the French occupation. That most difficult of all tasks had to be faced, the creation of an entirely new constitution in a world-old community. The citizens of Florence were called upon suddenly to form a State system for themselves; and in doing so they were hampered rather than helped by the *débris* of the autocratic government the Medici had left behind them.

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To Savonarola all men turned for inspiration. Assisted by the ablest statesmen of the popular party he succeeded in evolving order out of chaos and in establishing a system of government upon which Florence has ever looked back with pride and satisfaction, and from which she has never wholly departed. To Professor Villari, alone of Savonarola's biographers, must be assigned the honour of bringing out the statesmanlike qualities of the great churchman.

Surely such an instance of versatile power is almost unique in the story of the nations. In England, the land of Dunstan, A'Becket, Wolsey, we are not unfamiliar with statesmen-priests. The Roman Church has supplied to every community which has come under her dominance ecclesiastics specially trained in affairs; but it may safely be questioned whether there is any other instance of a man brought up in cloistered seclusion, conspicuous only as a preacher of fire and force, a seer of visions, suddenly called upon to construct a great state system, and triumphing over every obstacle in accomplishing the task.

It affords perhaps a key to much that is mysterious in Savonarola's character that Oliver Cromwell's well-known dictum, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," was practically the sentiment and teaching of the Prior during an important crisis, "Be instant in prayer, but neglect no human precaution." Probably this similarity of sentiment in men wide as the poles asunder goes far to justify Carlyle in his opinion that heroes are made of the same metal only cast in different moulds. During[1] the theocratic period —Savonarola being the high priest and oracle—which followed, two events stand out prominently: the burning of the vanities (which took place on two occasions), and the execution of Bernardo del Nero; the former marked the climax of the friar's power, the latter prepared the way for Savonarola's own fall.

The burning must indeed have been an impressive sight: the pile of rich dresses, books, pictures, statues, sixty feet in height and two hundred and forty in circumference at the base, the chanting of a whole people turning from the sensuous world of the Renaissance to the Church in its purest form. For a century or two afterwards, Savonarola's memory had to bear a similar obloquy to that which attaches with us to that of the Protector. If a MS. were astray, if a picture had disappeared, or a pedestal were bereaved of its statue, the Prior of St. Mark was held responsible.

In considering the historically more important matter of the trial and execution of Bernardo del Nero and his companions, three questions have to be answered:

1. Were they guilty of conspiracy against the State?
2. If they were, was the death punishment excessive?

[1] "Instead of a Republic, Florence assumed the appearance of a theocracy, of which Savonarola was the prophet, the legislator and the judge."—ROSCOE.

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3. In what way was Savonarola, who held no magisterial office, concerned in the matter?

The answer to the first is simple and obvious: Bernardo del Nero, as Gonfaloniére, held the highest official position in the Republic. He was privy to a plot to restore the Medicis, who were under sentence of outlawry. Technically, therefore, there is no doubt that Bernardo was guilty of conspiracy.

The question of punishment is more complicated. The Gonfaloniére was no common conspirator: his motives were the purest, his aims the highest; he was a man of strict integrity and blameless life; he had always been a friend to the Medici; his attitude under the Republic was that of the Jacobin statesmen who accepted office under William III., and who yet drank their wine over the water-bottle with significant emphasis.

Bernardo believed the Medici Government to be for the good of Florence; he looked back upon the glorious reign of Lorenzo, when the Magnificent was the first man in Florence, and Florence was the first city in the world.

Of course the question is capable of argument both ways: Do the highest motives and conduct mitigate the sin of conspiracy; or the greater the man, the more dangerous the conspirator?

The judges came to the latter conclusion: Bernardo del Nero was put to death. He was 75 years of age. This fact, as well as his life of strict integrity, seized upon the imagination of his countrymen.

What, then, had Savonarola to do with the matter? He held the reins of power. His friends were the instigators of the harsher punishment of death rather than banishment. The Prior deliberately shut himself up and declined to influence his adherents on the side of mercy.

Every one will remember that most striking scene, when all other hope for her Godfather having failed, Romola visits the cell of the Prior to seek to turn him from his purpose of non-intervention. It is a great dramatic conception; and, whether intentionally or not, the writer of that wonderful book has seized upon a great historic truth under cover of fiction.

Savonarola sealed his own doom, when he permitted the execution of the greatest of his adversaries. It is interesting to note in history how frequently the sword has justified its construction—double edged.

When the time came that the bulk of the world turned against him, and Florence submitted to the Papacy, sacrificing her noblest citizen, the scale was turned by those who remembered that Savonarola had consented to allow the grey hairs of Bernardo del Nero to be dabbled in blood, and his body to be cast into a traitor's grave.

The history of Savonarola from this point, while it gains

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immensely in tragic intensity, loses its interest from the historical point of view. Any one who wishes can read the story, admirably told by his last and greatest historian, Villari, of the decline and fall of the great churchman of the Renaissance.

By his failure to stir the insensate apathy of the French king, Savonarola had lost his opportunity of writing his name on the history of the world, the making of an epoch was postponed a quarter of a century; by his failure to appreciate the capital mistake of the death of Bernardo del Nero the Prior as certainly laid the faggots of his own burning, as though the two events had been linked in immediate sequence.

On the 22nd of May 1498, Savonarola and his two companions, Domenico and Silvestro, were condemned to death; and the following morning their martyrdom was consummated before assembled Florence. Never had Savonarola risen to a greater height of dignity and spiritual altitude than during that closing scene.

"I separate you," said the Bishop of Vasona, "from the Church Militant and Triumphant—*separo te ab Ecclesia militante atque triumphante*"—to which Savonarola replied with calm dignity: "From the Militant not the Triumphant, for that is not yours—*hoc enim tuum non est.*"

It was part of the irony of fate that, although he came so near to it, Savonarola was not permitted to see the dawn of that wonderful sixteenth century, in which so many of the hopes he had indulged were to be realised, and the vices against which he had fulminated were to meet their own Nemesis.

To two distinguished Englishwomen we owe by far the most life-like pen portrait of Savonarola, and the most real idea of his preaching, the latter in spite of the fact that Villari has recorded the *ipsissima verba* of some of the Prior's most remarkable sermons. I refer to Mrs. Oliphant and to George Eliot. It would seem that the higher order of imaginative writing goes with the faculty of intuitive perception, not alone as regards creations of the author's brain, but in dealing with the real personages of history.

Mrs. Oliphant, in her *Makers of Florence*, an *édition de luxe* of which is one of the features of the publishing season, 1891–2, gives us a pen portrait of Savonarola which is unequalled in any other writer, while George Eliot, in enabling us to hear with Baldassarre the sermon he involuntarily listens to in the Duomo, manages to convey a wonderful idea of the personal power and impassioned rhetoric which made the great preacher the curious force he was.

Yet no doubt the sermon is as much fiction as the character and story of Romola herself. Here we have a measure of the strength of a novelist's position, a factor which has made Shakespeare and

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Walter Scott exponents of history to millions whom no historian has ever reached—namely, the power of seeing the personality of the great actors objectively, as they strike spectators endowed with life by the genius of their creator.

Baldassarre has been cruelly wronged by the facile Tito; fresh from the proof of it he goes into the Duomo, and in the denunciation of the evils and wrongs of the age he hears the echo of that just judgment which will assuredly fall upon the perpetrator of his own. It is this intense personal prepossession of the listener which gives to the sermon in *Romola*, fiction though it be, its marvellous living force.

In spite of the fact that George Eliot puts words into Savonarola's mouth which only he might have spoken, the Prior of St. Mark's in *Romola* is no figment of the imagination, as to a great extent are Richard the Lion Heart in *Ivanhoe* and Rienzi in Bulwer Lytton's pages. He is the Savonarola of history, of Burlamacchi, and Pico, as well as of Ranke and Villari, seen through the fine medium of lofty perceptive imagination.

George Eliot represents him as a very powerful and attractive figure: a strong man who knows his own mind, and who therefore sways the minds of others in a great crisis, a pure man in a licentious age, a visionary who because of his own transparent truthfulness is thereby a prophet.

That George Eliot, with her caustic wit, her incisive appreciation of the littleness of her own and other people's heroes, her cynical, if apposite, views of human nature, her lack of sympathy with the faiths of minds cast in a different mould from her own, should have drawn such a picture of the great monk of the Renaissance is the greatest tribute that has ever been paid to the magnetism of Savonarola's character.

One word in conclusion as to Savonarola's place in the history of spiritual reformation and the emancipated thought of the world. Sismondi, in his *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, says:

"L'ordre civil et l'ordre religieux avoient été en Italie également corrompus tandis que les principes constitutifs de l'un et de l'autre avoient été également approfondis par une longue étude: le réformateur devoit entreprendre de porter la main à tous les deux en même temps. Tels furent en effet le caractére et les desseins de Jérôme Savonarole, et ce précurseur de Luther différa de lui autant qu'un Italien devoit différer d'un Allemand."

It is difficult to understand how any one acquainted with the type of Savonarola's mind, and the character of his sermons, can believe that Savonarola was merely an Italian Luther.

Both men were fired by the abuses of the system in which they had been nurtured; but Savonarola lived and died the reformer within the pale. There was little in common, except purity of

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motive and an inspired enthusiasm, between the eloquent and learned Prior of St. Marks and the monk who married a nun, and who lived to administer the Communion in both kinds.

The question how far Savonarola cramped his own opportunities by failing to grasp the whole force of the power behind him is one difficult to determine satisfactorily. Luther breathed an infinitely freer air; and Luther lived a quarter of a century later; but at the same time, in Luther's hands, reform spelled revolution, and what might have been a mighty movement from within became a disintegrating and destructive element without.

What might not have been the opportunities, had they been effectively grasped, of a great Italian reformer twenty-five years earlier?

Did Savonarola miss the mark from inability to grasp the whole situation of affairs; or was his career cut short too soon by one untoward mistake, which brought its own Nemesis, as mistakes have done again and again in history more frequently than crimes?

Mrs. Oliphant has classed Girolamo Savonarola among "the makers of Florence"; that he had not a larger claim upon the suffrages of patriotic Italians, and upon the Catholic Church—in its widest sense—of all time, must be for ever one of the regrets of history.

It is possible now to see something of what Savonarola might have been and done; but we see it all illumined by the wonderful story of the sixteenth century.

The wisest of us when history is making are but as:

> "An infant crying in the night;
> An infant crying for the light;
> And with no language but a cry."

J. Jessop Teague.

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# CHINA: A FAR EASTERN QUESTION.

"La question des rapports de la Chine avec les autres nations est une des plus graves qui puissent préoccuper non seulement notre vieille Europe, mais tous les peuples de civilisation européenne, du nouveau comme de l'ancien continent."—M. FLOURENS, late French Minister of Foreign Affairs.

LORD SALISBURY, in a speech delivered a few months ago, referred to the progress made by certain Mahometan countries, and expressed the opinion that these countries show signs of healthy progressive life. The opinion is very important, as England's attitude towards Turkey ought to depend on the answer given to the question: Can Turkey work out her own salvation? If the answer is Yes, the Crimean war may be justified, and Lord Beaconsfield's conduct towards the Ottoman Empire commended. If the answer is, No, a great deal of our foreign policy has been mischievous and retrograde. I am afraid we adopted a line of action in the East without putting to ourselves this all-important question, and without carefully studying the nature of the forces at work, being influenced mainly by prejudice and jealousy, and having no definite object in view other than checking the advance of Russia. Lord Salisbury does not try to shirk the question, and seems anxious to find a solid basis for his policy; but he has not completely freed himself from the feelings generated by the make-shift policy hitherto pursued; for, had he sought, without bias, the causes of the progress he spoke of, he would have discovered that they are entirely external, that the progress is not a product of the national life of the peoples, that it is solely due and directly proportionate to the influence of Western civilisation.

A Far Eastern trouble is arising, which may prove more difficult to settle than the Eastern complications; and before any decisive course of action is adopted I would urge my fellow-countrymen at home, and above all the men who direct our foreign policy, to study well the condition of China, and to put to themselves the question: Is China capable of working out her own salvation; can the old custom-bound, almost rigid civilisation of the oldest nation in the world, a nation whose semi-credible history began before the call of Abraham, be adapted without convulsion to the progressive civilisation of the West; will the almost mummified Empire of China remain intact when the walls of seclusion have been completely broken down?

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China has always been a perplexing problem to the student of human evolution. Here is a people who seem to have resisted change, to have remained almost stationary for centuries. China's immobility is of course only relative. The waves of advance and retrogression have been comparatively small, but there has never been absolute stagnation. Shut off from the rest of the world by deserts and mountains, and by the troubled waters of the China Sea, the Chinese Empire has been protected from such forces as led to the destruction of the Babylonian, Persian, and Macedonian empires, and has been subject only to changes of dynasty that have little more than ruffled the life of the race. Conquering armies have overrun the country, slaughtering and pillaging, but the conquerors have been unable to resist the accumulated force of the old civilisation, and have been absorbed.

Fifty years ago a great change took place in the life of this old people. A breach was made in the wall of seclusion greater than had been made by the conquering Mongols and Manchus. The country was forcibly opened to foreign trade, and, in a small measure, to foreign ideas. From that time onward China's isolation has steadily diminished. Every new steamer that has visited the coast, and every new line of railway that has been laid in the direction of her frontier, has helped to bind China more closely to the rest of the world, and, by doing so, has shaken her ancient civilisation. What will be the result? Will China quietly assimilate Western civilisation, or incorporate such parts of it as will bring her, in process of time, on a level with the forward nations of Europe and America? There are signs of this assimilation. Powerful ships have been obtained from England and Germany; and the navy, with the help of European officers, has been been put, as far as can be judged by outward appearance, in a state of efficiency. So great has the progress been in this direction that, when the Northern squadron visited Yokohama a few months ago, the Japanese were astonished, and even a little alarmed, at the formidable display made. Telegraph lines now stretch from one end of the empire to the other, and a line of Chinese steamers trade along the whole coast. But by far the most promising sign of progress was the Imperial decree, published two years ago, in which it was made known to the whole people that the construction of railways is necessary for the welfare of the State. A trunk railway from Hankow to Peking was planned; and a good many schemes, some of them very quixotic, were devised for equipping China—aided by American and European syndicates—with ready-made Western civilisation. And yet China's permanance as a nation was never in greater danger than it is to-day. Foreign gunboats are lying at every open port, ready to land men at a moment's notice. A month ago, the fleets of the Great Powers were preparing to sweep down on Shanghai, and the Imperial

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Government was begging for delay, pleading that it was unable to control its subjects. Along the whole Yangtsze Valley the people, in defiance of the Imperial edict, and with the connivance of many of the officials, have been burning down mission stations and destroying foreign property.

To describe China's condition in the political terms of the West is a very difficult task, so inadequate are these terms to express the different phases of Oriental life. The government is patriarchal, and is sustained by the accumulated force of centuries of use and wont. The Emperor is (in theory) the father of the people; his subordinates are little fathers. The officials, high and low, are supposed to govern according to established customs and to a good code of laws founded on the precepts of Confucius. But there is no strong national sentiment. The empire is an aggregation of States, with few of the connecting links by which, in the multiform corporate life of the West, province is knit to province. China leads a sort of polypus life. The provinces are separated from each other by spoken languages, diverging from a common source, as widely as do French, Italian and Spanish; and within one province there are variations of dialect so strongly pronounced as to make the speech of one district almost incomprehensible to another. The means of communication are slow and costly. There is no highly-vitalised energy throbbing from one end of the land to the other. The blood circulates very slowly through the corporate body. Strong clan jealousies and mutual distrust keep the people apart and force them to live a sectional, disjointed life. The Chinese system of government lacks entirely the progressive and unifying element of popular election. The people have no voice in the choice of their rulers, and the rulers consider the people as so many sheep to be fleeced. The officials are paid starvingly low salaries, and many offices are openly bought. Corruption and extortion may, therefore, be said to be almost sanctioned, the only restraint being the dread of insurrection, and the power of guilds, clans and secret societies. There is imperfect protection from robbers and pirates, many villages preferring to subsidise robber bands rather than have to deal with the worse form of robbery practised by the officials.

A uniform written language, coupled with a system of public competitive examinations, is, perhaps, the strongest cementing force in the Chinese Empire. The written language is regarded with almost religious reverence by the whole people. It is a connecting link between the provinces, and it unites the literary classes in a solid phalanx to resist the progress of foreign ideas. The influence of this language and of the ancient literature, in which it is consecrated, is greatly strengthened by the system of competitive examinations based on the Chinese classics. These examinations are open to all, with the exception of such outcasts as actors and the children

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of slaves and prostitutes, and in theory at least, they afford a means by which a clever and diligent student, however humble his birth, may rise to the highest posts under the Emperor. It is true that practice differs greatly from theory, that many offices are bought, and that the examinations are attended with a great deal of corruption; but merit does make its way occasionally, and there is sufficient honesty of administration to stimulate students, and to preserve the high reputation and social influence of the literary classes. Were China to come under the sway of a progressive nation like England, this system of popular examinations might become a powerful aid in the government and civilisation of the country. At present it is one of the greatest bulwarks of Conservatism. It fills the yamens with pedants, ignorant of the outside world and the forces of nature around them, steeped in a literature that has lost all its vital power, as proud and as intolerant as the haughtiest Pharisee that ever entered the temple in Jerusalem, and having in place of the Pharisee's zeal a low cunning that sometimes degenerates into the basest treachery. The uniform written language, the universally venerated literature, and the all-embracing competitive examinations help to unite the scattered provinces as members of one family, but they are huge impediments in the way of progress, and render the self-adaptation of the Chinese to the changed life around them difficult, and, I fear, impossible.

China is being brought most unwillingly to realise that the world does not consist of the Middle Kingdom with a few outlying tributary peoples. She finds herself surrounded by powerful nations that have no respect for the authority of her sages, and that will not tremble before the half-hortatory, half-minatory fulminations of the Son of Heaven. To defend the country a powerful army is necessary. Hordes of coolies with soldiers' clothes thrown on, are useless against Western arms. But a powerful army cannot be organised without unity of action, discipline, and strong central control. Before these indispensables can be obtained, the whole national life must be reorganised and an honest administration established. Officials must no longer be dependent for their salaries on money allowed for soldiers that exist only on paper.

The Imperial revenue—with the exception of the Imperial customs—must be put on an entirely different basis; the whole fiscal system must be changed. Are the Chinese, if left to themselves, capable of accomplishing this internal revolution? I fear not. To use the old familiar illustration, the little new wine that has got into the old bottles is already threatening to burst the bottles. The most essentially Imperial and, in a sense, truly national administration the Chinese Government possesses is the Imperial maritime customs. But it is national only in the sense of serving the whole nation. It is throroughly un-Chinese. Officered and governed by foreigners,

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it has a life entirely apart from the national life. The Imperial authorities have scarcely the semblance of control over it. They recognise its great value and know full well that if the foreign officers were dismissed, the revenue derived from the customs would melt away. But while the Imperial Government is constrained to appreciate the foreign customs, the provincial authorities look upon it as a great encroachment on their rights. It has robbed them of a vast amount of plunder, and to them it is a galling foreign yoke. The foreign servants of the Imperial Government are foreign devils who ought to be got rid of, whose existence and increasing power is shaking the system by which mandarindom lives and thrives. Not a little, I am convinced, of the present trouble in China is due indirectly to the strong antipathy felt by the provincial authorities towards the foreign customs service, the protection of which is part of the grudge against the Imperial authorities. The one honest administration is like a small lamp in a vast hall; it suffices to reveal the darkness. China has not profited by the object lesson set before her during the last thirty or forty years. It would be as difficult to-day to create an honest native customs as it was fifty years ago.

I do not intend to discuss at length the special causes of the present outbreak. They are many and complicated, but the leading features may be considered, as they afford a striking illustration of the operation and effect of Western civilisation on China. Three general causes have been alleged: hatred of the Imperial Government, intensification of the exclusive national feeling well summed up by *Punch* in the words "Here's a stranger, Bill, let's heave a brick at him," and hatred of Christianity. These causes, and others, are so intricately mixed that it is impossible to consider any one separately. Perhaps the most accurate definition that can be given is, that the revolt was revolutionary, tentatively directed against the Imperial authorities, but caused in a large measure by the action of foreign civilisation on China; that the aggressiveness of the Christian religion was a subsidiary cause, and that underlying all, is racial antipathy. The majority of the Chinese know and care little about politics, but they feel the oppression of the officials, and they know that their only hope of protection lies in the action of the guilds, clans, or secret societies, to which they may belong. In quiet times little is heard of the secret societies. The different branches scattered throughout the country act independently, and their action is chiefly confined to the redress of local grievances, or to the defiance of over-exacting local authorities. When national discontent becomes acute, the branches combine under one head, or central body, and assume a revolutionary character, but the cohesive power is never great. The Kolao-hui, the society that fomented the present trouble, came into prominence in this way.

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A great difference, however, exists between the present revolutionary movement and preceding ones. In the Taiping rebellion there was a faint trace of foreign influence. In the present outbreak, the action on China of Western civilisation is one of the chief elements. The most active members of the Kolao-hui are disbanded soldiers, belonging to the province of Hunan. Their disbandment was the result of an empty treasury. The payment of large sums of money for foreign armaments greatly helped to produce the depletion; and the drain is not at an end, for more money is required just now to construct a frontier railway. Besides disbanding the soldiers, the Imperial Government decreed an increase of the salt tax, and ordered the whole of the native opium taxes to be sent to the Imperial exchequer instead of being, as heretofore, utilised for provincial purposes. The raising of additional taxation is one of the most difficult and dangerous tasks a corrupt government can undertake. In this instance, the orders from Peking exasperated both the people and the provincial authorities. The financial troubles of the Government were not, it is true, solely caused by the cost of foreign armaments and inventions. The display at the Emperor's marriage, floods and famines contributed. But these are in the natural order of things in China, whereas the increasing drain of money to foreign countries is a comparatively recent infliction, and being so is apt to be regarded as the sole source of the people's woes.

In another way has the influence of the West tended to foster the present discontent. The introduction of foreign improvements has long been a bone of contention among the highest officials, whose dissensions have weakened the Government, and increased the chance of a successful revolution. The attitude of the officials, high and low, provincial and Imperial, during the present crisis has been strange and very suspicious. Were its helplessness not so manifest many of the acts of the central government would almost justify a charge of secret connivance. It is impossible, however, to believe that the Chinese Government in its collective capacity deliberately adopted such a self-destructive policy, after the protestations of friendship made at the Imperial reception in the beginning of the year. Knowing the instability of its position the Government is most anxious to avoid foreign complications. But when one hears mention of the Chinese Government one must bear in mind that that term does not signify a united Ministry. The Government of the country is carried on through Boards, all of which have a more or less independent position.

Among the presidents, vice-presidents, and members of these Boards, Manchus and Chinese, there is much jealousy and diversity of opinion. A few are progressive, many are ultra-conservative, and all are exclusive. The leader of what, with a slight stretch of meaning to the words, may be termed the progressive party, is Li

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Hung Chang, who is really the most powerful man in China. He is so old that one cannot suspect him of wishing to mount the Dragon Throne; but he loves power, and would like to become in reality what he has often been termed, the Bismarck of China. His growing power is viewed with jealousy by several of the high officials in Peking; and the hostility towards him has increased since the Empress Dowager resigned the reins of government to the young Emperor, whose tutors were men of the old school. But Viceroy Li has one great advantage over his rivals who surround the Emperor; he is the only man who knows anything about foreign affairs. His enemies, unable to attack him openly, have succeeded in thwarting some of his plans. His proposal to construct a railway from Tientsin to Lungchow, a place twelve miles from Peking, was set aside two years ago in favour of a proposal made by the next powerful viceroy, Chang Chi Tung, to lay a trunk line from Hankow to Peking. The acceptance of such a bold scheme would seem to indicate on the part of the majority of the controlling officials at Peking a desire to go even beyond Li Hung Chang in the way of foreign improvements. But it is quite possible, indeed very probable, that Chang Chi Tung's large scheme was preferred for the purpose of checking Li, who with a railway from Tientsin to the capital might become a very dangerous man, and partly because, being so large, there was less chance of the Hankow-Peking scheme being actually carried out. Meantime, Viceroy Li, ignoring the rebuff, and utilising the fear inspired by the commencement of the Siberian railway, has obtained, or forced, Imperial sanction for a railway northward towards the Russian frontier; and in all probability this line, part cause of the new taxes, will be finished before Chang's is well begun. While, therefore, the Government as a body—if it can be said to have a corporate existence—was desirous of avoiding conflict with foreign Powers, some of the members, influenced by jealousy and the crafty tortuousness of the Chinese character, may have helped passively, if not actively, to bring about the conflict, hoping to profit by the commotion made. Until goaded into action by the threats of foreign ambassadors all the officials showed a reluctance to interfere, and a disposition to watch the course of events so as to be able to shape their policy according to the turn affairs took. Of the complicity of the lower officials and of the literati there is not the least doubt. They all hate foreigners and foreign ideas. Many of them actively co-operated in the compilation and diffusion of obscene tracts, in which the missionaries are accused of scooping out children's eyes, and of unmentionable bestialities.

The most striking feature of the recent riots was the attack made on missionary establishments. So marked was this feature that an outsider might regard the whole disturbance as a revolt of the Chinese against Christianity. A closer scrutiny, however, reveals

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that the assault against Christianity was merely incidental. The work of the Christian missions afforded the readiest means of stirring up the passions of the people, and to attack these defenceless institutions was the least risky way of giving vent to the pent-up feelings. But while it would be wrong to describe the disturbance as anti-Christian, there can be no doubt that the mission work greatly contributed to the unrest. Immediately after the first outrage, there appeared in the columns of the *North China Daily News*, a newspaper published in Shanghai, a most remarkable article, the authorship of which has been traced to a Chinese gentleman, educated at the universities of Scotland and Germany, who is now private secretary to Viceroy Chang Chi Tung. The writer, under the heading, *Defensio populi ad populos*, contended that Christianity was undermining the Chinese political structure, and that the people were justified in resisting the encroachments of a religion whose fundamental doctrines were at variance with the teaching of the Chinese sages, on which the government of the nation is based. I believe his main object was to induce foreigners to abandon the defence of Christian missions, and he doubtless anticipated he would receive the support of foreign residents in China, many of whom think that Christian missions have been an utter failure, and that the Chinese ought to be left alone. Were the author's connection with the powerful Viceroy closer, one might discover evidence of Chang Chi Tung's active co-operation with the rioters, and of a deep-laid plot to oust foreign missionaries and foreigners generally. Viceroy Chang's direct connection with the article is, however, improbable. The very men who were pulling down churches were pulling down the Viceroy's own telegraph poles; and he and his foreign manufactories are by no means popular. The private secretary doubtless wrote of his own accord, prompted by a hatred of Christianity, derived partly from personal disappointment and partly from the sceptical literature of France and Germany—a literature of which he has imbibed a great deal more than he can digest.

Although great political importance ought not to be attached to the article, there is much truth underlying the rather flimsy argument—truth the real significance of which the writer does not himself understand. China, at first sight, seems to be a promising field for Christian mission work. There is no organised dogmatic religion to contend against. The Chinese have a hierarchy of deities resembling the political hierarchy. But the deities have little connection with morality; there is no notion of sin as an offence against them. The gods are spirits who have an influence on human life, whose aid may be purchased or whose anger may be appeased by certain rites. The thieves and the prostitutes have gods, who may aid or hinder their welfare. Even the best of the Chinese do not think of invoking the aid of the gods to enable them

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to overcome temptation and to lead pure lives. It is true that Buddhist nunneries and monasteries and Taoist temples are spread over the whole country, but Buddhism and Taoism have little direct influence over the people. The Chinese are not Buddhists as the Japanese or Thibetans are. A Chinese calls in the priests of these religions to officiate at his ceremonies without giving heed to the distinctions between the two systems. In rich houses Buddhist priests may be found officiating in one part of the building and Taoist priests in another. The Chinese, being a practical people, think they are sure to get some benefit from one or the other. There is no State religion. The Emperor and all the officials worship at stated times Heaven and Earth, the Great Temple of Ancestors, the sun, moon, and lesser gods; but their ceremonies can scarcely be termed religious worship. They are akin to the many acts of secular ceremonialism which, even in Christian lands, are supposed to have a salutary influence. At the most, they form but the drapery of religion.

Then there is Confucianism; but Confucianism is not a religion. It is merely a system of empirical speculations on social duties and political economy, and of deductions therefrom, which in the course of centuries have been worked into the customs of the people. It flourishes in conjunction with Buddhism and Taoism, which to a very slight extent supply the religious element it lacks. Confucius, inasmuch as he considered the existence of gods doubtful, and deprecated inquiry into the matter, may be regarded as the founder of Agnosticism. There are no Agnostics in China, except those of European fabrication. Confucianism approaches nearest religion in its consecration of filial piety and ancestor worship. I use the word worship because it is the term generally employed, but it is an inappropriate word, a word that has exerted a tyrannous and most hurtful influence. The Chinese *reverence* their ancestors, who, they believe, hover round for three or four generations, influenced by and influencing the acts of descendants. This reverence is the preserving salt of the nation. A Chinaman burning paper money, or laying out food before the gods, makes little pretence of reverence. He goes through the work with much the same sentiments as a half credulous English rustic consults a fortune-teller; but a Chinaman before the tomb of his ancestors does betray signs of a truly reverential spirit. Although the Chinese do not consider their ancestors to be gods, the Christian churches have termed this ancestral reverence worship; and as, according to the missionaries' hard word-logic, all worship, except that of the true God, must be idolatry, the ancestor worship of the Chinese must be idolatry, and as such must be denounced and preached against. This attitude towards the deepest sentiment of the Chinese has been one of the main causes of the all but total failure of Christian missions in China, and is at the root of all the

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animosity betrayed by the literati to what they contemptuously term the foreign devils' religion. Could the missionaries shake themselves free from one form of the idolatry Bacon warned the world against, shake themselves free from the worship of words, they would see how mistaken is the attitude they have assumed. One of them, writing in a periodical published in China, on the "Second Personal Pronoun in Prayer," says: "Nothing should be done to diminish either reverence or the forms of reverence. Spurn the point of contact between Chinese sentiment and Christian principle, and perhaps Christianity, as thus expounded, may not only not adapt itself to China, but may lose China." These words, written in reference to a totally different subject, are directly and forcibly applicable to the attitude of the Christian Church towards ancestor worship, which does afford a point of contact between the religion of the West and the religion of the East. George Eliot, speaking of Lisbeth Bede's state of mind, says: "Our dead are never dead to us until we have forgotten them; they can be injured by us, they can be wounded; they know all our penitence, all our aching sense that their place is empty, all the kisses that we bestow on the smallest relic of their presence." What is this but ancestor worship, differing only slightly in form from the ancestor worship of the Chinese? And in Roman Catholic countries this reverential worship of the dead is much more pronounced than in Protestant England. No one who has visited cemeteries in provincial France, in Italy and in Spain, and observed the loving care bestowed on the tombs, which are surrounded with the most precious symbols of religion, can doubt that the sentiments of the heathen Chinese and the Christian European are one in essence though different in form.

But for the refusal to tolerate ancestor worship, the Roman Catholic Church might have conquered China more than a hundred years ago. Had the Fathers recognised the worship in the hope of gradually giving it a Christian form; and had the Pope been willing, at least for a time, to so adapt the religion of the Church to the political life of China as to leave the political supremacy of the "Son of Heaven" unquestioned, Christianity, or at any rate a species of it as high as the Christianity to be found in Manila and some of the Spanish republics, might have taken its place alongside the semi-officially sanctioned religions of China, Taoism and Buddhism, and perhaps engulfed these two. But the Pope would not yield, and the Fathers could not agree. The Catholic missions were denounced as a danger to the State. Persecution arose, and at the time of the forcible opening of China by the guns of the British fleet little remained of the flourishing churches of the eighteenth century. There is much in Catholicism to recommend it to the Chinese. Many of its ceremonies and customs resemble Buddhist ceremonies and customs. For a Chinaman to pass from the worship of his



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many gods to the worship of saints and martyrs such as practised by the peasants of Italy and Spain seems a very slight transition. And yet Roman Catholicism has made little headway in China during the last twenty or thirty years. On the opening of China, Catholic missionaries returned in force; but they came now as the agents of foreign nations, as men who had forced their way into the country at the point of the sword. Their religion was more than ever foreign devils' religion; and, although they can show fairly large communion rolls, and their zeal to baptise infants enables them to produce imposing figures, it must be admitted that they have not made much real progress.

Protestant missionaries may be said to have come to China with the foreign gunboats. Many of them, especially those from America, have been men of narrow sectarian views, saturated from childhood with the doctrine and phraseology of evangelical Christianity. Perhaps they had had some experience of evangelical work in the home lands, where they spoke to a people nurtured like themselves on the stories of the Bible. In China they met a people who knew not Moses, nor David, nor Paul, a people to whom the evolution of the Hebrew race and the Hebrew religion had no significance. Thousands of pounds were spent in translating tracts and portions of the Bible. To the great mass of the people this literature, all more or less tainted with Judaism, was utterly unintelligible. The more enlightened found the doctrines absurd, and began to revile mission work. The nineteenth century doctrinal Christianity of England and America, the Chinese, with their ancient civilisation so different from the Hebraic, would not have. Can any one blame them for this rejection? Is it not what might have been expected? The missionaries failed to realise that the Christian religion has slowly evolved, that the nineteenth century dogmas are the product of eighteen centuries of change. There is a saying of Confucius: "It is men that can make a religion great, and not religion that can make men great"—a saying which, although not the whole truth, is half of the truth. The primitive Christians made a Christianity for themselves. The religion undoubtedly influenced their lives, but their lives influenced the religion more. The first Protestant missionaries in China did not understand, and many of the missionaries do not yet understand, that the best way to make Christianity acceptable to the Chinese is to free it as much as possible from Anglo-Saxon nineteenth century dogmatism—from "isms."

But in spite of their dogmatism Protestant missionaries have done much good in China. They have been instrumental, more than any other agency, in diffusing the leaven of Western civilisation, which is bound to permeate and transform the effete civilisation of that old country. Filled with a deep sense of the value of the human soul,

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the missionary comes to rescue the perishing and lead them to a higher life, and, faulty though his methods be, his moral enthusiasm and his self-sacrificing devotion have a great beneficent influence. The Christian religion possesses a vital energy that is entirely lacking in the dead formalism of China. The Chinese have no idea of sin as a violation of God's law, or of the laws of the universe. They are genuine opportunists. That is right which they, with their limited knowledge, think fits the occasion. Between truth and falsehood they are almost organically incapable of discriminating. They have no desire to make the world better. Their duty ends with themselves and with their families. For them there is no perishing multitude to rescue. The Protestant missionary, if he is sincere, fervent and straightforward, is, with all his defects, a living moral force in a half-mummified community of formalists. The good done cannot be reduced to figures so as to enable showy reports to be written. The number of converts is still very small, and the rate of increase is low. Indeed, I fear evangelical Protestantism, as a religious system, will never make much headway in China. It is almost a peculiar Anglo-Saxon growth. The Japanese took to it as they took to all foreign notions; but already they are finding it does not suit the national life. They are crying for a Japanese Christianity, and it is very probable that this Japanese Christianity, which is in course of formation, will be a species of Unitarianism. But although evangelical Protestantism may never have large figures to show, it may accomplish a great upheaval work in China. It is the most aggressive form of Christianity in its attitude towards the stereotyped life of the people. It has communicated a little of its life to self-satisfied Confucianism. Even the hostility it has evoked among the literati is a good sign, for it is a sign of thought and life.

I have said that the destruction of mission property was the line of action which offered the least resistance to the wide-spread discontent. But to infer from this that Christian missions only suffered vicariously would be wrong. The aggressiveness of Christianity was a part cause, although not perhaps the main cause of the disturbance. Within the last two years Protestant Christianity has been particularly aggressive. The zeal of the missionaries was fired by a conference held in Shanghai about eighteen months ago, at which a most fervent appeal was made for more labourers in the great field of China. One of the members raised the enthusiasm to the highest pitch by proposing the invasion of the country by a thousand additional missionaries—a project which he and his fellow enthusiasts have since been labouring to accomplish. This increased aggression, which has been aptly termed the machine-gun Christianisation of China, has greatly intensified the anti-foreign feeling.

Now we come to the all-important question—what should be the attitude of Great Britain towards this old empire, whose civilisation

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is decomposing, and whose unity is threatened. Three or four years ago it seemed likely that England was to play the same rule in the Far East as she has been led into playing in the East, that she would endeavour to bolster up China as she has bolstered up the Turkish Empire. Even a Far Eastern triple alliance composed of England, Japan, and China was proposed by certain ardent patriots in whose range of vision Russia bulks enormously. China skilfully utilised her virtual triumph, in the hour of defeat, over the irresolute French to create the impression that she was a great power that must be reckoned with in all Asiatic questions. Let us make a friend of this great power, say those who think England's foreign policy should have only one object, the checking of Russia. And here, by way of parenthesis, I may say that this exaggeration of China's power is not the only evil consequence of the French "reprisals."

The Franco-Chinese war greatly increased the anti-foreign spirit without providing the correctives which the thorough defeats of former years provided. The temper of the people in Canton, and in many other parts of the Empire, suffered a great change. Before the conflict with France foreigners visiting Canton were treated, if not with friendliness, at least with a show of respect; since the conflict it has hardly been possible to move along the streets without molestation and without hearing at every corner shouts of "fan-kwei" (foreign devil). The authorities and the people seem to have come to think that with a little cunning and perhaps a few more guns, foreigners may be treated with contempt and their threats set at defiance.

I would fain hope that recent events, which have demonstrated the helplessness of the Imperial authorities, have convinced the people of England that China is an impossible ally. The Chinese army, with the partial exception of one division, is a disunited rabble, in whose hands foreign weapons might prove more destructive to themselves than to their enemies. Foreigners did introduce some discipline, but the discipline was not in keeping with the general corruption that prevailed. They have been gradually dismissed, or, becoming disheartened, have left the service. The Chinese are amenable to discipline, and when well led are capable of bravery; but there is not sufficient moral stamina in the military or civil officials to enforce discipline. The Manchu troops are, if possible, more contemptible than the Chinese. They are an army of paupers dependent on irregular Imperial doles; and although they often betray a sort of fanatical bravery they are utterly incapable of corporate organised action. Their untrustworthiness was strikingly shown during the Taiping rebellion. The continued existence of the Manchu dynasty is not due to the prowess of Manchu troops, but to the momentum of custom and the difficulty of organising

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opposition in a loosely-jointed country. The Chinese are a submissive race, made submissive by the powerful force of custom. They rather seek to grow over obstacles than to remove them.

The bolstering policy must be condemed as retrograde and futile, as the propping of semi-barbarism in its struggle with civilisation—a struggle which must end in the triumph of civilisation. But, if we cannot save old China from disorganisation, let us, at all events, some may say, abstain from interfering; let Nature work its course. Did China live an absolutely separate life this might be the best policy. But China is a member of the body of humanity. No part of that body can suffer without affecting the rest, and the suffering becomes keener the closer the members are knit together. The 300,000,000 human beings in China are a factor in human evolution that must not be omitted from our calculations. A *laissez-faire* policy in regard to China is practically impossible. It is we who are effecting the revolution there, and we are bound to regulate the operation of the forces we have introduced. The maintenance of the *status quo*, of which one hears so much in the discussion of Eastern politics, is also impossible. Nature abhors the *status quo* as she abhors a vacuum. The condition of affairs in the Far East, as in the East, is changing every day.

How are the forces to be controlled? Three courses of action have been proposed, all of which are surrounded by great difficulties, but one of which must sooner or later be adopted. One course is the joint "protection" of the whole country by three or four Western Powers. The "protection" might resemble the work that is being done in Egypt by England, or it might approach to the power possessed by an English Resident in an Indian native State where the prince is a minor. This joint interference would, of course, involve joint military occupation. The force need not be large; twenty or thirty thousand men would suffice, and the army might be recruited somewhat in the same way as the foreign customs is recruited. Theoretically this seems a fair and easy method of dealing with China; but I am afraid it would not work well in practice. It would be attended with a great deal of friction in consequence of the diversity of interests, and the still greater diversity of the political and social ideals of the protecting nations; and friction would destroy all chance of doing good work.

Another suggestion is, that one Western nation should undertake the work on behalf of the world. The only country capable of performing the task—that has any experience of such work, that could be trusted with such a large commission—is Great Britain. I do not think the world realises—not even Britishers themselves—how truly Britain's colonies are international colonies. India is a British possession. The laws are made and their administration supervised by British officials, but in all other respects India is essentially a

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European possession. The two classes are Europeans and natives. Englishmen have no special privileges. There are no differential duties. The French, Swiss, German, or Russian merchant competes for the trade of the country on the same terms as the British merchant. If India fell into the hands of Russia, or even of France, Great Britain would not be the only loser; the whole outside world would lose, for the colonial policy of Russia and France is exclusive. France establishes colonies solely for the benefit of Frenchmen, or rather for the benefit of a few French officials and a favoured class of French manufacturers. Rather than allow foreigners to profit by her conquests, she will risk the ruin of her possessions. The rich countries of Indo-China, which might, in the hands of a liberal nation, become a flourishing empire, are being rapidly impoverished by a fiscal policy worthy of the Middle Ages. Russia has also erected a customs wall-of-China around her possessions. It is therefore to the advantage of the world at large, with the probable exception of these two countries, that, if China is to be submitted to tutelage, the tutor should be a nation that is pursuing a wise and disinterested fiscal policy. But the task is too stupendous for one country, it may be said, especially for a country that is already burdened with large responsibilities. The task is not stupendous. Order could be preserved in China with half the number of soldiers there are in India, and India would doubtless furnish a pretty large proportion of the army of occupation. The Chinese are a peacefully-disposed people. With a judicious mixture of firmness and kindness, and with a wise adaptation of the great facilities for governing which the system of competitive examinations provides, I believe the task of governing China would be found far easier than the work we are now attempting in India. The readiness with which the Chinese in Hong-Kong have utilised the means of obtaining the sound Western education provided in the schools of the colony proves that it would not be very difficult to gradually transform the competitive examinations, and the Chinese, seeing that promotion was to be obtained through that channel, would speedily adjust their system of education to the altered conditions. As a nation the Chinese are intensely conservative; their political system is so hopelessly rigid; but as individuals the Chinese are among the keenest to adopt improvements. There is one fatal objection, however, to this settlement of the nascent Far Eastern question. Even if the other nations of the world came to see the general advantage of English rule, France and Russia would never consent to it, and England would never think of undertaking the work at the risk of a war with these two Powers.

The third, and what is apparently the only practical solution, is the partition of the country. This solution has been frequently discussed; and I may say the general opinion of foreign residents in China—an opinion shared by many travelled Chinamen—is that

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partition of some kind or other is inevitable. Several schemes of division have been proposed, all more or less fanciful. I do not propose to discuss these, as until the number of claimants is known it is needless to speculate on the manner of division. It is the principle, not the details, that is of practical interest at the present moment. There are two broadly distinct principles on which the division might be made. The various Powers might unconditionally annex the different parts, or they might assume conditional protectorates. To the first course Great Britain would doubtless strongly object. Five-sixths of the foreign trade of China is in her hands, and she has done more than any other nation towards the partial opening up of the country already obtained. France and Russia would naturally be large claimants, and these countries pursue a vicious exclusive commercial policy from the introduction of which British trade might greatly suffer. There is also the serious objection to unconditional annexation that it would, of all methods of interference, be the least likely to conciliate the Chinese. The task of subjecting the natives might prove very formidable, and, if undertaken in the vacillating manner France is subjecting Tonkin to, might be a curse rather than a blessing to the world. There remains the alternative of conditional protectorates, and this course, although not immediately adoptable, is, I believe, the form in which the influence of Western civilisation in China will eventually be exercised. The present trouble is about over; compensation will be paid, and there may be a cessation of riots for four or five years. But trouble will arise in some other form; and there will come a time when the nations of the West, tired of the continued struggle with an obstructive system of government, will pronounce the doom of the polypus empire of China. The day of doom may be delayed by the mutual jealousy of the foreign Powers, or by a great European war; but its coming is inevitable. Before the time is ripe for division the wave of commercial exclusivism that is passing over Europe and America will probably have receded, and it may be possible to frame treaties providing for the division of the Chinese Empire into four, five, or six different protectorates, with the condition that the protecting nations shall establish no differential duties, and that the various provinces shall be open to all without favour.

A policy of wanton aggression is not, I think, expedient. Far rather am I disposed to plead for China as Lot pleaded for the cities of the plain, recognising, as I do, many admirable traits of Chinese character. But I am convinced it would be for the benefit of the Chinese race and for the benefit of humanity, if an end were put to the present corrupt, unprogressive system of government; and that can only be done by foreign intervention. China is a rich country, only wanting new life to develop it. Of a Chinese conquest

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of the world there need be no fear. Living a low life and sheltered from aggression, the Chinese tend to multiply like rabbits. Subject to the quickening influence of a higher civilisation they might become a stronger and better race at the expense of a diminution of the rate of increase. The Chinese have an indefatigable perseverance which will make them beneficent although not predominant factors in the future history of the world. There is abundant room within China itself, were the country properly developed, for the natural expansion of the people. But the national life must be transformed. In this transforming work Great Britain will be called to take a large share, and the task must not be shirked when the duty becomes plain. A tendency exists at home to condemn a forward policy because it has in the past savoured a good deal of filibustering, and has been identified with the Jingoism that feeds on Russophobia. There is, however, a forward movement that is not Jingoist, that is rational, that is but the natural outcome of the progressive spirit of a free people—a movement that is essential to the progress of the world. In bygone ages rotten empires were swept away by conquering armies, who spread devastation far and wide. Rotten empires must be broken up even in the nineteenth century, lest their rottenness injure the whole body of humanity. But we proceed now by more civilised methods. We do not crush or exterminate; we "protect." The western nations of Europe recently divided between them a large portion of the great continent of Africa, without shedding a drop of each other's blood. The peaceful solution of the many difficult questions that arose was rightly regarded as a most hopeful sign of the times. I am fully convinced that if Great Britain, without ceasing to watch Russia, would abandon the nagging policy, the policy that seeks to preserve such annoying petty restraints as those placed on Russia's access to the Mediterranean, the great Asian question might be as peacefully solved.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

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# A STUDY OF MR. THOMAS HARDY.

ALMOST the highest praise awarded by modern criticism is to say that a writer has distinction and originality. These are, nevertheless, qualities which the admirers of Mr. Thomas Hardy find him to possess in an unusual degree. He occupies himself almost exclusively with scenes that he knows and loves, and his mind is so saturated with the local sentiment of his native district that vivid and caressing phrases run naturally from his pen, inspired by a life-long familiarity. He has been called the "Historian of Wessex," but it is, in fact, Old England which he reproduces for us, surviving in a remote western county, the names of towns, hills, and heaths being veiled under a thin disguise. It must, however, be understood to be an idealised Old England, peopled by an idyllic race of joyous peasants, pagan for the most part, or with the imaginative pantheistic mind of the savage. For these rustics pass their lives in close communion with Nature, and freedom from the cramping pressure of the complex social conventionalities of more thickly populated regions; they are childlike in their ignorance and circumscribed experience, though their language is racy and expressive, and they can be shrewd, humorous, and even poetical. Mr. Hardy has had a marked success in his attempt to invest local types with wide human interest, for he not only possesses the power, so all-important to a novelist, of bringing his men and women into the world alive, but he has the gift of humour, and can throw around them an imaginative glamour, a poetical atmosphere, strangely precious in these days of realism. To these rare endowments he adds the merits of artistic perception and presentation, and a singular freshness and subtlety of observation, which give precision and force to his rendering of Nature. So marked and peculiar is his idiosyncracy that he is only at his best and truly himself among the heaths, cider orchards, and dairy farms of Wessex, but he there finds material which he manipulates with the most varied artistic skill, rich in poetic charm. Beneath the repose of his rural scenes throbs a strong pulse of passion, a dramatic intensity of vision, which give significance to the most homely detail. The descriptions are those of a poet and an artist in words, the pictures being none the less faithful for the essentially imaginative manner in which they are conveyed, while the language used is picturesque, yet

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precise, avoiding stale conventional formulæ of expression, and at its best terse and even epigrammatic, without loss of lucidity and fulness of suggestion.

Mr. Hardy's heroines are no less successful than his humorous bucolic portraits. His latest novel, *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, develops a conception of woman as simple yet general in type as that of Venus or Diana, for though Mr. Hardy's genius is eminently modern, there is, nevertheless, something of the Greek spirit in the large and typical handling of many of his characters. The chorus of love-lorn dairymaids in this book is, however, rather of the operatic than the Hellenic stage. But the nature of the heroine, of Tess herself, is charged with inarticulate poetry, and she fulfils the humblest duties with unconscious dignity. To make use of one of Mr. Hardy's own favourite adjectives, she is elemental, and superior to all accidents of station or errors of inexperience. With her muteness, her docility, her passionate eyes, and proud endurance, she pervades the book and attracts irresistibly. Her mind is so preoccupied by the essentials of the life of the emotions, that the incidental does not affect her. She exists in a state of dreamy exaltation, and though she may be driven to an act of desperation, there is no scheming in her; she shows rather an impassioned receptivity, a not unheroic submission to fate as interpreted by her husband's will.

Much of the special charm of this novel lies in the pictures of the life at Talbothay's Dairy, and at the upland farm of Flintcombe Ash. A delicate discrimination of the sentiment which clings to inanimate things is one of Mr. Hardy's most delightful qualities, and gives poetical value to his treatment of Nature. His glowing words vitalise the mists, meads, and streams of the valley of the Froom with an etherealised latter-day Pantheism. Such a chapter as that in which Tess and Angel Clare walk together at dawn, through the morning mists of the meadows near Dairyman Crick's, is a splendid achievement of prose poetry; and the book has many other passages little inferior in grace and graphic energy.

The intensity of Mr. Hardy's mind, however, sometimes leads him astray, and tempts him to throw an unpleasant phosphorescent glow upon his pages, or to introduce some melodramatic incident or distasteful detail. The scene in which Angel Clare, the somnambulist, carries his bride out into the stormy night, and lies down to rest by her side on the tomb of an ancient monk, is fantastic and almost absurd. Mr. Hardy's love of the bizarre breaks forth repeatedly, and he is liable to fall into a vein of morbid fancifulness. A note of almost barbaric crudeness and harshness is struck from time to time, induced perhaps by an excessive strain after effect. The impression thus produced resembles that of some weird mediæval grotesque, which fascinates by the force of the distorted imagination which gave it birth; for though this quality is not pleasing, it has neverthe-

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less artistic value, as it helps to complete the picture of the bucolic mind, so prone to want of reticence and morbid imaginings. The chapter entitled the "Gargoyle" in *Far from the Madding Crowd*, was written by Mr. Hardy in his sardonic mood; and the frenzy of Boldwood, or the opening of Fanny's coffin, in the same book, the death of Mrs. Yeobright in *The Return of the Native*, and other most impressive scenes, leave the reader disturbed and uncomfortable. The strength of the metaphors also is frequently quite startling, as, for example, when we are told that "the sun was resting on the hill like a drop of blood on an eyelid."

Mr. Hardy has no direct descent from any other novelist. His method is poetical rather than psychological, yet there is a sound basis of thought and analysis in all his work, and his perception of fine shades of feeling and evanescent moods is of the quickest. He has not the wit and intellectual grasp of George Meredith, the moral force and earnestness of George Eliot, nor Thackeray's knowledge of the world; he works on a different plane from these masters of his art. Despite his verve and spontaneity he is always restrained and master of himself; but he is a nervous writer, and his sentences glow with inner fire, for he strangely unites the freshness of an Elizabethan author with a gloomy pessimistic impressiveness which belongs solely to the present century.

*Far from the Madding Crowd* is the work which first assured Mr. Hardy's fame, for it shows great and various power. The action takes place wholly in Wessex, and there are none of those attempts to draw the more sophisticated classes of society in which this author is never entirely successful. The book opens with a humorous description of Farmer Oak, and a lightly touched yet vivid portrait of the dark-haired Bathsheba Everdene in her red jacket, seated on a pile of furniture in a spring waggon. These sketches are given with hardly a superfluous word. Mr. Hardy can make a few bold lines do the duty of multitudes of patient strokes laid on by less skilful hands. His method of description is not one of amplitude of phrase, or of minute reproduction of elaborate detail. First grasping a scene under some strongly imaginative aspect, he swiftly and firmly outlines its suggestive features, bringing them before his reader by a few apt similes, or compendious and exact words—words sometimes figurative, but more often simply precise, and having a picturesque accent, mainly on account of their unfamiliarity in the given connection.

The fine picture of the Great Barn, with the sheep-shearers, the skin of the timid ewes blushing pink under Gabriel's denuding shears, and in fact most of the chapters describing the life on Bathsheba's farm, are masterpieces of humour and character-drawing. Every sentence adds some delicate touch of observation, while the action of the story is never allowed to stand still, and the

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interest is sustained throughout. The rustics are quaint and genial figures, simple yet sententious, credulous yet canny, revealing subtle traits of character, and grotesque or pathetic at will. They are the results of conscientious psychological study. The astonishing shrewdness of the old-fashioned countryman, the racy humour of his talk, his surprising use of words and similes, inconceivable ignorance, and occasional sharpness of comprehension, are all given, together with sub-humorous indications of unexpected delicacy of feeling, misplaced vanity, or odd self-complacencies. No talk in village parliament was ever quite so racy and epigrammatic as that we hear at the Maltster's, for it has been emphasised and freed from the superfluous and commonplace; but the humour and spirit of the assembly are correctly given. The lumps of native ore have been separated and polished, till, instead of a few dim sparkles, we have detached and glittering crystals. It is in thus seizing the genius of rustic methods of expression that Mr. Hardy excels, and we appreciate his power all the more because he does not attempt the phonetic spelling of dialect, but merely reproduces those characteristic words and idioms which best illustrate the working of the countryman's brain, his manner of arriving at a conclusion, or of sustaining his part in conversation with what passes in his circle for tact, politeness, and distinction.

Gabriel Oak is a delightful mixture of sterling moral quality and simplicity with sagacity and humour. He is, perhaps, the best finished of a series of similar figures to be found in divers of Mr. Hardy's novels, though the noble and pathetic John Loveday, the Trumpet Major, even more entirely wins our hearts; and Dick Dewy is irresistibly sweet-natured and engaging. Bathsheba Everdene, with her "impulsive nature under a deliberate aspect," must also take a high place in the author's list of heroines, for she has a charm which renders Gabriel's devotion completely intelligible. The fascination exercised over her by the dashing Sergeant Tray is in keeping with Mr. Hardy's general conception of feminine nature. His women are nearly all, on occasion, weakly impulsive. Their fancy is caught by externals, and solid worth is unappreciated till its value is learnt by sad experience. Love with them is blind and impulsive, though in their lovers it is often clear-sighted and tenderly protective. Such characters as Gabriel Oak, John Loveday, Dick Dewy, and even the unrelenting Clym Yeobright, are handled with lingering affection, as much from the charm of their sweet, simple natures as from a sense that Gabriel's submissive devotion is required to give effect to Bathsheba's peremptory ways; while the disdainful discontent of the magnificent Eustacia is contrasted with Clym's earnest purpose and self-renunciation.

Mr. Hardy's books, though suggestive and stimulating from their thoughtfulness and freshness of observation, have, nevertheless, a

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curiously oppressive atmosphere. The author makes no profession of pessimism; his characters are not unusually unfortunate, nor his plots needlessly tragical, while the narrative is always relieved by a vein of penetrating and delightful humour. But a heavy sense of the mystery of life pervades his mind. He never attempts to give optimistic interpretations of the rulings of Providence; he never gives us to understand that all is ordered for the best. He does not glow with active benevolence towards his fellow-men, but gazes at them with a saddened, compassionate wonder, a tender irony. He makes few comments, but we know that he has felt the pity and the mystery. At the same time, his work is morally sound. Good and unselfish conduct is pointed out with admiration, and meanness and self-seeking are shown to be unlovely and disastrous. But the characters are delicately shaded, and the author's non-committal tone and absence of partisanship may possibly bewilder those accustomed to draw a sharp line between the sheep and the goats.

Mr. Hardy's love and understanding of the Dorsetshire heath country find expression in *The Return of the Native*, perhaps the most fascinating of all his works. The book abounds in passages of rare quality, such as no other author could have written, conveying with precision and poetry the most elusive and intangible, but very real suggestions of wild moorland scenery. Here is an illustration:

"When other things sank brooding to sleep the heath appeared slowly to awake and listen. Every night the Titanic form seemed to await something, but it had waited thus unmoved during so many centuries, through the crises of so many things, that it could only be supposed to await one last crisis—the final overthrow."

Sounds are often much neglected in description, but this writer is no less observant through the ear than through the eye, and eagerly notes the "linguistic peculiarity of the heath":

"A worn whisper, dry and papery, brushing so distinctly across the ear, that by the accustomed the material minutiæ in which it originated could be realised as by touch. It was the united products of infinitesimal vegetable causes, and these were neither stems nor twigs, neither leaves nor fruit, neither blades nor prickles, neither lichen nor moss.

"They were the mummied heath-bells of the last summer, originally tender and purple, now washed colourless by Michaelmas rains, and dried to dead skins by October suns. So low was an individual sound from these, that a combination of hundreds only just emerged from silence, and the myriads of the whole declivity reached the ear but as a shrivelled and intermittent recitative. Yet scarcely a single accent among the many afloat that night could have such power to impress a listener with thoughts of its

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origin. One outwardly saw the infinity of these combined multitudes—one perceived that each of the tiny trumpets was seized on, entered, scoured, and emerged from by the wind as thoroughly as if it were as vast as a crater.

"The spirit moved them. . . . . It was not, after all, that the left-hand expanse of old blooms spoke, or the right hand, or those of the slope in front. It was the single person of something else speaking through each in turn."

Here is a fanciful simile: "The pause was filled in by the intonation of a pollard thorn a little way to windward, the breezes filtering through its unyielding twigs as through a strainer. *It was as if the night sang dirges with clenched teeth.*"

Mr. Hardy's mind works in a "Dichter's Land" of his own creation, and to fully understand him we must allow ourselves to be carried over the border. Thus in the *Return of the Native* we are transported into a new world, the microcosm of Egdon Heath, and are made to feel that no one of the characters would be appropriate or even possible elsewhere. The poetical atmosphere of the book is due to this intimate relation of animate to inanimate existence. Each personage seems, as it were, to typify some mood of the great rugged heath. The rebellious, undisciplined Eustacia might stand for its stormy grandeur, Clym for its steadfastness, Mrs. Yeobright for its forbidding sternness or grim tenderness, while Thomasin represents its more smiling and genial aspects, and Grandfer and Christian Cantle, with the chorus of "natives," afford relief and local colour. In any case, between these figures and their setting there is a subtle harmony. The sentiment of the wild heathland around them permeates and colours their every word and action. These people are its products as much as its mummied heath-bells and black-eyed adders. We may even go further and add that the author, in allowing us to enter this heath world, has unconsciously given the key to much that was obscure in his own personality. Direct self-revelation forms no part of Mr. Hardy's method, but in learning to understand the speech of Egdon, we learn to comprehend its exponent, for the tongue that has accustomed itself to interpret the mystic voices of the heath, must ever after retain a fuller and a richer accent than clings around the speech of other men.

"Elaborate landscape backgrounds in novels should fulfil two purposes," says a writer in the *Saturday Review*. "They should indicate to the reader subtle inferences and thin shades of emotion too delicate and evanescent to admit of direct expression; and, further, they should play a part similar to that of the chorus in a drama, emphasising its central idea, rounding into unity the impression conveyed by the whole work, and suggesting, it may be, the presence of those vast mysterious forces by which human life is

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encompassed and directed." These purposes are well fulfilled by Mr. Hardy's descriptive passages, which are never mere excrescences, but integral parts of the work.

Eustacia, wandering nocturnally in her "tiger-beetle beauty," is the capricious and magnificent goddess of the heath, and the most impressive, though not the most charming, of Mr. Hardy's wayward heroines. Here are some of the sentences which describe her:

"She was the raw material of a divinity. She had the passions and instincts which make a model goddess—that is, those that make not quite a model woman."

"One had fancied that such lip-curves were mostly lurking underground in the South, as fragments of forgotten marbles. So fine were the lines of her lips that, though full, each corner of her mouth was as keenly cut as the point of a spear."

"She had Pagan eyes full of nocturnal mysteries."

Paired with this brilliant creature is Clym Yeobright, the "real perusing man," with his "lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities," and his plan for "instilling high knowledge into empty minds," his "mission to preach to the bucolic world the possibility of culture before luxury." "But," Mr. Hardy continues, naïvely, "Yeobright's mind was not well proportioned."

"A man who advocates æsthetic effort and depreciates social effort is only likely to be understood by a class to whom social effort has become a stale matter. The Egdon eremites could not rise to a serene comprehensiveness without going through the process of enriching themselves."

Much of what is pathetic and tender in Mr. Hardy's books springs from his clear perception of the fact that every human being has been more or less dwarfed and thwarted by circumstance, that "our natural pride of life has been hindered in its blooming by our necessities." Even Eustacia, the undisciplined, excites compassion in her forlorn disappointment, rather than the disapproval she merits through her lack of wifely sympathy with Clym's misfortune. We excuse her because we are made to understand that she, even more than Clym himself, is feeling "the grimness of the general human situation." She has been called a "soulless instinct-led Undine of the earth," and we must pity rather than condemn her.

Word-pictures such as that of Thomasin kneeling in the loft under a dusty ray of sunshine, rolling aside a brown heap of dried fern with her bared arms, and picking out the warmly-tinted store russets and ribstones, impress the mind as forcibly as if seen on canvas. In other moments, writing in a less chastened mood, the author gives rein to the exuberance of his fancy, as in the weird scene of the game of dice for Thomasin's spade guineas, where the "red sandstone automaton," encircled by the dusky forms of the

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"heath-croppers," throws his single cracked die, lighted only by the glimmer of his thirteen glow-worms.

*The Trumpet Major* is not written under such stress of emotional insight as the *Return of the Native*, nor has it the force of *Far from the Madding Crowd*. It is quieter and more restrained, though equally fresh and vivacious, and very perfect in an artistic sense. Like all Mr. Hardy's novels, it is a love-story. Anne Garland and her lovers, the "swash-buckling" Festus Derriman, the "weather-cock" Bob, and honest, pathetic John Loveday, compose a charming idyll, with the Weymouth of George III., the village mill, and the quiet country neighbourhood convulsed by rumours of "Boney's" threatened descent as an appropriate environment. The familiarity with the minute details of rural domestic economy that is shown, even in such a supreme moment as the cleaning of the miller's house and the preparation of Bob and Matilda's wedding-feast, is so amazing that we are tempted to believe Mr. Hardy himself must have masqueraded in the uniform of one of those gallant dragoons who came to Mrs. Loveday's assistance with the meat-chopper.

*Under the Greenwood Tree* is described on its title-page as a "rural painting of the Dutch school." It is informed with a spirit of innocent gaiety, and is written throughout in a tenderly playful strain. The members of Mellstock parish choir form a genial group of quaint, simple figures, living amidst the echoes of fiddle-strings and Christmas carols, even-tempered, sociable, and cheery, loving their sweet old hymn-tunes and brown cider mugs, and showing a kindly tolerance, not unmixed with complacency, in their treatment of Thomas Leaf, a creature simpler and feebler even than themselves. A humorous yet touching procession runs through the book. Grandfather William, with his bass viol, a "perfect figure of wonder in the way of being fond of music"; Reuben Dewy, the Tranter, awkward but generous, clumsily tapping a barrel of his best cider; Thomas Leaf, the simpleton, warmed by a mug of mead and the excitement of a wedding, rashly involving himself in a pointless story; Robert Penny, the shoemaker, flashing the round glasses of his spectacles, and exhibiting the mould of Fancy Day's little foot, left in her well-worn boot, to the assembled choir, while honest, simple-hearted Dick Dewy regards it "with a delicate feeling that he had no right to do so without having asked the owner of the foot's permission." Geoffrey Day, the keeper, honey-taking, is a good portrait; but better still is the second Mrs. Day, spreading her new damask table-cloth "by instalments" as the meal proceeds, and her husband philosophically explains to sympathising Dick Dewy that her "quareness" is so "growed into her that it would kill her to take it out."

"She do belong to that class of womenkind that becomes second wives—a rum class, rather."

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"'Indeed,' said Dick Dewy, with sympathy for an indefinite something.

"'Yes; 'tis very trying for a female, especially if you've been a first wife, as she hev.'

"'Very trying it must be.'

"'Yes; you see her first husband was a young man who let her go too far; in fact, she used to kick up Bob's a-dying at the least thing in the world. And when I married her and found it out, I thought, thinks I, "It's too late now to begin to cure ye," so I let her bide. But she's quare, very quare, at times.'

"'I'm sorry to hear that.'

"'Yes—there; wives be such a provoking class of society, because though they be never right, they be never more than half wrong.'"

At the Tranter's party we are admitted into the very atmosphere of the assembly, and allowed to watch the workings of the speakers' minds, as well as their changes of facial expression. Mr. Hardy has caught the turns of phrase, the habits of thought, the tone and spirit of the rustic gathering. He has always in mind the surroundings amidst which it is held, and the narrow daily round of its members' lives, from which they only escape by the enjoyment of such gossip or discussion as that we are privileged to overhear. The lovemaking of two unsophisticated natures has seldom been more gracefully treated than in the courtship of Dick Dewy and Fancy Day, though the love passages between Anne Garland and Bob Loveday, and Elfride Swancourt's first kiss, have the same lightness and delicacy of touch.

Mr. Hardy's first published novel, *Desperate Remedies*, though crude in many respects, gave much promise of what he should become. Cytherea has already a share of the fascination of Eustacia, Bathsheba, or Elfride, though the firmness and fulness of outline with which they are drawn has not yet been attained. The style of the book is comparatively faulty, though redeemed by sentences like these—"Sudden hopes that were rainbows to the sight, proved but mists to the touch;" or, when Springrove dreams of an ideal wife who shall be "a child among pleasures, and a woman among pains." In the description of the "Three Tranters' Inn," with Farmer Springrove and his men making cider, there is a foreshadowing of much of the best work in *Far from the Madding Crowd* and elsewhere; while Cytherea's piteous answer to Owen when he reminds her of her duty to society, and she pleads that "what to society is but a thought is a whole life to her," is pregnant with deep meaning and pathos.

Mr. Hardy's mind has not required the stimulus and friction of city life to quicken its perceptions, but through its inherent vitality and energy has obtained the power of giving the familiar events of the homely life of a rural district their proper value as tragic arbiters of human fate. He has apparently led a somewhat



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retired life, and his training and experience must have been in many respects other than those of the majority of writers. He comes before the world, therefore, with the freshness which is gained by a new point of view, and his conclusions have something of the interest which the report of an astronomer, observing celestial phenomena from some remote station, has for his brother-workers in another quarter of the globe.

Elfride Swancourt, the central figure of *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, is a most winsome creation. She charms by her plasticity and ready sympathies, her eyes "blue as autumn distance," her impulsive mistakes and tender self-abandonment. Mr. Hardy has much understanding of the position of women. He shows them, like Paula Power, the "Laodicean," hesitating and weighing their lovers; realising all that depends on their choice of a husband, yet often led astray by passion against their better judgment; reluctantly submitting to the sway of sex, half-rebellious and half-eager. "The charm of woman," he asserts, "lies partly in her subtlety in matters of love." Perhaps Mr. Hardy is too ready to sacrifice the uprightness of his feminine characters to that most exquisite elusive thing, the "charm of woman," to which, indeed, his own work in fiction is one long tribute, but he wishes men to remember that what they blame is often only the defect of the quality. Thus, when Knight is impatient with Elfride for her weak passivity and prevarication, it is pointed out that these faults are correlated with the confiding tenderness and plasticity which were her chief attractions in her lover's eyes.

*The Hand of Ethelberta* is described as a "comedy in chapters." It is written in a somewhat extravagant key, and though following *Far from the Madding Crowd* in date of publication, falls far below the same standard of excellence. Ethelberta, despite her "squirrel-coloured hair," vigorous personality, and persistent devotion to the interests of her family, is not a sympathetic character. Mr. Hardy has somewhere suggested an appalling doubt as to whether "honesty be a virtue in itself," but even if this be held an open question, Ethelberta must needs be condemned for her absolute lack of the quality. However, it is unnecessary to take the situations which occur in this story too seriously, but it is difficult to determine how to regard a book so anomalous in tone. Much of the descriptive part is singularly fine. The passage conveying what Ethelberta saw as she rode her donkey along the top of the ridge of hills above Knollsea, on her way to Combe Castle, when "two climates were wrestling for mastery immediately in her pathway," is perhaps the most magnificent page that even Mr. Hardy has ever written, though such warm praise may be inspired by a loving familiarity with the striking prospect there so poetically described.

*A Laodicean* and *Two on a Tower* are termed "romances" by their author, and claim, therefore, to be criticised from a special stand-

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point. In the first-named the suspense as to Paula's choice between her two suitors, on which the interest depends, is so long drawn out that in less capable hands it might be tedious. The whole is, however, conceived with masterly completeness, the *dénouement* finely led up to, and the conclusion impressive and satisfactory. Every incident is well considered, and enhances the unity of the effect. The book has, however, hardly the feeling of its author's best work. It is colder and less spontaneous; fanciful and original as ever, but with a less happy inspiration. The element of romantic melodrama gives a sense of unreality. Paula's position as an "interloper encased in the feudal lumber of the De Stancy family," invests her with a piquant interest; but when we are told that she is an impersonation of the modern spirit of imaginative reason, in contrast with the picturesque fabric of mediævalism, we regard her with an awe akin to terror. She is a mysterious and metaphysical young woman, and we hesitate whether to ascribe her slowness in action to the praiseworthy prudence of a lonely heiress, or to the lukewarmness of mere indecision. On the whole, we are inclined to like her for her serene and self-possessed attitude of suspended judgment, but she is a more abstract study than any other of Mr. Hardy's heroines, and for that reason less interesting. The importance of environment is remembered here, as elsewhere, but Stancy Castle is a dreamlike structure. It does not take hold of the imagination by its poetry and genuine feeling, like Egdon Heath or the apple orchards among which the "Woodlanders" play their parts; the effect is rather that of an enchanted palace in a fairy tale. *Two on a Tower*, like *A Laodicean*, is a "romance," and appeared in the following year.

*Wessex Tales* must not be passed over without a tribute to the thrilling interest of *The Three Strangers*. Mr. Hardy has the care in workmanship and the artistic finish necessary for the short story; yet he is not at his best in this form. He has not room to develop himself, and his finer touches are crowded out. His recent volume of short stories, *A Group of Noble Dames*, shows singularly little of his distinctive excellence.

In *The Woodlanders* Mr. Hardy is on his own ground. This is a story from "one of those spots outside the gates of the world where . . . . from time to time dramas of a grandeur and unity truly Sophoclean are enacted in the real by virtue of the concentrated passions and closely-knit interdependence of the lives there." It is a study of rural life in a cider district, and is deeply tinged with poetic feeling. For example, Marty South and Giles Winterbourne are planting trees:

"'How they sigh directly they are put upright, though while they are lying down they don't sigh at all,' said Marty.

"'Do they?' said Giles. 'I've never noticed it.'

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"She erected one of the young pine trees into its hole, and held up her finger; the soft musical breathing instantly set in, which was not to cease night or day till the grown tree was felled—probably long after the two planters should have been felled themselves."

Thus, through a delicate and sympathetic suggestion, we are allowed to watch and listen, while a young pine tree draws its first breath, and takes up the burden of its life, beginning its ceaseless conflict with the forces, which are first to nourish and strengthen it, but ultimately to lay it low.

Michael Henchard, in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, is a powerful study of a strong and concentrated nature. His will, containing the last wishes of an illiterate broken-hearted man, has a true ring of bitter desolation. A note of pathos is also struck in Mother Cuxsom's lament for Mrs. Henchard.

"'Well, poor soul, she is helpless to hinder anythin now," answered Mother Cuxsom. 'And all her shining keys will be took from her, and her cupboards opened, and things a' didn't wish seen, anybody will see, and her little wishes and ways will all be as nothing.'"

It is easy to give telling specimens of Mr. Hardy's quality, but a mind so peculiar and original cannot be appreciated through quotations. Indeed, to use his own words, we feel that we might as well attempt to "carry an odour in a net" as to convey the intangibilities of his inspiration in the coarse meshes of criticism. Mr. Hardy's charm emanates from his personality. His mingling of poetry and realism, of imagination and precision, of wayward *bizarrerie* and winning grace is strangely fascinating, conditioned as it is by a thoughtfulness which is that of a philosopher, if not of a scholar or man of the world. Though there is a certain reserve and a marked idiosyncrasy in Mr. Hardy's manner, which may render him to some extent *caviare* for the general, his firm and humorous treatment of the broad truths of human nature must needs ensure the steady growth of his literary fame.

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# A TEACHING UNIVERSITY FOR LONDON.

It may perhaps seem somewhat strange to argue seriously in favour of a democratic teaching university for London. A few years back this might have been so, but to-day it needs no apology. The democratic aspect of London may not obtrude itself, and may not be particularly visible, in the vicinity of the Royal Exchange, of Downing Street, or of Belgravia. Nevertheless, London is for a democrat the most democratic city in the world. Its area and inhabitants, its wealth and poverty, find no parallels elsewhere. Hence the democrat who holds that the nation consists not alone of the more fortunate, nor yet alone of the less fortunate portion of the community, but essentially of the whole, hopes to find in London a field more fitted for the application of democratic principles than in any other city of the world. It is, moreover, probably true that in London during the last few years the growth of the democratic sentiment has been more marked than in any other part of England. At any rate, those who are able to look below the mere surface of affairs see, or at least think they see, an awakening of democratic feeling which the mere armchair politician would not care to contemplate. If, then, as is now inevitable, a new teaching university is to be founded for London, it is more than ever necessary that it shall be a real democratic teaching university—specially adapted to satisfy the democratic conditions of this democratic age. In particular, the greatly increasing grants of public money now made for the higher education of the people—a policy which has entirely developed during the last few years—make it specially urgent that the interests of the people at large should be considered by any proposed institution which shares, or is soon to share, a public grant. Of course there has been as yet no suggestion from the promoters of the new teaching university that they hope for help in that direction. It is, however, quite clear that grants which have been given to the provincial colleges, to the "University Extension" movement in the country, and to the Polytechnics in London, will not long be denied to any corporation which affects to control the higher education of the Metropolis. On this ground, therefore, the demand that the democratic quality of the university that is to be should be plain and unmistakable, is one which must prevail, and the mere fact that, with their usual astuteness, the promoters have not as yet raised the issue, should not

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blind the eyes of Parliament to this important aspect of the question. And that there may be no misapprehension as to what is meant by the term—this "shibboleth," as it has been scornfully styled—it may be well to set forth shortly the essential points in which any teaching university must satisfy the democratic conditions of the age, if it is to deserve the name of a democratic university. First and foremost, requiring as it must, that all its students pursue their studies under its immediate control, and that examination and study are made equally indispensable for its degree; and careful as it must be to maintain a very high standard of knowledge, it will endeavour to make that standard comprehensive, so as to satisfy, as far as may be within the limits, the varying requirements of its students. It will neither favour the paradox, that the highest function of the university is to encourage useless knowledge, nor will it allow academic teaching to sink to the level of, or be confounded with, mere technical instruction. Further, it will utilise to the utmost the existing provision for academical teaching in the Metropolis, while it will strive to strengthen the various teaching institutions, by encouraging mutual combination and co-operation between them and itself stimulating and directing their higher efforts. Lastly, but not least, it will do all that can be done to adapt its practical arrangements to the general convenience of the people, and will so order its machinery as to include and make due provision for students from all and every rank in life. And here it is necessary to insist particularly on the fact, that of late years there has been an increased and increasing desire for university teaching among those who are actively employed in their daily occupations. Such persons can only carry on any academical study *pari passu* with the earning of their daily bread. For the needs of such persons, numerous at present, and likely to be much more numerous in the near future, a real democratic university will have special care, and it will so order its curricula and so arrange its hours of study, that they may use to the full the immense advantages which a real democratic teaching university ought to be able to provide. Yet one more point. A teaching university for London, able to satisfy the whole of its academic needs, will want assistance from public funds. These must be liberally at its service, and that they may justly be so it is once more essential that its democratic quality shall be beyond dispute. For it would be manifestly unjust to divert for the needs of any single class public funds intended to provide university teaching for the whole community. Any one of the principles here laid down may no doubt find an opponent; but it will not be so easy to find valid objections to them as a whole, or to deny that these broad and comprehensive principles furnish a fair basis for the development of the higher educational interests of the whole Metropolis.

A scheme constructed on these principles would not differ in

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essentials from the ideal university for London which the Royal Commissioners of 1889 had in their mind. For they recognise in their report that "great activity in, and a constantly increasing demand for, teaching of a range and quality more or less academical has of late years manifested itself in London:" and they note "that various societies and institutions in London profess to give advanced teaching in different subjects, but they are not in any sense confederated." Indeed, they plainly agree with Bishop Westcott's opinion that "the work of organising the higher education of London is the first function of a London university." It is, therefore, important to note the great educational institutions which the Commissioners thought worthy of enumeration in this connection. Their list includes the two important bodies University College and King's College, the Government Schools of Science at South Kensington, and the Colleges of the City and Guilds of London Institute: institutions of a less authoritative character, such as the Birkbeck Institution; the City of London College, and the Working Men's College; the great medical schools; the Inns of Court; certain ladies' colleges, of which Queen's College and Bedford College are the best known; and the system of University Extension Lectures. "It can hardly be doubted," it adds, "that if these various institutions, and others which might be named, could be coordinated *under* a university as their natural head, which would encourage them to do the work for which they are best fitted, and would reward their work when efficiently done with a public stamp of recognition, the cause of education in the Metropolis might gain a great impetus." And to support this conclusion the Commissioners add that "it has been represented by witnesses having good opportunities for knowledge, that from *even the less important of these various sources*, under proper regulations, a considerable supply of well-qualified candidates for degrees in arts, and science especially, might probably be obtained." From this broad and statesmanlike view of the whole question it is not difficult to infer that the Royal Commissioners were practically in favour of establishing a great teaching university for London on lines that may fairly be described as democratic. The realisation of their broad and comprehensive ideal they naturally, preferred, if possible, to entrust to existing university machinery. They therefore recommended that the existing University of London should so far change its constitution and remodel itself as to make itself a great teaching university, co-ordinating under itself the various higher educational institutions in London. For various reasons this task the university has hitherto failed to achieve; but it is particularly to be remarked that neither the Senate nor Convocation has refused to undertake the work. The Senate, after much consideration, constructed a scheme, not on the lines of the Commissioners' report, but differing from it in various important

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particulars. This scheme Convocation unfortunately was unable to accept, though the Special Committee of Convocation had reported in its favour; and it was decisively rejected on the 12th of last May. Under these circumstances the natural course would have been for the Government to have requested the Senate either to submit to Convocation another scheme, more nearly resembling that of the Commission, or explicitly to decline the task. In the former case, if Convocation gave its consent, all would have been well. If otherwise, a contingency provided for by the Commissioners, the whole question should have been referred again to them for a further report, according to their express recommendation. What that further report would have been is clear enough. It would have sketched more definitely the comprehensive plan already mentioned. It would have set up the new university, not under the control of London University, but under the guidance of a strong and representative body, on which all the higher educational institutions of London would have found a place, and which would have taken care to adapt the constitution of the university to the various developments which such a scheme would be certain to produce.

Such a result, however, was by no means desired by University College and King's College, the two institutions whose petition that they by themselves should be constituted a university had been expressly rejected by the Royal Commission. They therefore jumped at the opportunity afforded to them by the adverse decision of Convocation on the 12th of May. Hardly six weeks had elapsed when, with suspicious celerity, at the direct request of the Council of King's College, a Committee of the Privy Council (with Lord Selborne, chairman of the Royal Commission, strangely enough, at its head) commenced an inquiry into the question. It is, of course, treason to hint any possibility of moving the Privy Council in one direction rather than in another. At the same time it would be interesting to know the real cause of this unusual promptitude, especially as it caused the inquiry to be held at the fag-end of the season and of the session, when most persons of influence were thinking more of their holidays than of the best means for providing London with a real teaching university. However this may be, it seems still more extraordinary, at any rate to one unacquainted with the ways of the Privy Council, that of all the various educational bodies in London above enumerated by the Commissioners, besides the two colleges, only one—Bedford College—was informed of the inquiry. It is not for an outsider to say by what course of reasoning such an unfair and one-sided arrangement was decided on. The result was naturally a foregone conclusion. In the enforced absence of the other institutions the two colleges controlled the inquiry, and their scheme, carrying with it their triumphant erection into the new teaching universityfor London, was approved without material modification, save the addition of the medical schools. If on no other ground than this utterly incomplete,

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one-sided, and inadequate inquiry, the draft charter of the two colleges would deserve instant rejection. For common justice and common sense alike demand that any attempt to lay down authoritatively the lines of the new university should be based upon the completest co-operation of all the institutions concerned — or at all events that they should at least be heard. Their participation in the inquiry is not a matter of favour or of opinion, but of necessity and of right; and the absence of any one of them, unless for most urgent reasons, ought not to have been permitted. That a scheme so conceived and so carried out should be faulty was of course inevitable. That it should be so fatally mischievous as it is was hardly to have been anticipated. The scheme of the Commissioners entrusted the control of the new experiment to a corporation that had some standing in the country and some experience in university matters. The scheme of the two colleges entrusts this control to the two colleges themselves. For they have actually been allowed to gain, directly and indirectly, the complete control of the council, which is the supreme governing body of the new university. One result of this is, that as no new college can be admitted unless with the consent of the council, no other educational authority or institution throughout the Metropolis, except the Inns of Court (if they so please) and the medical schools, can enter the university except at the pleasure of these two colleges.

Another, no less dangerous, is that the two colleges are thus allowed practically to control the whole educational policy of the new university in accordance with their own interested views of university expediency or of educational progress. How far the two colleges may fairly claim this pre-eminent position, or how far their present languishing condition qualifies them to be the benevolent dictators, or even the efficient organisers, of the educational armies of London, experience may show. King's College may serve as a sample, and a few figures,[1] which have been put together from its official Calendar, may give some indication of the result. King's College significantly makes no return in its Calendar of its results in the examinations of London University—except as regards the honour degrees, which since 1886 appear to have averaged about two per annum. This may perhaps be accounted for by the avowed disinclination of the college for the curriculum and standard prescribed by the university. The lists, therefore, of the associates of the college, which may fairly be taken as representing the standard which the college authorities consider equivalent to a degree, have been used. The theological associates have been omitted, as it appears they qualify in two years only, and thus stand on a different footing. The annual average of associates since 1886 has been taken: this number has been multiplied by

[1] These figures were referred to at the University Extension Conference in Gresham College last November by Dr. Wace, the Principal of King's College, and as he made no attempt to challenge their accuracy, they may be safely accepted as correct.

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three to include all the students studying for the associateship in any one given year. The result has been increased by one-half to cover those students who may have failed to reach the associateship, and the total thus obtained gives the probable total of students studying for the associateship at King's College in any one year. The figures, thus explained, come out as follows:

| | Medicine. | General Literature. | Engineering. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Annual average associates ... ... | 10 ... | 3 .. | 8 ... | 21 |
| Multiply by three ... ... ... ... | 30 ... | 9 ... | 24 ... | 63 |
| Adding one-half ... ... ... ... | 15 ... | 4 ... | 12 .. | 31 |
| Total students seeking associateship ... | 45 ... | 13 ... | 36 ... | 94 |

This result is not very encouraging to the supporters of King's College, but it only expresses in figures the general impression, both among the outside public and among those better qualified to know, of the educational position and prestige of one of the two colleges which are, if the present scheme be sanctioned, to undertake the direction and development of university teaching in London. As the leading colleges of a democratic university, with their manifest deficiencies supplemented by the possibilities and resources of other teaching institutions, they might have done good service. If, however, they are, as they intend, to remain practically the sole constituent colleges of the new university, well—they may receive, as Lord Justice Fry expressed it before the Commissioners, "a temporary fillip to their operations," they may attract a few more students to their empty class-rooms. But as a university they will become a byword among the universities of the world.

Enough has been said to make clear the unsatisfactory character of the educational control under which the new university will have to work. What then are the provisions "for *providing* and encouraging systematic teaching and methods of study," for which purpose, in the words of the preamble of the charter, this teaching university has been constituted? It is scarcely credible, but it is the fact, that there is absolutely no machinery or means for carrying out this essential part of its work—a part at least as essential as that of providing degrees for those students of the two colleges who would otherwise have had to go without them. Not only is there no power in the charter to appoint university professors; they are not even mentioned, nor has the university any voice whatever in the appointment or control of the professors of the constituent colleges. In the charter of the Victoria University it is distinctly stated that the professors of the university shall be "the professors of the college or colleges of the university," and that the lecturers of the university shall be the certain lecturers or teachers of the college or colleges. The charter of this new university recognises no university professors at all, and only casually takes power to appoint lecturers. Moreover, the professors and teachers of the colleges are

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only recognised in their capacity as members of the consultative board, styled the Assemblies of the Faculties, and no way in their capacity as teachers. For this remarkable paradox, a teaching university without teachers, no condemnation can be too strong. Two advantages have been deliberately set aside. It destroys the hope that a real teaching university of London might be enabled to attract to its chairs men of the highest eminence, and to retain them for the benefit of the citizens of London; so that a university might have developed in London rivalling in reputation and value the foremost universities on the continent. It also deprives the teachers of the colleges within the university of that university prestige and control which would have been of the greatest advantage. The two colleges indeed have been so careful to prevent the university from assisting in any way the other teaching institutions in London that they have forgotten to provide their own teachers with the higher university status which under the scheme is rightly their due. But this no doubt they think is of no great moment, provided only they can ensure that their class-rooms are the only avenues to graduation at the new university, a privilege which, if the scheme be passed as it is at present, very few will be found to envy them.

It has been already pointed out that the two colleges have been allowed to control the University Council. Nor must it be forgotten that none of the institutions enumerated by the Commissioners as providing academic instruction, and as likely to supply qualified candidates for university degrees, can ever hereafter enter the university as constituent colleges except by favour of the council, on which they are not and perhaps may not be represented. It is not claimed that all the institutions mentioned should be admitted on an equal footing; but that they all ought to be admitted into the scheme from its commencement, in some way or other, is beyond dispute. It is, perhaps, worth while here to point out the significant difference between the charter of the Victoria University and the proposed charter of the new London University, in the treatment of this question of admitting new colleges. In the former, each college admitted is *ipso facto* represented forthwith on the University Court and the University Council. In the latter, the representation, *if any*—mark the possibility of refusal—is by grace of the University Council. In the Victoria University, the University Council—a broad and representative body; in the Albert University, the faculty or faculties—consisting solely of teachers—is the authority on whose report the admission is granted or refused. The former merely requires the college to be under the independent control of its governing body; the latter requires, in addition, the expectation of its permanent existence. The former is satisfied if the college has established "a reasonably complete curriculum" and a reasonably sufficient staff in arts and science; the latter requires the possession of a sufficient staff, *buildings*, and appliances, with adequate arrange-

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ments for teaching and study in the faculty or faculties. The difference is all in favour of the north-country scheme. Breadth and comprehensiveness are so clearly indispensable for the success of any teaching university for London, that it seems as if these pettifogging restrictions have been inserted of set purpose to unfairly dwarf and hinder the natural development of academical teaching in London. They are, at any rate, in full harmony with the narrow-minded and short-sighted spirit in which the whole scheme has been conceived.

But the great danger of this insistence on the collegiate conception of a university is that it strikes at once at a most important side of the development of the higher education of London. The educational resources of London contain numerous atoms, so to say, of the higher teaching, which if fused together in some comprehensive manner such as that suggested by the Royal Commission would add greatly to the total of educational excellence which might be expected to result from the new university. The University Extension movement at once suggests examples, but many others equally good will readily present themselves. In this connection, therefore, the demand for college *buildings* and permanence seems specially unfortunate. For by it the assistance of the university in developing new centres of university teaching, in the early and most difficult stages of their existence, is expressly refused; and any fresh centre of university teaching is impossible unless it is prepared to begin with a heavy expenditure in bricks and mortar. A teaching university thus fettered is deprived of half its value, and can never expand so as to meet the ever-varying, ever-increasing needs of London. At any rate, it can never become a really democratic university.

Finally, the denominational aspect of the scheme must not be allowed to pass without notice. It is carefully provided that no religious tests are to be imposed or adopted by the university. But there is no such prohibition in the case of the colleges of which it is to be composed. It is, moreover, expressly provided that "a college in the university shall not in any way be under the jurisdiction or control of the council except as regards the regulations for the duration and nature of the studies to be required of the students of the college as a qualification for university degrees or distinctions." Now, King's College, one of the two constituent colleges of the university, is, as is well known, a strictly Church of England institution. Section 12 of the King's College Act of 1882 expressly states that "no person who does not declare himself to be a member of the Church of England shall be competent to . . . . fill any office in the college, except Professorships of Oriental Literature and Modern Languages." Every student, moreover, is expected to attend chapel regularly. In the new University, constituent colleges—unlike the denominational colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, which are separate from the university, and cannot

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be identified with it—will practically *be* the university. The teaching staff of the colleges, *ipso facto*, form the Assemblies of the Faculties and a large proportion of the Council of the University. This university, therefore, in which no tests are allowed, will actually be to a very large extent a strictly denominational corporation, with about one-half of its teachers and a considerable proportion of its governing body trammelled by ecclesiastical restrictions which have been thrown off in the older universities, and which it might have been thought no one at this time of day would have ventured to revive. University College, moreover, by the terms of its charter, is precluded from teaching theology. All the theological teaching, therefore, of the new university will fall either to King's College or to the medical schools. The latter alternative need not be discussed, but the friends of theological freedom will have to take care that King's College does not gain—what it hopes to gain—the practical monopoly of theological teaching and theological degrees in the new university.

To sum up. A teaching university for London, if it is to achieve success, must avowedly set itself to satisfy the democratic conditions of the age. Such a university, catholic and comprehensive, might have been constructed on the basis of the statesmanlike report of the Commissioners. It has, however, been deliberately set aside in favour of the scheme of the two colleges, which has been sanctioned without that fair and full discussion which alone can give it any weight and authority. This scheme, apart from these considerations, is open to serious objection on the following points: (1) It gives the control of the new university to the two colleges alone, in spite of their doubtful university status, to the exclusion of all the other educational institutions in London; (2) Though primarily a teaching university, it can appoint no university professors, and cannot control the teachers of its constituent colleges; (3) It makes no attempt to organise the higher education of London, but rather hinders its free development; (4) It perpetuates sectarian restrictions, and violates the spirit of the Act securing religious equality in our universities.

Such a scheme clearly cannot be allowed to pass into law. As at this stage amendment is impossible, the whole scheme must be rejected by Parliament. Two or three Privy Councillors must not be allowed to prevail against the public will, or to palm off upon London a scheme so hopelessly inadequate to its educational needs. Two or three years' free and friendly discussion among all the interests involved should suffice to produce a workable, a wiser measure, which will be free from the objections of this abortive attempt. Then Londoners may hope for the establishment of a real democratic teaching university for London, worthy to take charge of the free and full development of the higher education of "the most populous city in the world."

J. SPENCER HILL.

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# LORD ROSEBERY'S PITT.

THE latest addition to the "English Statesmen" series will fully maintain the reputation acquired by preceding volumes. Lord Rosebery's sketch of the career of the younger Pitt is not unworthy to be placed even by the side of such masterly specimens of biography in brief as Professor Freeman's *William the Conqueror* and Mr. John Morley's *Walpole*.

There are few statesmen in our history whose names are more familiar than that of the son of Chatham, and yet there are few whose life presents more enigmatical features, or on whom it appears more difficult to pass a final judgment.

Entering Parliament as an ultra-reformer, he became ultimately the hero and demi-god of the extreme Tories, and the object of the bitterest aversion on the part of his old allies, who regarded him as a deliberate and selfish apostate, and felt towards him much as the leaders of the Long Parliament felt towards Strafford. And so the political tradition maintained itself for a generation at least after his death; but for some time there has been a marked change of opinion on this head. This tendency found perhaps its first definite expression in Lord Macaulay's celebrated biographical essay, in which he with great eloquence urges the view that both Pitt's eulogists and his defamers were much mistaken, and that he was for the greater portion of his career a consistent advocate of progress and reform, who was only carried away with reluctance into the opposite camp by circumstances that were too strong for him. A much more democratic writer than Macaulay, the late Mr. J. R. Green, goes even further in the same direction. In his eyes Pitt is the worthy successor of his father, the man of the people, the ideal Radical whose misfortune it was to be too much before his age to carry all the reforms he desired. His opponents are a corrupt faction, a selfish oligarchy over whose defeat at the election of 1784 the historian rejoices with unbounded exultation.

Lord Rosebery's view, though expressed with rather more moderation, is in harmony with this opinion throughout. It will be neither uninteresting nor uninstructive to inquire how far the facts recorded in his lordship's own pages confirm or throw doubt on his general estimate of Pitt's public life. As to the principles which the youthful statesman professed when he entered the political arena, there has

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never been any serious question. He united himself to the Opposition which was contending against the disastrous policy of Lord North, or rather of George III., and which was endeavouring to stem the tide of corruption and to resist the unconstitutional influence of the royal prerogative.

And it was specially to the more democratic section of the Whig party which inherited the popular ideas of Chatham that his son attached himself. His earliest speeches were scathing denunciations of the ruinous policy which had brought about the loss of America, and he soon rose into prominence as the most thoroughgoing advocate of parliamentary reform to be found in the House of Commons. His first motion on this subject was brought forward in the spring of 1782, shortly after the fall of the North Ministry and the formation of the Whig administration of Lord Rockingham. His speech on this occasion "is remarkable," to quote Lord Rosebery, "for its vigorous declamation against the power of the Crown, which Fox and Burke could hardly have exceeded. It was the duty of Parliament to provide for the future, and to take care that this secret and dark system should never be revived to contaminate the fair and honourable fabric of our Government. At all times, this pernicious influence had been pointed to as the fertile source of all our miseries, and it had truly been said of it that it had grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. Unhappily, however, for the country, it had not decayed with our decay nor diminished with our decrease. And it had supported North's Ministry for a length of years against all the consequences of a mischievous system and a desolated empire." Such were Pitt's views in Opposition; the question is, did he still adhere to them when in office?

In three months after his accession to power Rockingham died; the king appointed as Prime Minister in his place Lord Shelburne, the recognised leader of the Chatham party; Fox and his followers retired from the Cabinet, and Pitt accepted the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer. It cannot be said that so far he had committed himself to any compromise of principle, as the new Premier had been the head of his father's followers, and might be supposed to be in harmony with the reforming ideas he had expressed. The circumstances, however, of the formation of Shelburne's Ministry certainly were such as to give rise to a suspicion of an intention on the king's part to revive the system of prerogative influence which he had unwillingly been forced to abandon. Fox undoubtedly believed that Shelburne would readily lend himself to an attempt of this kind, and that Pitt, despite all his professions, would be found in co-operation with him; and it was through dread of this that he was led to enter into that unfortunate union with Lord North, which for a long time was emphatically designated "*the* coalition."

Historians seem to be afflicted with a strange species of frenzy at

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the very mention of this name. Even usually moderate and impartial writers fall into outbursts of furious invective, such as came naturally from the mouths of excited partisans at the time, but which seem greatly overstrained at this interval. Thus Mr. Green styles the agreement "the most shameless coalition known in our history," and even Lord Rosebery so far deviates from his usual calmness as to write that "it is hard to say which was the most complete, the infamy of the proceeding or the retribution that followed." Surely the noble services which Fox in his after-life rendered to the cause of freedom, when he had to battle almost single-handed against overwhelming odds, might make Liberal writers at least pause before they pass so harsh a judgment upon his action at this crisis. Coalitions have rarely been successful in English politics, and this one certainly proved to be an egregious blunder in tactics; but it is absurd to speak of it as the gigantic crime it has been so often represented. A recent biographer of Fox, Mr. Wakeman, who is by no means in sympathy with that statesman's political views, and who, on the whole, hardly does him adequate justice, has nevertheless candidly recognised that his conduct on this occasion admitted of a tolerably good defence from his own point of view. He believed it to be essential to the well-being of the country that the unconstitutional influence of the royal prerogative should be effectually restrained, and he had no confidence in Shelburne's sincerity of purpose, but believed that the king might easily convert him into a serviceable tool. It was true that Lord North had in the past been a Minister after George III.'s own heart, but there was every reason to believe that he had acted against his better judgment, and that he had since seen the error of his ways. In fact, Fox expressly stipulated that in the coalition Ministry the king should not be Prime Minister, and North fully fell in with his views, so that if there was any surrender of principle it was on the side of the latter and not of the former.

As to whether Shelburne really merited the distrust with which he was regarded, there may be a difference of opinion; there is no statesman of the period whose character remains enveloped in so much mystery; but the feelings of Fox were certainly not peculiar to himself. The belief in Shelburne's incurable duplicity was widely diffused through all parties, and was in all probability shared by Pitt himself; otherwise he would be open to the charge of gross ingratitude for excluding from his own Cabinet the statesman who had been for years the head of his father's friends, and who had introduced him at so early an age to high official rank.

The Coalition Ministry did not last long. At the close of 1783 it was overthrown by a most shameless use of the king's personal influence in the Upper House against the India Bill. Pitt now attained the summit of his ambition by being called to the Premier-

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ship. It can hardly be said that his present position was consistent with the vehement invectives against the influence of the prerogative which he had uttered in 1782, for never before since the Revolution, and never after, has there been as flagrant an employment of such influence as is to be found in George III.'s action at this juncture.

Lord Rosebery admits almost as much, but pleads that the unconstitutionality of Pitt's appointment was condoned by its subsequent approval by the nation at the general election of 1784, a defence which is hardly altogether satisfactory.

Pitt's administration falls naturally into two periods of nearly equal length, marked off from each other by the outbreak of the French war in 1793. It is on his policy during the first part of these that his modern admirers most love to dwell, and they confidently appeal to it as proving his sincere devotion to the cause of progress and reform. Undoubtedly many measures of a creditable character were passed during this portion of Pitt's tenure of office. The commercial treaty with France, and the Act for the better government of India, no doubt were of a beneficial character on the whole, though with regard to the latter it may be observed that it was open to very much the same objections which had been so furiously raised against the unfortunate India Bill of the coalition, grounded on the formidable amount of patronage which it placed at the disposal of the Minister in power for the reward of his political adherents. Pitt also is entitled to praise for having made the first effort, though an unsuccessful one, to deal with the slave trade, and for supporting Fox's Libel Act, by which the jury were given the right to pronounce upon the question whether a writing were libellous or not, which the judges had hitherto claimed the exclusive right of deciding. It must also be admitted that he occupied a much sounder constitutional position than his opponents in the Regency debates of 1789, in contending for the right of Parliament to appoint the Regent.

On the other hand, it is impossible to deny that Pitt deliberately surrendered his own convictions for motives of expediency in allowing himself to be influenced by clerical dictation to oppose the repeal of the iniquitous Test and Corporation Acts. It is open to question also whether his zeal for parliamentary reform had not cooled down considerably when he found himself secure in office. The measure which he introduced in 1785 was of a much more moderate character than those he had brought forward in Opposition, and its principle was of a very doubtful character, proposing as it did to deal with the crying scandal of the rotten boroughs only on the basis of a voluntary and compensated surrender of their franchises. In fact, the Bill was thrown out by the votes of the Minister's own followers; and, though Lord Rosebery ably contends that Pitt did all he could



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to secure its passing, and was much mortified at its defeat, yet this does not appear to have been the general opinion at the time. It seems to have been considered that the production of the measure was only intended as a convenient way of escape from awkward pledges, and it is certain that Pitt never brought forward any proposal of the kind again, and was the strenuous opponent of all motions for reform when made by others. The impression, in short, which this part of his Ministerial career makes on the whole is that of one who saw clearly what was right and just, but was not always very eager to do it when it might prove inconvenient.

Pitt's foreign policy during these years was for the most part pacific and worthy of praise. On one occasion, however, he deviated most seriously from this sound path, and was prepared to engage in a mad scheme of hostilities which, though it came to nothing at the time, yet sowed the seeds of the most fatal tradition with which our foreign policy has ever been cursed, the notion that the maintenance of Ottoman barbarism was, in a special manner, an English interest. In 1791 he was ready to commit the country to a campaign on the Danube for the sake of preserving the fortress of Oczakow to the Turks, certainly the first time an English Minister had ever conceived such an idea. Fortunately the voice of public opinion compelled him to pause. The Opposition, ably led by Fox and Burke, almost for the last time acting in harmony, strenuously resisted the Government proposals; symptoms of discontent began to manifest themselves on the Ministerial benches, and at last the Premier was forced to a deservedly humiliating retreat from his warlike designs. This incident, however, ought not to be forgotten in estimating his merits as a statesman, since here emphatically the evil that he did lived after him. Again and again the authority of his name was destined to be appealed to in support of the disastrous and immoral Eastern policy of which he was the first originator.

In general, then, it must be pronounced that the praise, which the earlier period of Pitt's administration merits, is liable to serious qualifications, and cannot weigh very heavily in the opposite scale, if it shall appear that his subsequent policy was blameworthy and injurious.

The question as to the responsibility for the war of 1793 is one of considerable complexity, and on which, perhaps, there will always be a difference of opinion. In most wars there are faults on both sides, and it is pretty clear that the present instance was no exception; whether England or France were the most to blame is a somewhat difficult problem. Lord Rosebery follows mainly the lines of the more elaborate argument of Mr. Lecky, and contends that Pitt was sincerely anxious to maintain the peace as long as possible, and that it was France that forced England into the war. He has stated very clearly the reasons for this conclusion, but he hardly seems to

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allow sufficient weight to the considerations which tell on the opposite side, and which were urged with great ability by Mr. Cobden in his pamphlet, "1793 *and* 1853." Cobden, no doubt, scarcely does justice to Pitt's genuine anxiety for peace, at least up to a very short period before the outbreak of hostilities; and he certainly goes too far in denying that the French had given any serious provocation, but he has much which is weighty and well-reasoned to say in criticism of various acts of the English Government, and neither Mr. Lecky nor Lord Rosebery has effectively met this portion of his case. It must in fairness be admitted that the first act tending to a rupture of friendly relations between the two countries was committed on the English side. Pitt had distinctly stated that the internal affairs of France were no concern of England, and that she had no title to interfere in them in any way. Nevertheless, after Louis XVI. had been deprived of his authority by the events of August 1792, the British ambassador was at once withdrawn from Paris, and the French ambassador in England was suspended from the exercise of his official functions. Whatever technical reason may be assigned for this conduct, it was surely hardly consistent with the strict neutrality which the English Government professed, and no good cause has been given why, as was done in 1848, the English ambassador should not have remained in Paris, and been accredited to the new Government. Unquestionably, the next provocation was given by France by the decree of the Convention passed in November 1792, offering aid to any nations which might rise against their rulers; but this decree was not specially aimed against England, but against the Continental Powers then leagued together against France; and the French were admittedly willing so to explain it away as to render it practically harmless to British interests.

The strongest technical case which England could allege against France was grounded on the conduct of the latter Power after the conquest of Belgium in throwing open the navigation of the Scheldt, which had been closed in the interests of the Dutch by treaties to which England was a party. Lord Rosebery appears to rest his vindication of Pitt's policy entirely on this point, but it is to be noted that the English Ministers at the time never contended that the question of the Scheldt constituted in itself a sufficient reason for embarking in a long and bloody war, nor does Mr. Lecky maintain this position; but he argues that the provocative bearing of France generally was so manifest that war must have come sooner or later. Whether this be so or not, facts hardly bear out Lord Rosebery's assertion that "war was forced on the English Ministry, that Pitt carried to an extreme his anxiety to avert it." This statement leaves out of sight the various attempts made by the suspended French envoy to bring about a pacific settlement of the dispute which were met in the most haughty and unconciliating spirit on

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the side of the English Cabinet. Cobden not unreasonably called attention with some emphasis to this portion of the subject, and Lord Rosebery might at least have noticed it.

The immediate cause of the rupture was the peremptory dismissal of the French ambassador, whom the English Government had for months refused to recognise as having any official capacity on the news of the execution of Louis XVI. in January 1793; a proceeding which surely did imply that assumption of a right to pass judgment on the way the French settled their domestic affairs which Pitt so distinctly repudiated. While then it is unjust to lay the war entirely to his charge, it cannot be maintained, on the other hand, that he was entirely free from blame on this score. That he proved an extravagant and incompetent war Minister is generally admitted, and Lord Rosebery only ventures to offer a few pleas in extenuation which are not very forcible. Still less is it possible from a Liberal point of view to offer any defence for the tyrannical laws which for the first time since the Revolution of 1688 were put in force against reformers in England, and still more in Scotland, on the charge of French sympathies. The noble stand which Fox made against these atrocious measures is almost enough to blot out all the failings of his life, and they certainly must be considered to wipe off a large portion of the credit due to Pitt for his earlier zeal in the cause of reform.

It is rather singular that Lord Rosebery and others of Pitt's modern admirers, while giving him credit for the best intentions, are obliged to admit that they were often very far from being carried out in practice. This is surely somewhat unfortunate for the claims which are made on the statesman's behalf when the circumstances of his career are examined. Of course a man may be greatly in advance of his age and so be unable to see his views realised, but this proposition hardly seems to apply to the case of one who, while he is asserted to have been always at heart a lover of progress and reform, yet was the instrument of a policy of unmitigated reaction and repression.

Even more conspicuously than in England does this appear manifest if we turn to the unhappy record of Pitt's administration of Ireland. Here again, Lord Rosebery, while maintaining that his hero's desires were to do what was just and right, has to confess that these laudable objects were by no means actually attained; only he contends that this was because the obstacles in the way were insuperable. It is remarkable that though Lord Rosebery is well known to be a convinced Home Ruler, he takes a decidedly more favourable view of Pitt's Irish policy than Mr. Lecky, who is an equally pronounced Unionist in modern politics. He attempts even to apologise for the disastrous recall of Lord Fitzwilliam in 1795, which, by the consent of most historians who have examined the subject, was the cause of much of the subsequent calamities of

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Ireland. He pleads that the viceroy exceeded his instructions in bringing forward the question of Catholic Emancipation, and in undertaking the thorough reform of the detestable Castle system; but even so, he only clears Pitt from the charge of deliberate duplicity at the expense of his foresight and sound judgment. If he really believed that Ireland could continue to be governed for an indefinite period in tranquillity without the concession of constitutional rights to the majority of its population, and a thorough reform of the administration, what becomes of the assertions so constantly made of his sincere desire for emancipation and equal laws?

The question of Pitt's share of responsibility for the atrocious measures by which some of the subordinates of the Government, if not its chiefs, deliberately goaded the people into rebellion, and for the cruelties committed in suppressing the insurrection, is hardly adequately dealt with by Lord Rosebery. It is surely not altogether correct to say, when we consider the amount of influence which was undoubtedly brought to bear by the English Cabinet upon Ireland on many occasions, that "the internal administration of Ireland was entirely independent of England," and that in it Pitt "had neither knowledge nor control unless specially appealed to." It is by no means clear that a vigorous protest on his part might not have done much to put an end to the most frightful reign of terror that has ever prevailed in any country under English rule since the infamous period of the Restoration Government in Scotland.

Lord Rosebery of course does not attempt to deny the base and corrupt character of the means by which the Union was carried, nor the deplorable nature of the results which followed. However, he contends that Pitt honestly believed the measure to be beneficial to Ireland, and necessary for the safety of England.

The extent of the Minister's share in the methods employed to secure a majority in the Irish Parliament he hardly dwells upon. As might have been expected, he fully believes in the sincerity of Pitt's intention to accompany the Union with Catholic Emancipation, and contends strenuously that he did all he possibly could in this direction, and was only thwarted by the implacable determination of the king to make no concessions to the Catholics. It may be allowed that a rather better case can be made out here than in some other instances on Pitt's behalf; but when we view this incident in the light of his whole career, it is impossible to avoid a suspicion as to whether his eagerness to carry remedial measures was quite as great as his eulogists would have us believe; and whether if he had thrown the same energy into this part of the work as he had done with the task of forcing the Union upon Ireland, he might not have been rewarded with equal success. At all events, it cannot be expected that Irishmen should regard the goodness of his frustrated intentions as any sufficient atonement for the many sins of his administration against their country.

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Lord Rosebery carries his admiration for his hero so far as to vindicate his action in finally taking office without Fox in 1804, notwithstanding his expressed conviction as to the necessity of forming a Ministry representing all parties in the State in view of the struggle with Napoleon. In this case it cannot be argued that the reluctance of the king to admit Fox was an insuperable obstacle, seeing that he did give way on this point two years later, after Pitt's death. The general opinion of historians has certainly coincided with that of Macaulay, that it was "an evil hour" when Pitt "consented to forego the services of his illustrious rival." The generous conduct of Fox in appealing to his supporters to lend their aid to a Ministry from which he was excluded, if it were efficient and patriotic, can hardly be considered as a complete vindication of Pitt's yielding to royal prejudice. Lord Rosebery is surely too severe in his censure of Lord Grenville, who had up to this time been Pitt's consistent adherent, in declining to enter the Cabinet without Fox. He might very rightly feel, as Macaulay puts its, that "a great principle was at stake, and that he would not take office while a statesman eminently qualified to render service to the commonwealth was placed under a ban merely because he was disliked at Court."

Lord Rosebery concludes his biography with a general review of Pitt's career, which is written with great clearness and force, but in a strain of almost unmixed eulogy. He leaves out of sight many of the reasons which have led careful inquirers to a more unfavourable view of the statesman, and does not touch at all, for instance, on the disastrous results of his financial policy, which have been so thoroughly investigated by the late Professor Rogers. He thus concludes his observations:

"To sum up. It is not claimed that Pitt was a perfect character or a perfect statesman. Such monsters do not exist. But it may be confidently asserted that few characters and few statesmen could bear so close a scrutiny. There may have been men both abler and greater than he, though it is not easy to cite them. But in all history there is no more patriotic spirit, none more intrepid, and none more pure."

Lord Macaulay cannot be said to err on the side of over-severity, but his judgment surely comes nearer the mark. "History will .... exhibit him as what he was, a Minister of great talents, honest intentions, and liberal opinions, pre-eminently qualified, intellectually and morally, for the part of a parliamentary leader, and capable of administering with prudence and moderation the Government of a prosperous and tranquil country, but unequal to surprising and terrible emergencies, and liable, in such emergencies, to err grievously, both on the side of weakness and on the side of violence."

R. Seymour Long.

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# IS COMPULSORY EDUCATION A FAILURE?

THE year of the majority of the Education Act has witnessed a revival of the Parliamentary contests which marked its introduction. It is noteworthy that, in the intervening years, the ranks of the pioneers of educational reforms have been pitifully thinned. Though the struggle has been between new combatants, and on more advanced lines, it has lost none of its old fire. The principle of free education, once so fiercely contested, has been freely conceded. Issue is now joined upon the question of the popular control of Voluntary schools. Though only remotely affecting actual elementary education, this will probably prove the most exciting episode in the contest. Voluntary management is the last stronghold of Sectarianism, and will be yielded—if it ever be surrendered—inch by inch. But the unexpected may happen again, and the difficulty be rectified upon the line of least resistance.

It has been truly observed that it would be difficult to exaggerate the value of the advances which have been made for the benefit of the children, and thereby for future generations, during the past Session of Parliament. Perhaps the most important of these has been the raising of the minimum age for employment. The debates in the House of Commons only faintly reflected the opposition to this measure, an opposition which, from the nature of the case, was less apparent than real. The Lancashire deputations against it had the courage of their convictions. And they had behind them the moral support of a stupendous force. Thousands of employers of child-labour in factory and farm, as well as the parents of the children themselves, were in cordial sympathy with the memorialists. But, happily for the children, the public sentiment of the nation was determined not to sacrifice justice and humanity to expediency.

The time is singularly opportune to take a general survey of the educational question, and to examine how far the promises held out by the promoters of the Act of 1870 have been fulfilled. Much, we shall find, has been done. But in order to establish the system of elementary education upon a satisfactory and substantial basis much more remains to be accomplished. Amid the enthusiasm of the four or five years immediately succeeding the passing of the Act, an immense amount of splendid work was done. That was incom-

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parably the period of greatest activity. But the fortress of ignorance, which had been centuries in building, was not to be carried with a rush. The enthusiasm subsided, and, though the intervening period has been by no means one of entire indifference, not a little of the work has been of a merely perfunctory character, and the progress made has not been commensurate with what might reasonably have been anticipated. While in a few of the larger towns superstructures of sound educational policy have been raised, at once enduring in their usefulness and honourable to the builders, in the majority of instances it is becoming a matter of increasing difficulty to arrest the development of retrograde ideas arising from ignorance and indifference. Every one who is practically acquainted with the working of the Education Acts, both in manufacturing centres and in remote rural districts, will unhesitatingly subscribe to the truth of this statement. The cause admits of simple explanation. The Act of 1870 was essentially a compromise. It was a bold step taken with caution. Subsequent amendments have emphasised the caution without imitating the boldness. Hitherto, it is scarcely too much to say that the benevolent scruples of interested employers and the conscientious indifference of struggling parents have been considered before the welfare of the children for whose education the nation stands responsible. This conflict of interests has resulted in the half-time system, by which children, on the fulfilment of certain conditions as to age and proficiency, are allowed temporary absence from school in order to avail themselves of the privilege of assisting to maintain themselves and their numerous brothers and sisters. In many districts, it is needless to add, this is the most popular feature of the Education Act. The age-limit is now raised to eleven. Before, it was quite common for children of eight and nine to be at work in the fields about twelve hours a day for seven months in the year. The limit as to age and standard of exemption was left to local option. School committees, consisting frequently of employers of labour, consequently fixed the standard as low as possible. In many instances Standard II. (average age eight or nine) was adopted. The effect upon education can easily be imagined. Once a boy had begun his career as a wage-earner, parents were reluctant to place him again under the unprofitable restraints of school discipline. Half-timers frequently were virtually full-timers. The term "compulsory" was expanded or contracted by local committees to suit local needs. It was so beautifully elastic as to be a complete misnomer.

On September 1st, elementary education in England entered upon a new era. The familiar jingle of school-pence was heard no more in the land. Free education became law. With increased State aid, higher efficiency will be demanded. If this demand is to be realised, existing abuses must be reformed. The *crux* of the whole

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educational question is attendance. If this be capricious or irregular, the best-laid schemes are rendered farcical. Free education is the logical sequence of compulsory education. *In law*, attendance for the past twenty-one years has been compulsory. We will proceed to examine what it is *in fact*, deriving our information from official sources.

From the last report of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education it appears that, while the general efficiency of schools has steadily increased, the state of attendance indicates no improvement. It is stated that the number of children on the school registers, in proportion to the population, was, in 1860, 4·81 per cent. In 1870 it had increased to 7·66 per cent. At the present time it amounts to nearly 19 per cent. Regularity of attendance, however, has not increased in proportion. The age statistics of the last census show that 23·73 per cent. of the total population are between three and thirteen years of age. On the usual assumption that *six-sevenths* of the population are of the class of children who ought to attend public elementary schools, it follows that 20·34 (or say, 20) per cent. of the whole population might be found on the registers of our schools.

After making due allowance for absence on account of weather, sickness, distance from school, and other reasonable excuses for irregular attendance, it is generally calculated that school seats should be provided for *one-sixth* of the population; and these ought to be daily occupied. For the estimated population of 1890 the actual supply of school places (for England and Wales, 5,556,507, and for Scotland, 723,840) was in excess of this, though it was not evenly distributed throughout the country. As the upper and middle classes in London at the time of the census were somewhat in excess of the ordinary proportion throughout the country, the deficiency cannot fairly be taken as the exact measure of the supply still required for that district. It must be borne in mind that the number of children of school age in London increases by 12,000 every year. There are, therefore, about 11,000 for whom accommodation must be annually provided. It has been stated, indeed, that, even at the present rate of increase, a new school for 1000 children ought to be opened in London each month, for ten months in the year, to meet the yearly growth of the population.

The official report continues: "We have said that, to meet the wants of the children for whom our schools are provided, who constitute *one-fifth* of the population, the number of school places to be provided ought to be equal to *one-sixth* of the population. The supply of seats, it has been shown, is somewhat in excess of this number. The attendance of scholars falls lamentably short of it." The following table will indicate clearly the extent of the deficiency:

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| | | Number of Children on Registers. | Average Attendance. | Attendances Lost. | Percentage of Absences. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| England and Wales . . | 1889 | 4,779,903 | 3,696,525 | 1,083,378 | 22·6 |
| | 1890 | 4,815,560 | 3,732,327 | 1,083,233 | 22·5 |
| Scotland . . | 1889 | 660,261 | 508,468 | 151,793 | 22·9 |
| | 1890 | 673,566 | 519,738 | 153,828 | 22·8 |

"These figures," we are assured, "are very significant. They show how much remains to be done in many districts in the way of enforcing the bye-laws, which now extend over the whole of the country. The number of empty seats in schools which have been provided at so large a cost to public funds and private benevolence bears out the statements so frequently made in the reports of the inspectors and elsewhere, as to the extent to which many local authorities fail, or are hindered by the indifference of the magistrates, in performing the duty of securing the early and regular attendance of children under their jurisdiction."

The inspectors bear almost unanimous testimony that the age at which children pass the standard for exemption is steadily diminishing. Year after year, the Department complain of the large number of scholars who leave the schools entirely at ten years of age. Mr. Andrews, one of the inspectors for Scotland, declares this to be the weakest point in the whole system. Only those who have the opportunity of coming into contact with them a few years afterwards can form any idea how little of the instruction so laboriously imparted is retained by children who leave school on passing the Fifth Standard. In Scotland partial free education has resulted in children entering school at an earlier age, in order that, by passing the Fifth Standard at ten or eleven years of age, they may be sent earlier to work.

In the quotation above cited from the Educational Blue Book disparaging reference, it will be observed, is made to the extent as to which "many local authorities fail, or are hindered by the indifference of the magistrates" in securing early and regular attendance. A consideration of the subjoined evidence, compiled from the reports of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, will suffice to prove whether this sweeping censure is, or is not, justified by facts. Mr. Vertue (Devonshire), in one of his reports, describes the state of attendance as being "extremely bad. I do not know what it was before the passing of the Act, but I cannot imagine that it was ever worse than it now is. Indeed, it is the opinion of many that the attendance now is worse than it was before the passing of the Acts." Mr. Watts, referring to his district in Wales, states that compulsion is not working satisfactorily. To say that its action is irregular, too

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much resembling that of an indolent and weak parent who practically prefers his own ease to his child's welfare, is simply to assert an obvious fact. It must be patent to all that regularity of attendance would materially reduce local rates. Yet, generally speaking, School Boards appear to be unconscious of the fact. The indifference indeed seems to characterise the action of all concerned—from magistrate down to the school-attendance officer. Mr. Barrie (Scotland) says there is little reason to doubt that in some of the rural portions of his district members of Boards in many cases abet, if they do not themselves cause, irregularity of attendance in the interests of the farming class. Another Scotch inspector not long since reported that, in the matter of attendance, most Boards adopted a policy of inactivity, so far as compulsion is concerned. Mr. Alderson (South-Western district) recently stated: "That while in some towns, such as Plymouth, Bournemouth, Crewkerne, and Totnes, a laudable activity is shown, in rural districts, not only is the machinery for compulsion very imperfectly organised, but the attitude of those with whom it rests to put it in motion is apathetic, if not hostile. I notice in the remarks of my colleagues a considerable under-current of opinion in favour of persuasive methods. Persuasive methods are excellent in their way. But there is a point at which they seem to me to break down. Rewards, certificates, return of fees, and the like, stimulate school attendance —but whose? The willing scholar's, the regular attendant's, whom they spur to more willingness, still greater regularity. They fail to reach the truant, the recalcitrant, the absentee; and it is in the interest of this residuum that compulsion has been enacted." In one of his reports for the Dudley district Mr. Barrington Ward writes: "Of school attendance committees I must give a very unfavourable report. Irregulars are, in most localities, as abundant as ever, and prosecutions are very few." Mr. R. D. M. Oliver states that in some parts of his district of South Lincolnshire the Acts and Bye-laws are little better than a dead letter. Mr. Parez states that: "The reluctance of magistrates to execute the law, or rather (in some cases at any rate), their passive resistance, has defeated the efforts of the authorities, and made it useless to persevere." Mr. Freeland is of opinion that: "Attendance is far from satisfactory, and the Burnley Board is seriously in default." "Above the Boards and Committees," writes Mr. Willis, "come the magistrates, with respect to whom there is a universal chorus of complaints." Mr. French says: "I hear all over my district constant complaints of irregular, fitful, uncertain attendance. Local authorities are very slow to summon parents, while magistrates are too lenient in their judgments." Mr. Wilkinson, Her Majesty's Inspector (Burton Division), thinks that in too many instances the

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efforts of the officers are so entirely confined to achieving the regular attendance of children on the school-rolls, that children attending no school at all are entirely neglected. Instances have come to his knowledge of parents of such children laughing at parents who have been fined for not sending their children more regularly, and saying, "If parents don't want to be bothered they must not send their children to school at all." Mr. Gleadowe, of the Crewe district, suggests that School Boards and attendance committees should be called upon to report annually to the Department on the state of attendance in their districts. Mr. Greene complains that in the rural districts outside Nottingham the magistrates will not convict, and it is therefore useless to issue summonses. In Stafford the School Board had (in 1889) taken no action with regard to the adventure schools in the borough, and the inspector states that: "There are many children who are not attending any efficient school." In the Madely Union the teachers send up a bitter cry of complaint against the inaction of the attendance committee, the magistrates being equally to blame, inefficient schools being accepted by the Bench as satisfying the requirements of the Education Acts without even the pretence of an examination. It is declared in the Bingham Union that a prominent member of the school attendance committee was, if he is not now, in the habit of paying the fines of parents convicted before the magistrates. In his report for the counties of Northumberland, Durham, and York, Mr. Blakiston remarks that the migratory habits of mill and mine operatives, and the crowding of villagers into large towns, necessitate constant vigilance on the part of School Boards. The School Boards of the large towns enforce attendance for the most part far more effectually than those in less populous centres, or than school attendance committees appointed by Boards of Guardians. The chief difficulties arise from destitution and from the common habit among the poorest families of frequently shifting from one quarter of a town to another. Where the block system is adopted, by which each school warden is responsible for the attendance of the children living in certain streets to which his visits are limited, wily parents often attempt to elude the wardens by asserting that their children are attending schools in another quarter of the town. This is a trouble common to London and all populous centres. "The art of dodging has been deeply studied by those who are not in love with schooling." Mr. Russell (of the *Schoolmaster*) recommends as an antidote the employment of a visitor for each school, or set of schools, supplemented by a detective for the mere prowlers in the streets. Mr. Blakiston believes that a vigilant staff, by comparing notes, can checkmate the offenders. In his latest report for the Harrogate district, Mr. Hitchins says: "I constantly hear complaints from managers and teachers of the injury to their schools

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through irregular attendance. They have not the power to enforce regularity and so secure a good grant." "I can report no improvement in the regularity of attendance at school," writes the inspector for the York district. "Attendance, instead of improving, is falling off now that parents and employers of labour have learned that compulsory attendance is, at any rate in country districts, a mere name, and not a fact." The inspector for the Cleveland district testifies that the school attendance does not rise above the low level attained by the country as a whole. In his report published August 1891 Mr. Legard (Leeds) states that: "The machinery for enforcing attendance is by no means perfect as yet. The higher schools are by no means a model of what attendance should be. Parents, who from their position might have been expected to know better, frequently keep their children at home for trivial excuses, which would never be tolerated at Rugby or Cheltenham."

In the Stockport district the outcry against the irregular attendance has been loud and frequent. The law's delay, the trifling amount of the fines inflicted upon offenders, and the unwillingness of the Bench to convict—cripple the efforts and discourage the zeal of local authorities. In Mr. Shadrach Pryce's report for the Carmarthen district it is stated that the small towns and districts suffer most in the matter of attendance. Frequently the attendance officer appointed by the guardians receives only a pittance as salary, and perhaps the work performed is in the direct ratio of the stipend. Doubts in some instances indeed are expressed as to whether these officers are expected to do anything. In the Merthyr district complaints have been made against the magistrates for rendering impotent the efforts of the local authorities. The inspector has seen lists of cases in which the child has been absent several times each week—for several weeks—without excuse, and in which the highest fine inflicted has been 2*s.* 6*d.* It is pointed out that the magistrates do not seem to realise that *only the worst offenders are brought before them*, and that if they are not dealt with the Act becomes almost nugatory.

Mr. Morgan Owen (Denbigh district) laments that School Boards and school attendance committees do not appear to be fully alive to the great importance of their office, and to the lasting and beneficial effects of a searching inquiry into the school attendance of their respective districts. In some of the schools in the Denbigh district the attendance was "exceptionally poor." In the Swansea district the irregularity of the children forms a "constant source of complaint," the blame being attributed to the magistrates. Mr. Williams strongly urges the lay, but more especially the clerical, managers of schools who are also members of school attendance committees, to bestir themselves in securing greater regularity.

Mr. Whitmell, Cardiff, while making due allowance for unavoid-

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able causes of absence, is strongly of opinion (1) that parents and children still need educating as to the importance of regular attendance; and (2) that there is culpable negligence in the administration of the law. Mr. Alexander reports on the unsatisfactory attendance, assigning the following reasons—distance, weather, poverty, unwillingness of magistrates to convict, insufficient payment of attendance officers, who have too large a district to superintend, or too much work of a different kind, and "last, but not least, bad schools with incompetent teachers." Mr. Kenny Herbert, in the East Central division, emphasises the evil of the rural half-time system, "by which *many children, after passing the Second Standard, are permitted to go to work.*" The effect of this is prejudicial in the extreme to regularity of attendance. The lax administration of the law by the school attendance committees is, in many cases, a direct hindrance to educational progress. In the Oxford district the complaints are almost universal that the magistrates will not convict, and that "the difficulties in enforcing regular attendance are almost insurmountable." Frequently "the magistrates find extenuating circumstances and adjourn the cases for a month." The authorities avail themselves of every plea to evade their responsibilities, and thus not only act as aiders and abetters of ignorance, but also bring into ridicule the law which they are supposed to impartially administer. The Harrogate inspector before quoted, recently wrote: "Attendance is very bad; children do not attend school at the proper age, and *many stay away for years*, the parents knowing that they are free from molestation so long as they can keep their children's names off the registers of the school." Mr. Tillard makes similar complaints respecting the laxity of attendance, and complete evasion of the Act, in the Wakefield district. Mr. Blakiston's lamentation is enlivened with an ingenious device for overcoming the prevailing evil. A certain Roman Catholic school suffered from bad attendance on Fridays. The manager announced from the pulpit that he should "visit his schools every Friday afternoon in order to note what girls were absent, and hence to ascertain all the dirty, ill-kept, slatternly homes in his parish; for it was only the girls from such homes who were habitually absent. The result of this announcement was a striking, immediate, and lasting improvement in the attendance." In a district conference of teachers in Lancashire, on the attendance question, there was a decided consensus of opinion on the unsatisfactory condition of things. Ten masters blamed their school attendance committees for not dealing promptly with bad cases. Their testimony against official supineness, though given in downright earnest, had almost the flavour of Hudibrastic caricature. The climax was attained when one teacher made the statement that "school attendance officers are often seriously *censured for doing their duty.*" Even in

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many large towns under effective Boards the enforcement of the compulsory clauses is acknowledged to be a huge burlesque. Though this is by no means an exhaustive presentment, it will suffice to complete the case for the provinces.

The London School Board, the largest, most costly, and the best staffed and officered in the country, might be expected to produce the highest educational results, and to show the most regular attendance. Whether the result accords with the anticipation may be gathered from the following statement made by Sir Richard Temple in a recent Budget speech:

"As I am nearing the end of my statement, I must crave leave to revert to a point already mentioned several times—namely, the average attendance. This affects the Board's finance considerably. It is now 82 per cent. of the number of scholars, for whom accommodation is required, and has once been 83. The percentage is not rising; it may be good enough as compared with many places, but considering that the metropolitan population is, so to speak, packed together in a compact area, and that the machinery at the Board's command is great, and its organisation searching, and that public opinion is becoming more and more alive to the need of education; we might have hoped for a better progress in the percentage than that which we actually see. I am only concerned now with the financial effect. The Board pays the annual sum of £40,000 in ensuring attendance. It employs a staff of 310 visitors, including superintendents, and other officers. This staff permeates all parts of London, every street and alley, till the inquiry almost amounts to a house-to-house visitation. Yet, probably there is hardly a member of the Board who regards the result as satisfactory. How far the responsibility pertains to some among the parents, or to our own establishment, or to the magistracy on whom the ultimate enforcement of the law rests—I cannot undertake to pronounce. But, as regards financial effect, suppose that the percentage were raised from 82 to 90, a betterment of 10 per cent. on an attendance of 350,000 representing an increase of 34,000 scholars. Take the average receipts (grants and fees together) at 26*s.* a head, and the total would be £44,000, a gain *pro tanto* to the Board's finance, and lessening the precept by over a farthing in the pound."

That is to say, that there are habitually absent eighteen children out of every hundred who are supposed to be in attendance. As has been ably pointed out by the late Mr. James Runciman (one of the most able and earnest exponents of the educational question), this seems a lamentable result for so vast an expenditure.

Reference, it will be observed, has been made in the above evidence to the prejudicial effect of "half-time" upon the attendance. Though over considerable areas, which are exempt from its operation, there apparently exists great irregularity and magisterial laxity, yet it cannot be denied that, in many districts, this system of half-time—in itself a compromise with the compulsory principle upon which the Education Act of 1870 was based—is, to a large extent, the root of the evil. "Half-time" is of two kinds. In manufacturing centres, especially in the seats of the textile industries, a child, on reaching the prescribed age or standard, is allowed to go to work

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half the day, on condition that he attend school the other half. The self-interest of the parent and employer being enlisted, something like regularity is ensured. "Rural" half-time, on the other hand, places a premium upon irregularity. It is technically known as "partial exemption."

Throughout the official reports not a single word is written in favour of partial exemption in rural districts. Much, however, is written in its condemnation. The following extract from the report of Mr. Smith, who is responsible for the inspection of schools in the King's Lynn district of Norfolk, is typical:

"I should like to press with all the earnestness at my command, the injury done to our country schools by partial exemption, or, as it is generally called, the half-time system. I do not hesitate to say that it is the ruin of many of our country schools. After ten years old a child who has passed the Third Standard, and in many districts, even the Second Standard, may claim partial exemption; he might as well be exempted altogether; practically his education is ended when he becomes a half-timer. He goes to work, forgets most of what he has learnt, becomes rough and undisciplined, comes back to school, if he comes at all, with horny hands and bad manners, worries everybody, from the teacher and attendance officer, to the employer; hardly ever passes another standard, and, finally, to the relief of everybody, leaves at thirteen or fourteen a little more ignorant than he was when he was partially exempted. The system should be abolished; it is utterly unsuited for agricultural districts. A boy should be kept regularly at school until he has passed the standard fixed by the bye-laws, and then leave altogether. Employers of labour quite see that this is best, when it is once pointed out to them. I have attended several meetings of School Boards and attendance committees, and have in every instance convinced the members that it is to their advantage as employers, as well as for the good of the children themselves, that there should be no partial exemption. They have in every case applied to the Department for leave to strike out the partial exemption clause from their bye-laws, and the result has proved most satisfactory to everybody; teachers, attendance officers, employers and even parents are relieved. The system is already abolished throughout about half my district, and I confidently hope that it will soon be a thing of the past in all agricultural places."

It is, as we have already observed, in agricultural districts, the most popular feature of the Education Acts. In Scotland, Standard V. is the limit for total exemption, and a strenuous exertion is being made to raise the limit to Standard VI. Several of the more influential English Boards have adopted this higher standard. But, from a Parliamentary return recently issued, it appears that 6852 school districts allow Standard IV. for total, and Standard III. for partial, exemption. In 1196 districts Standard II. (average age eight years) is allowed for partial exemption, and the educational authorities in twenty-seven districts permit the children over whose education they have control to be relieved from their studies, for field work, when they have passed Standard I. (average age about seven years). These low standards of exemption chiefly prevail in agricultural districts. The means of the parents are poor, and the

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labour of children is cheap, so that the evasion of education is a mutual convenience for all sections of the rural community. From All Fools' (or earlier) to All Saints' (or later) the seats of thousands of youthful (almost infantile) day labourers are vacant in the schools. Their absence has a prejudicial effect upon the remaining scholars. As a rule, the best attendance is secured where there is no half-time; and, the lower the standard for exemption, the worse the attendance, the higher the rates, the more difficult the working of the Act, and the less satisfactory the educational results. The recent debate on Mr. Sidney Buxton's Factory Acts (Amendment) Bill, to raise the age for exemption, has revealed the true nature of the difficulty with which educationalists have to contend. On the one hand are workmen fighting to secure for their children of tender years the privilege of competing against them in the labour market. On the other hand are eminent agriculturists and wealthy manufacturers pleading with almost paternal solicitude against any infringements of the right of free-born British children to assist in the maintenance of the family of which they are responsible and eternally hungry units. Mr. Arnold's defence of the half-time system, on the ground that it formed an ideal means of technical education, is, in view of the actual facts in the majority of instances, the veriest clap-trap. In the immoral atmosphere of the rural gang a child frequently is bent over his hard drudgery nearly twelve hours a day. The moral conditions of a factory may be superior, but none with any pretensions to common sense can claim that the child here attains anything more valuable in the direction of technical education than manual dexterity of the most monotonous description in only one particular direction. We need not dwell further upon the defects or advantages of the half-time system. The subject has been debated *ad nauseam*. Our only concern with it at present is its influence upon attendance. A gratifying advance has been made by raising the minimum age for half-timers to eleven. But this needs to be supplemented. As Mr. Blakiston suggests, the standard for partial and for total exemption should be officially regulated for the whole kingdom, and not left to the caprice of bodies whose members often have conflicting interests—and those frequently narrow trade interests—quite at variance with the good of the children. Reform should be uniform in operation, and thorough in application.

The chorus of censure against the magistracy deserves notice. It must be admitted that magistrates are to be found who conscientiously administer the law under the Education Acts, and their action is justified by the improved educational status. Yet these are often at their wits' end with the number and difficulty of the cases brought before them. If the Acts were carried out in their entirety even this number would be greatly increased. Is the magnitude of the mischief, however, to be allowed to justify its neglect or ignoring its existence? Very



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few, indeed, appear to understand that they are only requested to adjudicate upon the worst cases. A bad case, preferred by a reluctant committee, deserves more than a scant notice or curt dismissal. The duties of school attendance officers, already sufficiently onerous and unpleasant, certainly deserve to be exempt from the gratuitous censure of Justice Shallow. If we would arrive at a just conclusion it would be folly to evade the fact that with compulsory education not a few magistrates, in town and country, have little or no sympathy. They regard attendance cases as ridiculous and vexatious trifles. Many do not attempt to disguise that they consider them not only extraneous duties, but unmitigated bores, to be deferred as long as possible, and to be despatched with the minimum of courtesy and the maximum of speed. Mr. George Collins (whose recent death has created a gap in the ranks of teachers which it will be difficult to fill), in his admirable address as President of the National Union of Teachers, gave the following case in point:

"On Thursday, March 12, one hundred parents who had been summoned loitered about at Lambeth Police Court from morning till evening. This is not at all an unusual kind of proceeding, and when the night came those half-starved people went off, no doubt fuming with contempt and rage against the School Board. The reason for this miserable business is that the magistrates regard School Board business as a troublesome excrescence which has somehow or other become added to their business. Those parents will never heed another summons, and how on earth can a teacher be blamed for not producing mental and moral results when the very representatives of the law conspire to prevent him from bringing children under his influence at all?"

Various remedies have been proposed by educationalists, and numerous devices have been adopted in schools, to secure good attendance. Rewards and punishments, and ingenious contrivances for inciting emulation amongst the children, have been employed with varying degrees of success. Into these schemes we need not enter. Amongst the practical proposals to remove the difficulty is that of the Manchester District Union of Teachers. This is based upon the principle of constituting age and attendance the sole qualification for exemption. Others advocate the passing of some fixed standard. Many, however, are in favour of a judicious combination of both these schemes, whilst almost all condemn *in toto* the half-time (rural and manufacturing) system.

At the Kilmarnock New Year's Congress of the Educational Institute of Scotland, the President (Mr. Dickie) seriously suggested handing the compulsory powers over to the police. He argued that these guardians take cognisance of petty offences of a less heinous kind than irregularity of attendance. If occasionally engaged in the day in bringing up truant and idling youths to school, they would, if education is worth anything, have less work at night with the drunkard and criminal. Some children require to be protected from

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their parents. Justice to the children requires that preventible non-attendance shall be reckoned an offence under the statute law. Some have advised the appointment by Government of district attendance inspectors, with penal powers, who would be entirely independent of local prejudice or influence. *Pari passu*, with the adoption of the above, or any other remedial scheme, it is suggested that School Board and school attendance committees should be empowered to take a periodical census in their districts of all children up to thirteen years of age, and that they should be called upon annually to report to the Department on the following points: total number of children of school age; total in school books; in average attendance; number of prosecutions undertaken against parents and against employers; number of convictions. These returns should be made up for the civil year, published and tabulated by the Department, and laid before the House when the Education Estimates are presented.

The agency for compulsion might be profitably improved. Mr. Watts and other inspectors advocate the employment of retired drill sergeants as attendance officers. There would be no lack of supply, if the demand were made, and they would prove a most efficient body of compulsory officers. As these officers could also be utilised as drill instructors, a hope has been expressed that the idea will receive serious consideration.

One thing is clear; something must be done to remedy a state of things by which one child in every four is permitted to grow up in almost total ignorance. This "residuum" forms the grand recruiting ground for our army of paupers, drunkards, and criminals. The entire cost of education is not a tithe of the cost for the maintenance of these classes in our asylums and prisons. The burden of evidence proves that the evil has assumed national proportions. It is too serious to be longer ignored. It must receive the attention of Parliament; and at once. Delay intensifies the danger, and imposes difficulties in the way of future action. Indifference amounts to condonation. It is futile to trail red herrings across the path by the introduction of irrelevant issues. Equivocate and extenuate as we may, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that there are more children growing up in ignorance in Great Britain than in any country that has any pretension to a system of national education. Add to this the further and collateral indictment, that in few other civilised countries have the interests of children of school age been less safeguarded. We are behind Germany—and even the brand-new kingdom of Roumania. Britain acknowledges the claim of the money-maker to have priority over education in the possession of the child. We are solicitous to afford, by low exemption facilities, every inducement for children to refresh their wearied brains at the expense of their wearied bodies, in field or factory. The exploiter in child-labour, and not the child, receives the first consideration. The child, if

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allowed, would prefer the stimulating influence of school and the congenial companionship it affords. The weakness of the Education Act defeats itself. Even Sir Wilfrid Lawson will acknowledge that this is a case where "local option" is a dangerous and doubtful privilege. The plea on behalf of the children of over-pressure is no longer tenable. Where there is regularity, over-pressure is impossible. Moreover, under the new Educational Code—which may bear favourable comparison with that of any other nation whatsoever—the child is enabled to attain the maximum of benefit without any suspicion of over-pressure. With a rational code, abundant and well-equipped teachers, and a sympathetic Education Department, there is no reason whatever why irregularity should exist. If the Education Department were empowered by Parliament to enforce a uniform age and standard of partial and total exemption throughout the country, and insist upon the imposition of some reasonable checks against preventible irregularity, we feel confident the time would not be far distant when school attendance would become as much a habit as it has already become in those States where the Government has taken up the question in earnest, and where therefore compulsory education is a vigorous and healthy reality, and not a legal fiction.

JOSEPH J. DAVIES.

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# CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

## SCIENCE.

THE Meteorological Department of the Government of India are to be congratulated on the change which has been made in the mode of publication of the weather reports. Formerly they were published annually, and usually appeared about fourteen months after the close of the year to which they referred. Now, a report or review of the weather is published monthly, and with as little delay as possible after the month is at an end. This is obviously a much better plan, and one that will largely increase the utility of the reviews. The change began with 1891, and four of the monthly reviews[1] are before us, viz., those for January, February, March, and April of that year. Each contains, in the first instance, a summary of the chief features of the weather of India during the month; then follow accounts of the barometric pressure, the distribution of temperature, the winds, humidity and cloud, the rainfall, and other meteorological details. In addition to this, the reviews of February, March, and April contain summaries of the reports of the weather and snowfall in the mountainous districts to the north and north-west of India, summaries of special storm reports, and accounts of the weather in the Bay of Bengal and Arabian Seas, besides other records of greater or less importance. There is no need to repeat here what has been so often said about the value of the facts embodied in such reviews as these; but, whatever has been their value in the past, it will be very considerably increased by the plan of publication now adopted. We trust the hope of the reporter and his assistants may be realised, and that they will be able in a short time to issue each review from six to eight weeks after the conclusion of the month with which it deals.

The same Department has issued the seventh part of the fourth volume of *Indian Meteorological Memoirs*,[2] which contains two papers

[1] *Government of India Meteorological Department. Monthly Weather Reviews for January, February, March, and April* 1891. By John Eliot, M.A. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing, India.

[2] *Indian Meteorological Memoirs.* Published under the direction of John Eliot, M.A. Vol. IV., Part 7. X. The Arabian Sea Cyclone of the 4th to the 13th of June, 1887, with a Demonstration of the Practicability of Foretelling Storms by the Method of Abnormals two or three days sooner than by the ordinary method of Actuals. XI. On the Meteorology and Climatology of Northern Afghanistan. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing, India.

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of much interest. The first is a very full and elaborate account of the Arabian Sea cyclone which raged from the 4th to the 13th of June 1887, with the usual complements of tables, maps, &c., drawn up by Mr. F. Chambers, lately meteorological reporter for Western India. Apart from its value as a record of the storm referred to, it is of special importance from the conclusion the author puts forward as to the practicability of foretelling the approach of cyclonic storms in India. From the evidence supplied by this storm, "it appears," he says, "that in India definite indications of the formation and approach of cyclones are usually obtainable from charts of abnormal winds and abnormal pressure *two or three days before* such indications are perceptible in ordinary charts of isobars and wind directions." As the author further adds, the practical importance of this is self-evident, especially in its bearings upon the working of storm-warning systems in the tropics. Should his inferences be confirmed by the results of their application to practice, a great advance will be possible on the present methods of working such systems. It is perhaps in his favour that, as the editor points out in a note, the use of abnormals for forecasting weather, is the outcome of the meteorological system established in India many years ago by Mr. Blandford, and has already been recognised in various ways by the heads of the Department. Be this however as it may, meteorologists will eagerly look for the confirmation or otherwise of this important conclusion.

The second paper, on "The Meteorology and Climatology of Northern Afghanistan," is by Mr. Dallas, and needs no recommendation. It is based upon data obtained by officers who accompanied the Afghan Delimitation Commission, and, though valuable as far as it goes, does not claim to have the authority that more prolonged and systematic observations can alone ensure. The observations made only extended over two years, and as the halts of the Commission of any duration were few, they are to some extent fragmentary. Such as they are, however, Mr. Dallas has made the most of them, and has been able to make out to some extent the relation which certainly exists between the weather of Afghanistan and that of India.

*The Report on the Administration of the Meteorological Department*[1] in 1890–91 gives a general account of the results of the more important sections of the work done, followed by the usual details of administration, chiefly in the form of tables. We gather from it that the Department is fully alive to the importance of maintaining a high standard of efficiency, and that, as heretofore, it is availing itself of every opportunity of extending the range and utility of its operations.

The second part of Mr. Loewy's *Graduated Course of Natural*

[1] *Report on the Administration of the Meteorological Department of the Government of India in* 1890–1.

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*Science for Schools and Colleges*[1] gives concrete form to the best ideal of what such a book ought to be. The language is clear, and the style simple, while the strictest scientific accuracy is maintained, without making the volume unattractive. The method followed is the experimental one, and the student is taught from the outset how to perform an experiment, how to draw a logical inference from it, and how to combine the results of a number of individual experiments in the expression of a general law or principle. The ground covered embraces the fundamental facts and principles of mechanics, the various branches of physics, and the chemical reactions of metals and acids. It would be well if a general course of study like the one here formulated were pursued in every school as a preliminary to more specialised studies, as it would be the best possible foundation for professional and more advanced practical work. For this, however, we must, perhaps, wait a little longer. Meanwhile, wherever an attempt is made to teach science in the only way in which the teaching of it can be of real service to the student, Mr. Loewy's volume should receive a cordial welcome, and will unquestionably prove a boon both to pupil and teacher alike.

M. Soulier's Thesis[2] for the Doctorate of Science is a very creditable contribution to an important department of zoology. It is concerned with the Tubiculous Annelids, of which our knowledge is not yet as complete as could be wished, and is specially directed to the secretion of the tubes they inhabit, and the histology of their epidermal tissues. It is well known that these animals form for themselves a tube, which in part, at least, is formed of mucus; but opinions are divided as to the organs by which the mucus is produced. M. de Quatrefages and his school have held that the mucus is secreted by the epidermis, while Claparède and others attribute it to the action of the pericœsophageal glands. The author's object in undertaking the research whose results are before us was to determine, once for all, which of these views is the correct one. At the outset he investigates the anatomical relationships, structure, and histology of the pericœsophageal glands of the *Sabellidæ*, *Serpulidæ*, and *Eriographidæ*, and confirms the conclusions of other anatomists that in these groups the glands in question are in reality kidneys, and have no share in the fabrication of the tube. Observations made on *Serpulidæ* kept in captivity show something of the mode in which the tube is formed, and, so far as they go, support the view

[1] *A Graduated Course of National Science, Experimental and Theoretical, for Schools and Colleges.* Part II. Second and Third Years' Course. By Benjamin Loewy, F.R.A.S. London: Macmillan & Co.

[2] Thèses présentées à la Faculté des Sciences de Paris, pour obtenir Le Grade de Docteur ès Sciences Naturelles. Par Albert Soulier. 1re. Thèse: *Etudes sur quelques points de l'Anatomie des Annélides Tubicoles de la region de Cette* (Secretion du Tube et Appareil digestif). 2e. Thèse: *Propositions Données par la Faculté.* Montpellier: Imprimerie Serre et Ricome.

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that it is formed by the epidermis. Further confirmation is afforded by experiment, for when sections are made of the animals below the pericœsophageal glands, the operation does not hinder the formation of mucus at the surface of the posterior stump. The jet of mucus found within the crown of branchiæ of many tubicolous annelids has been thought by some observers to be the product of the pericœsophageal glands, and to constitute the material of which the tube is constructed. But the author shows at great length that there is no foundation for this view, and that this jet, originating in a current which comes up from the caudal extremity, is a means of getting rid of fæcal and other matters which would otherwise accumulate in the tube. On the whole, then, it is concluded that the most probable hypothesis of the formation of the tube is that which refers to the epidermis.

The second part of the research is devoted to the histology of the epidermis, in order to see whether or not it supports the conclusion reached along the other lines of inquiry. It is an admirable piece of work, and will do much to establish the author's reputation as an original investigator. The ordinary methods of sectionising and staining being insufficient for bringing out the details of structure, dissociation of the epidermal elements had to be resorted to. To effect this new reagents had to be sought for, those usually employed by histologists failing to give satisfactory results. In the end the complexities of epidermal structure were unravelled, and it was found that the whole epidermis, and particularly certain anterior portions, contain numerous mucous glands, thus confirming the position that it is the organ concerned in the secretion of the mucus which enters into the composition of the tube. In all the sedentary annelids the epidermis had substantially the same structure, so that taken in conjunction with the observations of others on the free and wandering forms, the author's results go to show that in the whole group of annelids the epidermis is constructed on the same plan, the differences met with being correlated with the differences of habit.

The thesis throughout is exceptionally clear, every step in the investigation being sharply defined, and at every stage the conclusions warranted by the facts are stated in definite terms. We make no attempt to criticise either the main or the subordinate conclusions at which the author arrives, as this could only be done after some attempt to verify the results which he has obtained. There is an air of reliability, however, about the whole research that is unmistakable, and we have not detected any want of logical consistency either in the general plan of the investigation or in the inferences drawn from its several parts.

Accompanying the text is a series of ten plates, containing a large number of figures, drawn by the author himself. Many of these are coloured, but, coloured or uncoloured, they are most

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excellent productions, and admirably set forth the anatomical and histological details they are intended to illustrate.

Some time ago we called attention to the scientific explorations which the French are carrying out in Tunis, and noticed two volumes on the palæontology of the region lying to the south of the elevated plateaux of that country. We have now received two fresh instalments of the same work which bring down the record of the results obtained to a later date. In one[1] we have descriptions of a large number of genera and species of fossil *Mollusca*, beginning with the *Ostreidæ* and ending with the *Pholadomyidæ*. The descriptions are worked out on the same lines as those of the previous volume, and are entitled to equal praise for their completeness and precision. It would seem that the genus *Ostrea* is more largely represented than any other, no less than forty-seven species of it having been met with. Of these twenty-two are said to be quite special to Northern Africa, so that there is some ground for the author's opinion, that this genus is, of all others, the most important in the fossil fauna of that region.

In the other volume[2] we have seven large plates, containing in the aggregate upwards of two hundred figures of species, accompanied by the usual explanations. These are, without exception, beautifully executed, and present a most faithful view of the fossils and their characteristic details. As they are confined for the most part to new and critical species, their value to the working palæontologist is a point that does not require to be insisted on.

In his *Contributions à la Faune Ornithologique de l'Europe occidentale;*[3] M. Olphe-Galliard has provided students of ornithology with a very useful manual. It does not aim at being a complete treatise on the subject; but it does aim at bringing together in a handy form all that is known of the birds of the area dealt with, and in this it is certainly successful. By Western Europe, the author understands not only France, but Spain and Portugal, the Azores, the Balearic Isles, French Switzerland, and Jersey and Guernsey of the Channel Islands. The inclusion of the avifauna of Spain and Portugal adds materially to the interest and value of the work, as the accounts hitherto published on the ornithology of these countries leave much to be desired. Taking a liberal view of the requirements of his subject, the author deals very fully both with the residents and migrants met with in these countries, and to these

[1] *Description des Mollusques Fossiles des Terrains Crétacés de la région sud des Hauts-Plateaux de la Tunisie, recueilles en* 1885 *et* 1886, par M. Philippe Thomas. Par Alphonse Peron. Deuxième Partie. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale.

[2] *Illustrations de la Partie Paléontologique et Géologique.* Fascicule II. 3e Partie. *Espèces Nouvelles ou Critique de Mollusques Fossiles des Terrains Crétacés de la Région sud des Hauts-Plateaux de la Tunisie.* Par Alphonse Peron. Planches XXIII–XXIX., Dessinées d'après nature, par M. F. Gauthier. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale.

[3] *Contributions à la Faune Ornithologique de l'Europe occidentale.* Par Léon Olphe-Galliard. Fascicules I.–XL. Paris: S. Pitrat, Librarie.

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the great bulk of his work is devoted. But, with an eye to the difficulties which often beset the path of the student, he gives descriptions also of the principal exotic species which have close affinities with the indigenous ones, or are likely to be confounded with them, and enumerates those which are often spoken of as the domestic races.

In an Introduction of twenty-eight pages, several preliminary questions are discussed, prominent among which are those of nomenclature and classification. These are confessedly difficult matters, and we are not sure that the author's conclusions would be acquiesced in by other ornithologists without some qualification. But, at any rate, there are some practical advantages in the method adopted for avoiding the perplexities to which they often give rise, and as it is fairly and consistently applied, theoretical objections lose much of their force. In form the work consists of forty parts, separately paged, each of which is practically a monograph on some particular group of birds. The characters of the Orders, Sub-orders, Families and Genera, are in every case stated with sufficient fulness for the object in view; but copious references are added to the literature where those who desire it will find further information. The specific descriptions are of course fuller, and seem all that the student is likely to want. The males and females are separately described, as are the variations in the plumage which are due to age or the seasons, and where well marked varieties exist, the characters of these are pointed out. The synonymy and distribution are also given, and in addition the habits, food, nidification, eggs, and other points are noted at greater or less length according to their importance.

The twelfth volume of the *Index-Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Offices, United States Army*,[1] has been recently issued by the Smithsonian Institution. It appears to have been compiled with all the care necessary to ensure accuracy and completeness, and forms a valuable bibliography of medical and surgical literature. From a notification prefixed, we gather that it includes 20,251 author titles, representing 8022 volumes and 18,090 pamphlets. It also includes 6603 subject-titles of separate books and pamphlets, and 18,956 titles of articles in periodicals.

[1] *Index-Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, United States Army.* Authors and Subjects. Vol. xii. Reger-Shuttleworth. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1891.

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## PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

MR. MEDLICOTT'S pamphlet on the *Evolution of Mind in Man*[1] is a thoughtful, but far too brief a study of one of the most important problems of evolution. It does not profess to be more than an adjustment of the observations and thoughts of others, but at the same time he offers it as a serious contribution to natural science where it merges into metaphysics and philosophy. The other writers whose thoughts and observations afford the material with which Mr. Medlicott deals are Professor Romanes, Mr. Max Müller, Mr. Mivart, and the late Professor T. H. Green. Though all these able writers have offered important suggestions towards the solution of the problem, they have still left it unsolved, and our author has one further suggestion to offer which, he thinks, may clear up what still remains obscure, and to some extent reconcile the divergent views of the different schools. The difficulty in dealing with Mr. Medlicott's study is principally due to its brevity. He states that he assumes in the reader some acquaintance with the elements of the controversy. He really assumes very much more. To appreciate our author's criticism we think it would be necessary to have a very complete knowledge of the controversy, and a pretty thorough acquaintance with the writers referred to. This is all the more necessary as Mr. Medlicott's references to them are often only indicated by the number of the page of the book upon which some statement is made, and when quotations are given they are mere fragments. This is only to say that the subject needs a treatise rather than a pamphlet. The failure of Mr. Max Müller to explain the evolution of mind by language the writer conceives to be caused by his uncritical use of the term "consciousness." "The 'Science of Thought' was understood to propound the solidity of thought and language; yet the Noiré hypothesis imputes thought (self-consciousness) as the antecedent impulse in the formation of concepts and language." This ambiguity in the term consciousness, says Mr. Medlicott, as applied to the passive, pseudo-consciousness of brutes, and to the active, intellectual, or true consciousness in man, can only be exhibited and removed by a natural explanation of the change from the one to the other. It is, of course, exactly how this change was accomplished that we want to know. Mr. Medlicott thinks Mr. Romanes leaves the question in a similar fix. He does, indeed, take the true scientific metaphysico-psychological position, that there can be no intellectual consciousness without the concept, and the true evolutionist's position, that we must start from

[1] *The Evolution of Mind in Man.* By Henry Benedict Medlicott. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1892.

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the mere animal; but, having no plausible explanation of how the wonderful change came about, he has to rest his proof upon an elaborate display of evidence for the actual continuity of "ideation" between the higher brutes and man, forcing the current terminology of human psychology as more or less applicable throughout the animal kingdom. As nearly the whole of the pamphlet is taken up with criticism, it is not easy to disentangle Mr. Medlicott's own theory, which is unfortunate, as it is the one thing we wish to become clearly possessed of. He, of course, rejects any theory of the imposition of any new subjective element upon the animal "consciousness," and recognises that "self-consciousness" must have been developed from antecedent nervous states, and language evolved from animal signs. The fullest statement we can find appears to be the following: "Under the increasing exigencies of social contrivance and embryo industries there would be no lack of 'primitive and irresistible impulse,' and so, with the improved facility of utterance, it was inevitable that sounds having relational import should crop up—emphatic sounds for 'this' and 'that,' 'here' and 'there,' probably with abundant gesture and grimace. Thus would be introduced the germs of mind, for these primary distinctions of relations, rather than concepts, form the simplest elements of thought, of ideas (in the only proper sense of the word), of intellectual consciousness. With the help of these relational signs and the connected use of them, however confused at first, 'a soul of meaning' must in time disclose itself in such signs as were current and previously insignificant, though useful. It would be essentially a discovery or revelation, just as experience and practice had taught the use of material objects. Sounds would thus have become words, with denominative intention; and 'with the beginning once made, there was no longer any difficulty in accounting for the further development of conceptual thought in all directions.' Reflection would appear in due course; 'this' and 'that' would become 'this one' and 'that one,' 'self' and 'not-self'; and so self-consciousness would become the standard of existence as of thought." We have thought it best to thus let Mr. Medlicott speak for himself, and leave his suggestion with those who have made a special study of the subject. He thinks this natural account of the "advent of self-consciousness" ought to be acceptable to Mr. Romanes, as it underlies and connects what was left vacant in his own description, while upholding his real contention—the continuity of growth from animal feeling to human consciousness.

*A Study of Greek Philosophy*,[1] by Miss Mitchell, is, at least, a pleasing evidence of the progress of culture in the far West, if it is not a very original contribution to a much-worn subject. The

[1] *A Study of Greek Philosophy.* By Ellen M. Mitchell. With an introduction by William Rounseville Alger. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1891.

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volume is dedicated to the Kant Club of Denver, which appears to be the successor of a similar institution in St. Louis, and the volume issues from Chicago, so that three towns appear to have had a share in the authoress's attentions. The writer confesses herself very largely indebted to Zeller and Hegel for material, and the work consists chiefly of a *résumé* of information that is generally known to students. The style is pleasant and easy, but there is not much evidence of a critical spirit, and there is a tendency to attribute to the Greek philosophers much that seems to us purely modern in the way of thinking. The authoress tells us that the "present was potentially in the past," and in a sense this is true, but the temptation is to see more in the past than actually existed. Mr. Alger's introduction on "the claim and charm of philosophy as a study" is more characteristically American than the work it introduces, and there is something that seems a little behind the times in his praise of the delights of metaphysics in comparison with the study of the physical sciences. Though Mr. Alger calls these the less important and less attractive branches of knowledge, and wonders why people prefer them to philosophy, we should be inclined to say it is because they feel them to be more important and more attractive. Mr. Alger's diction is peculiar, and probably a Western variety of the style of the Bostonian school. We can hardly forbear giving our readers a specimen. "The etymological force of the word philosophy is the love of wisdom. Seizing this, we grasp a descriptive phrase, and not a definition; we take possession of the practical substance, but miss the dialectic essence. Nevertheless, this fructiferous ethical aspect is almost as valuable as the constitutive procedure itself. For the keenest metaphysical analysis or synthesis is no more than a vacant gymnastic of abstractions, if it do not begin and end in the love of wisdom. Wisdom is knowledge enriching experience with blessed fruits. Wisdom is assimilative insight in fruition at its goal. And to the pursuit of this man has an integral vocation lodged in the generic core of his being." We are glad to learn that "luminous demonstration of the accuracy of this statement is easy," but we must leave the finding of it to the readers of the book.

Archdeacon Farrar's *Seekers after God*,[1] which has run through several editions in the course of about twenty years, now appears in a cheap form. The popularity of the work relieves us of the necessity of saying much in its praise. The author does ample justice to Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius; and the work is free from the rhetorical exuberance which, in our opinion, disfigures most of his later books. The somewhat lofty and patronising manner in which the great Pagans are treated already seems out of date, and

[1] *Seekers after God.* By the Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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a more just estimate of Paganism is possible after the labours of the late Dr. Edwin Hatch and others. Dr. Farrar's book was, nevertheless, a step in advance on the old way of regarding Paganism, and may still be instructive to the multitude.

*The Broad Churchman*,[1] by Mr. Casey, is only a small book, but it contains a great deal. The 180 pages of which it consists are divided into seventy chapters or sections, which touch upon almost every possible theological, religious, and ritualistic topic. These are illustrated by numerous quotations, and the author believes "that those who seek shall find in it, if not a complete and ready-made faith, yet light enough to guide them to happiness and peace." The author's aim appears to be to find a germ of truth, often mythically or symbolically expressed, in orthodox doctrines and practices, though he has cast off the last remains of orthodoxy literally understood. To those who are not yet prepared to accept unadulterated rationalism, this mystical rationalism will probably be welcome.

There is much very reasonable criticism in Mr. Vickers's *Real Jesus*,[2] which is a review and not a life; but we are not sure that in combating the extravagances of Christian orthodoxy he may not have fallen into the opposite extreme and excessively depreciated his subject as the inevitable consequence of a natural reaction. As a "realist" Mr. Vickers rejects the mythical explanations of Strauss, and attempts to account for the position Jesus has reached in men's minds by a different process. In his criticism of Jesus he lays the greatest stress upon what he considers to be his omissions, his avoidance of practical politics and concrete reforms, which the author regards as of far more value than "conversions." It is a question, however, whether mankind owes more to statesmanship than to the preaching of ethical ideals. But Mr. Vickers's mind is evidently of a practical cast, and he sees very well with his own eyes. It is largely a matter of disposition. The weakest part of the book appears to us to be that in which the author forsakes criticism for history. His account of the later incidents in the life of Jesus is extraordinary, and appears to need authentication.

According to him Jesus seems to have been the victim, the willing but unconscious victim, of a Messianic conspiracy, of which probably Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus were two of the leaders. They needed an ostensible leader and found Jesus ready to hand. They imposed upon him by "dramatic" episodes. The transfiguration was "dramatic," two members of the party personated Moses and Elijah. The resurrection of Lazarus was "dramatic,"

[1] *The Broad Churchman: a Catechism of Christian Pantheism.* By the Rev. G. E. Comerford Casey, M.A. Oxon. Printed for the author by Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London. 1891.

[2] *The Real Jesus:* A Review of His Life, Character, and Death from a Jewish Standpoint. By John Vickers. London: Williams & Norgate. 1891.

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and Jesus was led to believe he really called a dead man to life. The chief difficulty to us seems to be the actuality of the Crucifixion, which is not denied, though it is regarded as an incident in the conspiracy. The Resurrection and Ascension were also dramatic. The body of Jesus was smuggled from the tomb by Joseph and Nicodemus, angels were personated, and the supposed appearances of Jesus after the resurrection were effected by the same means. The Ascension also was a dramatic spectacle; the personator making a sudden disappearance over the summit of a hill, his simple-minded followers being persuaded that he had ascended into the clouds. To say the least of it, all this dramatisation lacks evidence. In the concluding chapter on the fruits of Christianity, Mr. Vickers discusses some questions of the day, and has no difficulty in making the most of the weak points in Christian socialism and trades unionism. His Conservative tendencies, however, carry him further than we care to follow him, and he concludes with some lines, whether original or not we do not know, in which the poetry is on a level with the politics:

> "The wrong a bad man does with shame a mob will do with pride.
> Thus English working men arrange extorting combinations,
> And Irish leagues their land disputes with outrage force decide,
> And shield their incapacity and shirk their obligations."

But we never could see how a Conservative could be a poet.

The *Village Sermons*[1] which were preached to his congregation by the late Dean Church while rector of Whatley, are very good examples of what such sermons should be. They are practical and expressed in the simplest language, and show how a man of high intellectual attainments could adapt himself to the wants of the humblest without offending the taste of the most refined.

Dr. Milligan's "Baird Lecture," on the *Ascension and Heavenly Priesthood of our Lord*,[2] deals with a purely theological topic which seems to be beyond the region of criticism. To those who accept the theology, the ability with which the author deals with it will make the volume welcome; to others it is practically incomprehensible, or at any rate entirely theoretical. We cannot, however, refrain from expressing our objection to the writer's assertion, that "there is nothing more imperatively demanded of the Church in the present day than the revival of the idea of her priestliness." To us it seems that the revival of the idea of the priestliness of the Church is one of the worst features of our times.

We have received the third volume of the cheap reprint of Maurice's Lincoln's Inn Sermons,[3] which is as interesting as its pre-

[1] *Village Sermons.* By the late R. W. Church, M.A., D.C.L. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

[2] *The Ascension and Heavenly Priesthood of our Lord.* By William Milligan, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

[3] *Sermons Preached in Lincoln's Inn Chapel.* By Frederick Denison Maurice. Vol. iii. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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decessors. The "Gospel of Hope" is, perhaps, one of his most characteristic discourses, though we are surprised to find that it was "not preached," though inserted under date of Second Sunday in Advent, 1857. The believers in the "Larger Hope" will be glad to possess this utterance of one of its first proclaimers in the Church in the present day.

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## SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

We are tempted to produce some hackneyed quotation as to the fitness of beginning with woman. M. Ostrogorski's work,[1] however, deals in no compliments; it is purely historical, as it professes to be. We have not seen elsewhere so careful and complete a statement of the bearing of legislation in different countries upon the public status of women. Starting with the throne, and with the views which different European nations have at different times adopted as to the capacity of a woman to reign, the author goes on to record the various attempts made by the weaker sex to obtain that fraction of the supreme power which a vote represents—first in State elections, then in regard to local self-government. He then proceeds to discuss the admission of women to the public service and the bar, and finally devotes a couple of chapters to certain cases of women's rights, which are so familiar to us English that we hardly recollect that they were ever disputed: such are the right of petition, the right of public meeting, that of taking part in the education of the young, and the capacity to give evidence in a court of law. M. Ostrogorski recognises that the English races lead the van in the emancipation of woman; and he has taken special pains to keep himself informed of the latest debates and legislation both in this country and the United States.

One of the most interesting chapters in the work is that which deals with the admission of women to practise at the bar. We had forgotten that the *Digest* recorded an early trial of Roman ladies in this sphere of action. Alas! *mole ruunt sua;* instead of that modesty of deportment and chaste self-control which we might have expected, the unconscionable importunity of the female pleader resulted in the exclusion of her sex—*improbissima fœmina inverecunde postulans et magistratum inquietans.* It appears to be rather too common a fault with women to ruin their own case by their want of self-restraint. So the excesses of women in the Reign of Terror frightened the French out of admitting them to the full rights of

[1] *La Femme au point de vue du droit public. Etude d'histoire*, &c. Par M. Ostrogorski. Paris: Arthur Rousseau. 1891.

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suffrage, although it had been determined that this was a natural right of men, and women had been held to be equal with men.

We have learned a good many facts from the book, and we should recommend all who are interested in the rights of women to have it by them for reference. It will not, however, yield stores of polemical argument, nor does it upset the fact that Nature has established a physical difference between man and woman which, in the long run and on the average of cases, assigns different values to the male and female. We might almost, on an imperfect analogy from mathematics, apply the term positive to the former, negative to the latter.

*Griffith on the Married Women's Property Acts*[1] is a little legal classic which has greatly grown from the modest volume which we remember in the days of our studentship. It is hardly for others than the lawyer. The chief value of the new edition lies in the addition of the results of some eight years' reported decisions arising out of the Act of 1882.

A question, which has been thoroughly raised by Mr. Chamberlain, and will have to be thrashed out, is that of "old-age pensions." Mr. C. S. Loch[2] has made a very careful and suggestive inquiry into Mr. Chamberlain's proposals from the point of view of the opponent of pauperism. The Charity Organisation Society is in the best sense an enemy to pauperism: its work is to weed out the undeserving applicants for charity, to strike at the root of the causes of pauperism, to encourage thrift and self-help. Mr. Loch contends that the data on which the plea for old-age pensions is based are an excrescence in our national system; that the poor law, properly administered, amply provides for the relief of necessitous old age; and that the grant of pensions by the State will be liable to constant abuse, and tend to the reckless pauperisation of a large section of the community. His arguments have received much support from a letter to the *Times* from Miss Davenport Hill, with the commentary thereon signed "Arithmeticus." But the pension proposal is still in a very crude shape; it is still to be settled whether the State need further intervene than to make insurance compulsory and give facilities for carrying out the simple dictates of self-help. To this Mr. Loch would hardly object. He will not, we imagine, deny that to secure real comfort in old age is not within the power of the mass of workers: that to save anything at all requires of them a self-denial which the trader and the professional man can hardly conceive. The question of pensions may be handled separately; but it cannot long exclude the effort for a better distribution of wealth.

[1] *The Married Women's Property Acts* (1870–84). By Archibald Brown, of the Middle Temple. Being the sixth edition of the Married Women's Property Acts, by the late J. R. Griffith. London: Stevens & Haynes.

[2] *Old-age Pensions and Pauperism.* An Inquiry as to the Statistics of Pauperism quoted by the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, M.P. By C. S. Loch. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.



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In one thing we thoroughly agree with Mr. Loch: it is necessary that a uniform system of poor relief be enforced throughout the country.

Almost naturally we turn to a very interesting treatise [1] on *Life Assurance* which has reached us from Paris. Only a Frenchman could treat with such brightness the familiar subjects which the matter-of-fact Saxon knows only in dry tables of ages and premiums, and the annual payment of a good slice of income.

"The contract of life assurance," says M. Bassia, "can already even to-day satisfy the most commendable aspirations, and go far to heal our social ills. Does a man torment himself over the uncertainties of the future, over the lot which old age may have in store? Let him effect an assurance which becomes available in his lifetime. That act of forethought sweeps the shadow from the horizon of his life, the cares from his existence. He is a re-assured man; henceforth he can dwell in calmness of mind. If he thinks that he may not live till that limit of age which he has proposed to himself—the secret rests with God— . . . . he will effect an assurance to be realised on his death . . . . Let death come now and remove the father of the family, . . . . the subsistence of his family is assured."

Amongst the middle classes of England the system of life assurance has taken so firm a hold that a work of this kind is hardly needed to recommend it. The side which is now becoming of interest to us does not enter into M. Bassia's survey—we mean the extension of assurances amongst all classes—if necessary, by making the obligation compulsory.

A considerable portion of the book is devoted to points of law and reported decisions; and its comparison of the different ways in which life assurance has taken hold of different modern nations is valuable and interesting.

In the development of the *Theory of Value* some have found the starting-point of the changes which have formed the new school of political economy. Professor Jevons was practically the first who insisted that real "value" was found in "utility" to human comfort and enjoyment. The so-called Austrian School, whom Mr. Smart [2] avowedly follows, made the doctrine their own, and worked it out in all its ramifications. The little book before us should fill a distinct niche in the literature of economics. But we are not quite satisfied with it. We think it might be clearer, more precise, and perhaps more independent. We have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that Wieser and Böhm Bawerk fell into the usual German pitfall of excessive subtlety. We deprecate the importation into economics

[1] *Les Assurances sur la Vie au point de vue théorique et pratique.* Par A. Typaldo-Bassia, Docteur en Droit. Paris: Chevalier Marescq. 1892.

[2] *An Introduction to the Theory of Value.* By William Smart, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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of what has been described as the jargon of German metaphysics. Let us try to set down briefly a clear conception of the theory as it should be, just observing that a proper definition is the first stage.

"Utility embraces value. But if all valuable things are useful, while all useful things are not valuable, value must emerge at some particular limiting point of utility." So far, good. Now, the point referred to is found as soon as any one is willing to undergo some labour (not a mere momentary effort), to make some sacrifice, to give this or that in exchange, for a desired utility. Here is the groundwork for a definition of value.

But the amount of the value which is placed on a utility is determined by a variety of elements. Mr. Smart lays it down that the value of anything at a given time is determined by its least or lowest utility—what he calls its "marginal utility"; it will be found on consideration of this theory and his instances that they all resolve themselves into a question of scarcity. Where there is a plentiful supply we have small value; as supply decreases, value rises. Supply, in fact, is the chief factor in value. It is therefore desirable to increase the supply of everything of high utility, to make it available in response to less effort and to a wider circle of mankind; in other words, to cheapen the cost of production. This is what Mr. Smart tersely but inaccurately describes as "increasing utility at the expense of value."

We could wish that the illustrations in the book were not drawn so much from luxuries. That a false value is given to many utilities is of common knowledge; but may not political economy strive to insist on true values?

Every free trader and most Englishmen will vociferously welcome Mr. Arthur Farquhar's [1] bold and uncompromising attack upon what is now generally known as the McKinley policy—that Republican trade policy of the United States which, to a good old Republican like Mr. Farquhar, has nothing truly Republican in it. The book is not easy reading, as the author's style in working out an argument is not usually lucid. But where he catches, so to speak, the ring of an electoral battle-cry, when he is concentrating his strokes upon some concrete monster mailed in the panoply of Protection, his work becomes full of interest, his references to current politics are telling, and his daring exposure of humbug claims delighted applause. Above all, let us thank him for the contrast between England as "the party" represents her, and England as she really is. The facts are so thoroughly true. We English are so accustomed to looking stolidly after our own affairs, that we have no notion what sinister motives are for ever being attributed to us, not only by our

[1] *Economic and Industrial Delusions.* A Discussion of the Case for Protection. By Arthur B. and Henry Farquhar. New York and London: G. B. Putman's Sons. 1891.

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American cousins, but by foreigners on the Continent. Yet we are innocent of machinations! If we get into intrigue at all, we blunder into it against our will!

Mr. Farquhar sets himself to show that in no conceivable circumstances can protection be good for a country; that tariffs of import duties cannot produce wealth, or increase the production of a State; that any scheme for cutting off imports must cut off exports in just the same degree. The point is one of hourly interest: England will before long, we expect, be called upon to decide whether she will stand alone, with her markets open to all the world, or will enter into a union with her Colonies, admitting their products in preference to those of the rest of the world. The proposal is so tempting to an empire which seems to have within it the means of satisfying all human desires, that we may be excused for dwelling on it. Yet it involves a germ of protection. It raises the very question to which Mr. Farquhar emphatically returns his negative answer. If such an arrangement came about, for instance, we should get our wheat from Manitoba instead of Minnesota, and in all probability we should pay something more for it, besides losing an extensive custom in the United States. Is this sacrifice sufficiently compensated by political solidarity and security?

Mr. Farquhar's book thus leads us naturally to the trade policy of Imperial Federation, which is considered in a little work[1] now before us—a volume of the "Social Science Series." Mr. Hervey writes with aggressive self-confidence, and we instinctively turn to the corner of our study where hang the boxing-gloves. His book is composed of two lectures, the second of which comes as an immense surprise after the first. Having proved that all protection is radically wrong, that it is nothing but an attempt to substitute artificial for natural laws of production; that protection produces everything at a loss; he suddenly introduces us to an imminent future in which the whole world has resolved itself into prohibitively protectionist groups; when the present commercial treaties on which England rests shall have finally determined; and nothing will be left for Great Britain but to lose a considerable slice of her trade, giving the rest entirely to her colonies. The colonies will then, says Mr. Hervey, be the salvation of England, and the new commercial union will be based on protection, both as against the world and as between the component parts.

For the details of the idea we must refer the reader to the book; it is not a long one, and it must be carefully read by statesmen and merchants. It faces bravely a problem which has often suggested itself to us—viz., the result of the exclusion of England from all the markets of the world by enormous prohibitive duties. It is

[1] *The Trade Policy of Imperial Federation from an Economic Point of View.* By Maurice H. Hervey. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

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the first work which has dealt in a practical and decisive manner with the policy of "federation" of which we have heard so much. We are, however, far from agreeing in all respects with the author. On one point indeed we take him severely to task. Being evidently very ignorant of the policy which dictated the existing commercial treaties, of the circumstances which have attended their negotiation, and of the so-called "colonial clause" which all recent treaties have contained, Mr. Hervey permits himself to talk about "English smartness," "imperial authority," "arbitrary and high-handed" treatment of the colonies, and to use other phrases which have no justification except in his own imagination, which are calculated to stir up bad blood between friends, and as to which we venture to refer Mr. Hervey for a period to some brief political studies.

"*Federal Geography*,"[1] as Polonius would have said, is a "vile term"; but Australia has already sent us a *Federal Directory*, and we are more than half resigned to the fear that it will be impossible to rescue the adjective from becoming stereotyped into an unscientific usage. Mr. Ranken's somewhat ambitious work is another sign of the times. We do not doubt that many will learn a good deal from it. We owe to it the knowledge that the two large islands of the Fiji group contain respectively more than 4000 and more than 2000 square miles, so that the former (Viti Levu) is as large as Jamaica. Of course we might easily have obtained the information elsewhere; but Mr. Ranken has put his facts of this nature in a way in which they catch the eye. The book is a very complete statement of the political and physical geography of Australia; it brings out the complementary advantages of the different colonies, and it is well furnished with maps.

We owe a debt to Mrs. Martin for the new and cheaper edition of her well-written and instructive little book[2] on South African life. We like men and women who are fond of flowers and animals, and Mrs. Martin's botany is free from pedantry, while her love for animal pets is enthusiastic. We should have liked to own Jacob, the secretary bird, and are thinking of sending to the Karroo for a meerkat. We never read anything funnier than that bird swallowing the live kitten, and then worrying around to find where the mewing came from! As for the ostriches, we are not particularly attracted towards them, and we could wish that the farming of them served some greater economic utility than the provision of beautiful feathers to be worn by lovely women. However, it may be a satisfaction to some to learn that they do not as a rule hide their head in the sand to evade pursuit, although they appear to be capable of that or any similar folly. The birds draw

[1] *The Federal Geography of British Australasia.* By George Ranken. London: Sampson Low & Co.

[2] *Home Life on an Ostrich Farm.* By Annie Martin. Second edition. London: George Philip & Son. 1891.

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a line, however, between a white man and a "nigger," and herein may be supposed to show a gleam of intelligence; and we certainly think well of that bird who, having once been left by his mate to bring up the family, gave her such a licking on the next occasion that she never tried the gallivanting trick any more.

Altogether this little book is as full of interest as "an [ostrich's] egg is full of meat." Mrs. Martin is never dull, and we conclude, as we began, with a hearty expression of thanks.

Miss Gordon Cumming's two volumes[1] are of a more formidable stamp; but they have caused one person we know to make up her mind to go to Ceylon. For ourselves we do not suppose that the beauty of the East Indies is at all superior to that of the West Indies and Guiana; constantly Miss Gordon Cumming's descriptions recall the glories of Jamaica, Grenada, or Trinidad. The author's actual experience of Ceylon appears to date several years back, when coffee was still the staple; but she has followed the subsequent history of the island, has read the recent literature, and inquired of the most recent authorities, so as to bring her material up to date, and to produce a fairly complete work on the island. Not only the scenery and antiquities, but the social life and political progress of the island find their place in the book; history and folk-lore, natural history and sport, industries and education, keep coming in and out through the pages of the work in a not unpleasing kaleidoscopic mixture.

We hesitate to credit the statement concerning the fly which "lays live maggots," though we are aware of the possibility that eggs may be laid by insects in such an advanced state of incubation that the exposure to the sun almost immediately hatches them, and the larvæ, as in the case of some ichneumon flies, at once partly bury themselves under the skin. These pests are like the *bête rouge* of St. Lucia, and the leeches which attack the unwary traveller remind us of the "ticks" of the Western Indies. In fact, all works on the tropics produce something of the same phenomena.

The chapter on the law and litigation is an interesting one, and we call special attention to a law of inheritance which takes cognisance of the 2520th share of the annual produce of ten cocoa-nut palms. A nice sort of life interest to administer! Do they have trustees in Ceylon? Here is a wonderful problem in conveyancing which we may recommend to the mathematical Justice Romer: A person takes through his father one-fourth of a third of an eighth of an estate; through his mother a like share. By purchase from one set of co-heirs he is entitled to one ninety-sixth, from another set to one seventy-second part, and from another one-fiftieth; from

[1] *Two Happy Years in Ceylon.* By C. F. Gordon Cumming. Two volumes. William Blackwood & Sons. 1892.

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a fourth he has purchased one hundred and forty-fourth part of the whole." Now determine his share and abstract his title.

This, however, is just taking "points," and the task would be endless. The book is a very pleasant one to take up for an odd hour or so; it is a little "made up," there are some faults of repetition, and it is not quite free from—how shall we most kindly style it?—from unnecessary reference to exalted personages, and one or two cognate faults.

*Pictured Palestine*[1] must not be laid aside because of the sketchy nature of its illustrations; we are so used to excellent plates and cuts nowadays, and this book occasionally descends almost to the comic in its pictures. But it is an exceedingly interesting work, a vivid and practical commentary on the Bible. Mr. Neil was formerly incumbent of Christ Church, Jerusalem; he is evidently a man of acute observation; he has made himself well acquainted, not only with the manners and customs, but also with the habit of thought and turn of expression of the Oriental; and the result is a little volume which throws a clear light on many a difficult text of Scripture, besides being pleasant to read as a narrative of everyday Eastern life.

The shrewdness and humour of the Arab come out in various anecdotes; and the Fellaheen are apparently not without a strong touch of them. But possibly the most striking piece of information is that relating to the low estimate of women. We had never realised how recently a complete indifference to their life and happiness has prevailed. Pages 50–60 give a vivid picture of the lamentation which accompanies a daughter's birth, of the prevalence of the practice of infanticide, of the brutal violence with which a wife is treated. In all the worst reports of cases from the Black Country we have never read anything so horrifying as the quotations from Dr. Jessop as to the ill-treatment and murder of Syrian women by their husbands. One economic explanation is worth citing. The Fellah desires many sons because they can all be turned to account on the farm; they have an appreciable value, and apparently such work is too honourable for the women. It is interesting to notice the same rejoicing over the son recorded of the mountain Jews of the Caucasus in the next book which is before us.

Nobody has hitherto known very much about the Caucasus, and Mr. Hahn's interesting book[2] is a capital introduction to that mountainous region. Mr. Hahn is a professor at Tiflis, and he has a spirit of enterprise and love of Nature which appeals to a British reader. At the same time he displays all a German's thoughtful inquiry and intelligent research. The groundwork of the volume

[1] *Pictured Palestine.* By James Neil, M.A. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1891.
[2] *Aus dem Kaukasus.* Reisen und Studien. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 1892.

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consists of three walking tours into different parts of Mount Caucasus in the years 1888–1890, the well-spent hours of summer vacations in that month of June when all hill scenery is at its brightest and human energy at its highest. And it is clear that Mr. Hahn enjoyed these vacations, for he dwells on the mountain paths and the heights to which he ascended, and the scenery which met him, with a minuteness and repetition which must be forgiven to one who has loved much.

The most valuable portions of the work, however, are the opening chapters on history and races, and the various legends which he collected from the local folk-lore. These latter may be worth translating into English, but they appear at first sight to have much in common with the German and Norse legends.

The first chapter we read with great pleasure, although we will neither affirm nor deny its declarations without investigation. Mr. Hahn connects with the Caucasus a network of classic references, and we are carried back to Colchis and Aætes, to Prometheus and the Argonauts; we are confronted with Strabo and Plotemy, with Herodotus and Xenophon; and it is in the Caucasus that Mr. Hahn places that most emotional scene of all those which history has given us, when the survivors of the Ten Thousand burst out into their excited cry—*ἦ θάλασσα, ἦ θάλασσα*!

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## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Two books of biography have been lately published. Both deal with the lives of men who will always have deep interest for English readers; and both gain further attractiveness from the fact that their writers are singularly well fitted for the tasks they have undertaken. Mr. Stebbing, well known already as a careful and painstaking student, has set himself to discover, arrange, and reconcile the intricate mass of fact and fiction which is associated with the name of Sir Walter Ralegh; and Lord Rosebery, well qualified as statesman and Foreign Minister, has attempted the equally difficult task of writing a short, clear, and impartial account of the life of William Pitt. The reader will find a special article devoted to this work in the previous part of our present number.

Mr. Stebbing, in his biography of *Sir Walter Ralegh*,[1] has carefully collected all that bears on his subject; as the result, he has written a minute and detailed account of his hero's life. He has avoided undue praise and has been wise enough to allow that Ralegh

[1] *Sir Walter Ralegh: a Biography.* By William Stebbing. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1891.

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had faults and committed mistakes; in fact, that he was an Elizabethan, and shared both the greatness and the weakness of his time. And here is to be found the explanation of Ralegh's character. He was the representative of all that was best in the England of Shakespeare; he was, indeed, in himself the summary of all his contemporaries. Courtier, statesman, warrior, coloniser, poet, historian, philosopher, chemist, adventurer, he gathered together in himself all the elements that made up an Englishman's life during his time; and as a result Ralegh's faults were the faults of Elizabeth and her Court.

On the whole, Mr. Stebbing's inquiries have led to the confirmation of what was known before, but much still remains uncertain. In some cases we cannot help thinking that Mr. Stebbing is a little too credulous. Thus he is inclined to believe that Ralegh was a member of Oriel College, though he admits that the date of the entry in the college books, 1572, is an impossible one for Ralegh to have been in residence. The tales, too, of the cloak, and of the writing on the window, have now the support of Mr. Stebbing's authority, though he allows that no proof of their truthfulness is possible. We cannot follow the detailed account that is given of Ralegh's life, but we may notice one or two points in it, which are brought out clearly, and are themselves important. Ralegh's rapid rise seems to have been due to his knowledge of Irish affairs, which was valuable to the Queen and Council during the troubles of Desmond's rebellion. After 1584 he rose rapidly, and gained both wealth and influence. Not only was he busied in Ireland, but from that year date his schemes of a Virginian colony, his hatred of Spain, his privateering warfare which led him to take active part against the Armada. As a courtier who wished to be also a Minister, and as a favourite who almost monopolised the Queen's favour and influence, he was unpopular; he was also, as Aubrey says, "damnably proud." Hence came trouble; Essex was pushed forward as his opponent, while Cecil feared him as a rival. Ralegh now trod on uncertain ground, but for a time the disgrace of Essex saved him. When, however, Robert Cecil allied himself with Lord Henry Howard, and won the favour of Elizabeth's successor, Ralegh saw that his position as a Minister must end with the Queen's life. He tried therefore to make himself so important that the new king would be bound to win his support by giving him preferment. Such policy not unnaturally aroused suspicion in the mind of James, and, with the whole weight of Cecil and Howard influence against him, Ralegh's fall became certain.

That he was legally innocent of treason is certain; Mr. Stebbing believes, too, in his moral innocence. With Ralegh's imprisonment began a new period of his life. He busied himself with scientific and literary work; and in the meantime his efforts for freedom were as continuous as were the efforts of his enemies to obtain further evidence against him. To his literary work Mr. Stebbing does full

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justice, ranking Ralegh high, both as poet and prose writer. Without doubt his account of the *Fight of the Revenge* is equal to the best Elizabethan writing, and the *History of the World* shows a style still more vigorous and clear, and free from conceits and fancies.

The later events of Ralegh's life are well known. His release, his voyage, his failure, his return, his trial, and his death followed in quick succession. That he was sacrificed to James's blind partiality for Spain is certain; but how far he had broken his pledge is uncertain. Here Mr. Stebbing differs from the view taken by Mr. S. R. Gardiner, holding that there was no breach of faith. It is true that James knew that there would be fighting, also that the existence of the new Spanish settlement of San Thome was not suspected in England, and further that the Spaniards were the first to attack. But it is really impossible to defend the conduct of James I. His double dealing was perpetual; his vacillation has become proverbial. In fact, the strongest proof of his incapacity is to be found in the fact that the two really able men of his time were allowed little or no political power, and that both were disgraced. A king, who rejected Ralegh and Bacon as his Ministers, might fittingly become the slave to Gondomar and the tool of Somerset.

In conclusion, we most warmly recommend Mr. Stebbing's book to all who are interested in the story of the life it tells. It is by far the best biography of Ralegh that has yet been published. It is complete, impartial, and accurate; and although in places the style is abrupt and jerky, it is throughout most readable, and full of interest.

Admiral Rodney has much in common with Sir Walter Ralegh. He is, in fact, an eighteenth century form of the Elizabethan hero. No better way could be found of illustrating the difference between the age of Elizabeth and that of George III. than by comparison of these two seamen. The versatility, the romance, the literary tastes, the joyfulness of Elizabethan life do not appear in the lives of even the admirals of the more prosaic Georges. But to carry out such a comparison would lead us away from Mr. David Hannay's *Life of Rodney*,[1] which forms the new volume of the "English Men of Action Series." The book tells the story of Rodney's life without digression; but with such vigour and brightness that it is never dull or wearisome. Mr. Hannay recalls the spirit of the century without attempting a general review of its complex situations and events. He is impartial and sympathetic, representing Rodney as a favourable type of the aristocracy of that time. The great Admiral combined a frank love of pleasure with a proud insistance

[1] *Rodney.* By David Hannay. ("English Men of Action Series.") London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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on his dues, and a very real loyalty. Towards his inferiors Rodney was haughty and exclusive, neither able nor desirous of inspiring personal devotion; towards his patrons he was correspondingly respectful, and as submissive as circumstances and custom required. Yet, though he appreciated prize-money, and used a seat in Parliament only as a means of social and professional advancement, he was at all times just according to the accepted standard of his day, and never lost sight of his characteristic pride and self-dependence.

Rodney was essentially a man of action, whose greatest aversion was inefficiency of all kinds, as his life showed. He came of a "solid English country family;" entered the navy early, and served in two great European wars. By his ability, as well as by royal and ministerial patronage, he gained promotion and command; so that, after an interval of depression, he obtained in 1782 that post of honour and danger which justly brought him lasting fame. His name is pre-eminently connected with "breaking the line" in the battle by which not only Jamaica was saved, but the prestige of the English navy immeasurably increased. Mr. Hannay shows that the importance of this manœuvre has been exaggerated, and so does not enter into the controversy as to who suggested it. The real cause of victory was the efficiency of the navy, which made itself more easily felt when a pedantic rule was broken through. Amidst loose organisation, bad partisan influence, and central mismanagement, much power was left with the naval commanders; and this power was ably used by Rodney and his fellows. It is for this that Mr. Hannay places Rodney next only to Blake and Nelson among English admirals.

With this judgment the book closes. A little more arrangement might have made it more useful for reference, but in so small a compass it would not be easy to give a better or pleasanter account of Rodney, and of his place in English history.

To those who are interested in the internal history of Spain during the last century, we may strongly recommend a book recently published which throws considerable light on the social and religious condition of the country. Father Gaudeau's *Les Prêcheurs Burlesques*[1] contains not so much an account of the preachers themselves, as a description of religious life in Spain during the Eighteenth century, especially in connection with the life of Father Isla. Father Isla is, we fear, known to the majority of English readers only as the author of *Fray Gerundio*, a book in many points having resemblance to *Don Quixote*, and now seldom or never read, at least in this country. Other books, however, were written by the same author, chiefly sermons and translations, which

[1] *Les Prêcheurs Burlesques en Espagne au XVIIIe. Siècle; Etude sur le P. Isla.* Par le P. Bernard Gaudeau, S.J. Paris: Retaux-Bray. 1891.

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deserve to take a high place in literature. The life of Father Isla will amply repay study by any one who takes interest either in Spanish literature or in the history of religion in Spain. It embraces the period of the expulsion of the Jesuits, and gives an interesting account of the hardships to which they were subjected in consequence.

Father Isla was the champion of progress, and his book was written with the distinct aim of reforming those abuses, of which the Church at the time was full. Among them may be mentioned the extraordinary sermons of the day; necessary dogmas, doubtful legends, and apocryphal fables were in them treated of and confused indiscriminately, while the sole object of the preachers seems to have been to amuse and astonish, even at the cost of good sense.

*Fray Gerundio*, published in 1758, was a satire on these abuses. The book is written in the form of a novel, with numerous and lengthy digressions, and it was against the novel, and not the serious and didactic portions of the book, that the fiercest denunciations were hurled, which culminated in 1760 in its condemnation by the Supreme Council of the Inquisition. By that time the book had been in the hands of the public for two years, and the period that elapsed between publication and condemnation seems to show that it was intended to give the reforms time to work. Of Father Isla as a man we can here say nothing; that we must leave our readers to learn from Father Gaudeau's book, assuring them that their time will be well spent and their trouble amply rewarded.

A condensed edition of Brugsch-Bey's history of *Egypt under the Pharaohs*,[1] thoroughly revised by M. Brodrick, will meet with welcome from all who are interested in Egyptian history. The original work is monumental in more senses than one, and is so well known that no words in commendation of it are needful; but the progress of research and discovery has necessarily caused the distinguished author to reshape and modify in some one or two points his earlier ideas. Thus, for example, he has changed his opinion as to the origin of the Bubastites, and has, of course, long abandoned his brilliant theory as to the route of the Exodus. Even yet a history of Ancient Egypt is more or less of a venture. There are still gaps in the evidences, and hypotheses adopted to bridge over these gaps may at any moment be demolished by the spade of the excavator. For this reason alone, a revised edition of *Egypt under the Pharaohs* will be welcome, as bringing up to date the immense knowledge and learning which the book contains.

More certainty is possible for the antiquarian who is dealing with the manners and habits of any particular period. Here monumental

[1] *Egypt under the Pharaohs.* By Heinrich Brugsch-Bey. A new edition, condensed and revised by M. Brodrick. London: John Murray. 1891.

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and other records often furnish material for full and accurate study of facts. Such a study is M. Maspéro's *Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria*,[1] which has been translated by Alice Morton. In a series of scenes M. Maspéro sets before us the public and private life of the Egyptians under Rameses II., and of the Assyrians under Assurbanipal. Introduced by him, we visit them in their homes, we watch them at their business, in the hunting-field, or on the war path; we have, too, glimpses of their married life, and can follow them to their graves, and learn their religious beliefs. In fact, M. Maspéro gives us a full account of their daily life; and the account is of great interest. The Assyrian is too fond of war, and too keen a fighter; but if he is great in war, he is great also in many of the arts of peace. As for the Egyptian, he is the pioneer of civilisation in many of its noblest aspects. Some comparison of these two old world civilisations is inevitable after reading M. Maspéro's book, and in it we are given ample material for arriving at a sound conclusion. It is full of interesting information, pleasantly written, and excellently translated into readable and fluent English. In addition it is well illustrated by M. Faucher-Gudin.

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## BELLES LETTRES.

Mr. SAINTSBURY, in his charming paper on "Literature" in last month's *New Review*, has pronounced *Pepita Jimenez*[2] to be one of the best novels that has appeared in any country of Europe during the last twenty years. There is no book-critic whose opinion has more weight with us than Mr. Saintsbury's; but in this case his eulogy seems to us to be somewhat extravagant. We willingly admit that *Pepita Jimenez* is a good novel—one of the very best of Mr. Heinemann's "International Series"—but between that and being one of the best in Europe during the last twenty years there is a wide margin. Some of Alphonse Daudet's greatest works fall within the specified time limit, some even of George Eliot's, and all, or nearly all, of M. Guy de Maupassant's. No doubt Señor Juan Valera's work suffers from being known to us only through a translation. But, making all due allowance for this serious drawback, the book seems to us to fall far below the exalted level assigned to it by Mr. Saintsbury. To begin with, a young *séminariste* is not, to us, a *persona grata* as the hero of a love story. There is something sickly

[1] *Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria.* By G. Maspéro. Translated by Alice Morton. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

[2] *Pepita Jimenez.* Translated from the Spanish of Juan Valera. London: Heinemann. 1891.

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and uncomfortable (if we may be allowed such a homely word) in a hero who has to be wooed like a modest maiden, and won by sap and mine. Then the tale is told by means of letters—always an unsatisfactory method—and here the letters are from the young shaveling himself (he has received the tonsure) to his uncle, who is also his spiritual director, and head of the seminary where he has received his education and the minor Orders. Thus the tone of the letters has a painfully sacerdotal ring—*ça sent la sacristie*. On the other side of the account, it must be admitted that "Don Luis" is by nature a fine, spirited, lad; his instincts are brave and manly, though warped by his training. His self-revelations, in his letters and journals, are wonderfully natural; the struggle between the promptings of his fiery Spanish temperament, and the quietism superinduced by the revered teachings of a lifetime, is most skilfully depicted, and the gradual triumph, of healthy human feeling over the monkish mysticism in which he has been steeped, is wonderfully set forth. The book, too, gains a certain glamour from the unfamiliar atmosphere of provincial Spanish manners which pervades it.

As for "Pepita" herself, she is *entrevue*, rather than actually put on the stage. Her simplicity, her goodness, her retired habits, and her winning, dazzling, beauty, are in everybody's mouth, but her outlines are a little vague; she is surrounded by a sort of mysterious halo, and the reader cannot quite make up his mind what manner of woman she really is, till, in the great scene which brings about the *dénouement*—is, in truth, itself the *dénouement*—she reveals herself, and stands confessed, a loving, passionate, woman. This scene will, we fear, lose her in the estimation of many English readers, and condemn the book into the bargain. But it must be pleaded, in extenuation of poor Pepita's frailty, that she was forced to the employment of *les grands moyens;* nothing less would have overcome the holy scruples and the blushing chastity of her timid adorer. The father of Don Luis is a most successful bit of characterisation. His light *insouciance* towards all moral and religious questions, his *bonhomie* and thorough manliness, make him not only a pleasant, amusing, personage in himself, but a capital foil for his son. Though we cannot rate this clever sketch of contemporary Spanish manners as a thing apart—one of the great masterpieces of the age—the fact that we have devoted so much space to its discussion is the best proof that we are not insensible to its merits.

*Hovenden, V.C.*,[1] is an unusually able novel. From the first page, where, seated in his tent in a lonely out-station in Zululand, the young English subaltern, on the eve of the engagement in which he won the Victoria Cross, is writing his artless, boyish, letter to his mother in England, the author possesses herself of the reader's

[1] *Hovenden, V.C., The Destiny of a Man of Action.* A Novel. By F. Mabel Robinson. In three volumes. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

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attention and sympathy, and maintains her hold, without a break throughout the three volumes. Whatever Miss Robinson describes she describes vividly—we might say, vehemently—imparting to all her scenes, however diverse, the same semblance of reality. Occasionally, as it seems to us, she abuses this realistic gift, piling on the agony, especially in scenes of physical suffering, till it seems like exaggeration, and certainly "outsteps the modesty of nature," by violating that deep-rooted instinct in men and in all animals, which prompts us to hide our agony from mortal ken. But it is a book which cuts deep into all it touches. One truth in social life it deals with *au fond*—a truth more often ignored than illustrated in fiction. It is, that culture cannot give true refinement, either of manners or sentiment, while, on the other hand, many people possess it, to whom art, music, and literature, in any real or serious sense, are a dead letter. It is the friction between these two dissimilar and almost hostile phases of civilisation which, more than any one thing, shapes and determines the plot of Miss Robinson's story. But, after all, it is but one side of a story which is exceptionally many-sided. It would take far more space than can be given to any one work, in a book review, to analyse *Hovenden, V.C.*, as it deserves.

*In the Stranger People's Country*[1] is one of the most romantic stories we have read for years. It is a sort of mediæval episode enacted in our own time. The actors in the poignant drama, with their wild, stern, code of honour, their reckless daring, their self-sufficingness, as redressers of their own wrongs, and their archaic simplicity and ignorance, are like untamed and unlettered paladins of old. Above all, the central figure, Felix Guthrie, is, in a rough way—yet, very likely, no rougher than his antitypes—the nineteenth century reproduction of one of Don Quixote's great exemplars. He is terrible in his indomitable strength and fierce combative courage, and tragically pitiful in his tender, faithful, chivalrous love. The "lady of his thoughts" is no myth, like Dulcinea del Toboso, but quite as untouched by his devotion as was Dulcinea, in the dreams of the Knight of La Mancha. She is a very real person, but a dreamer of dreams, too. Altogether, she is a quaint and charming study. The minor characters are, many of them, both humorous and pathetic, with all the freshness and reality of open-air sketches. And over all, the "Little People," in their lonely prehistoric burying ground on the wind-swept slope of the Great Smoky Mountain, seem to shed an atmosphere of weird mystery.

We fancy that *Roger Ingleton*[2] is intended for a boy's book; but the greater part of the story—and a very good story it is—is so

[1] *In the Stranger People's Country.* A Novel. By Charles Egbert Craddock. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1891.

[2] *Roger Ingleton, Minor.* By Talbot Baines Reed. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low. 1891.

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little like anything of the kind, that one is apt to forget its original purpose. Evidently, the author himself forgets it, and only now and then wakes up, as it were, with a start, and hastens to throw in something infantine. On such occasions he is apt to overdo it—as, for instance, in the comic incident of the unauthorised party given by the children in the absence of the heads of the family. They entertain half the county on buns, ginger beer, and herrings cooked in the shovel over the drawing-room fire, and divided, to make them go round, into small portions, which the children call "goes." The scene is pure farce, and, of course, impossible; but it is certainly funny. Its absurd incoherence is heightened by the fact that the elder of the two young entertainers—the boy—is far too old for such an escapade. On his first introduction, he was said to be "some years younger than Roger," who was then eighteen. But on the occasion of the party he is a mere child, for throughout the book he grows younger instead of older. No. *Roger Ingleton* has in it the makings of a good novel, but as a book for boys it cannot be pronounced a success.

*An Imperative Duty*,[1] by Mr. Howell, comes to us in the welcome form of one of Mr. David Douglas's neat, handy, little volumes, which have such pleasant associations for hosts of English readers. Never yet have we come upon a dull one. This one is certainly not dull; it is one of those stories of Mr. Howells, turning upon a minute—sometimes an imperceptible—case of conscience; yet so well done—showing such complete mastery of his own peculiar *technique*—that for the moment, one is half persuaded that the microscopic analysis of motive is the true function of the novelist. The question at issue in the present volume is—given a young lady in the best society of Boston, who, unknown to herself, or to the society in which she moves, has negro blood in her veins—her maternal grandmother having been a slave—is it "an imperative duty" on the part of her guardians to reveal to her the awful secret of what is regarded in America as the taint in her blood? And for the poor girl herself—is it her imperative duty to proclaim the sad fact as soon as it comes to her knowledge, and thenceforward humbly to herd with the "coloured folks"? In Europe such questions would have no significance, but it is a very different matter in the States; and Mr. Howell has developed out of this unreasonable transatlantic race prejudice a highly interesting story.

Though the queer little volumes of the Pseudonym Library[2] certainly "put themselves in the trick of singularity," which in our eyes is far from being a recommendation, yet, it must be allowed, they generally contain something worth reading, and sometimes

[1] *An Imperative Duty.* By William D. Howell. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1891.

[2] *John Sherman* and *Dhoya.* Pseudonym Library. By Ganconagh. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

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something really original. In the present instance, the first story, *John Sherman*, is not at all like the ordinary run of fiction, either in its incidents or its characters, and it maintains throughout a pleasant subdued interest. *Dhoya* is a wild imaginative legend of a fiercely raging Irish giant, belonging, we should think, to the very remotest palæolithic age, who was wooed and entirely subjugated by a beauteous water nymph. For ages, the strangely assorted pair lived together in unclouded felicity, till one day she vanished, to return no more. The grief and fury of the poor bereaved giant knows no bounds, soon it turns into despair, and he forces his fierce war-horse over a precipice where both horse and rider are dashed to pieces. His sad story is very skilfully told; the treatment and the accessories are large and heroic; there is none of that *mièvrerie* which often mars such attempts, jarring, in its modern sentimentalism, like a false note.

*Lady Jane*[1] is a charming child's book. It is published in the form of a quarto, with exquisite paper and type. The illustrations are good and numerous, and the binding most tasteful. As for the story so luxuriously enshrined, for once the critic's office is a good excuse for indulging in an hour or two of really bright, pleasant reading.

*The Scapegoat*[2] is in Mr. Hall Caine's usual style, and, except that it is almost unprecedentedly lugubrious, is about up to his usual standard of merit—which we cannot affect to think a very lofty one. But with the gushing encomiums from distinguished amateur reviewers, as also from a section of the provincial newspaper press, which never fail to accompany every announcement of a new work by him, Mr. Hall Caine is quite independent of the good offices of professional critics, who have an inconvenient habit of judging books rather by their literary merits—or demerits—than by their political and social tendencies.

We have not found *Jerome*[3] easy reading. Neither the characters, nor the incidents, nor yet the general presentment of society, seem to us to be like nature. And the substitute offered to the reader is neither so pleasant, nor so *saisissant* as to make him forget the unreality.

*A House of Pomegranates*[4] is a highly decorated quarto volume, printed on paper nearly as thick as cardboard, and profusely illustrated—in a word, it is nothing if not a table-book. Mr. Oscar Wilde's little stories are fanciful and pretty—prettier than the illustrations, some of which—several of the female figures especially—

[1] *Lady Jane.* By Mrs. C. V. Jamison. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1891.
[2] *The Scapegoat.* A Romance. By Hall Caine. In two volumes. London: Heinemann. 1891.
[3] *Jerome.* A Novel. By Annabel Gray. In three volumes. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1891.
[4] *A House of Pomegranates.* By Oscar Wilde. Illustrations by C. Ricketts, Charles Shannon, &c. London: Osgood & McIlvaine. 1891.



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are downright ugly. As for the all but invisible full-sheet engravings—if engravings they are; for it is difficult to speak certainly of things one cannot see—they present, to our eyes, very much the aspect of ordinary prints seen through the veil of protecting tissue paper. But with all the *recherche* of which the volume bears such evident tokens—within and without—"the trail of the 'Zeit Gheist'" (to garble a well-worn quotation) is over it still." However Mr. Oscar Wilde may struggle and strive after originality, he cannot emancipate himself from the dull uniformity of contemporary thought and sentiment. The best story by far, and the one which shows the smallest traces of this deadening influence, is "The Fisherman's Soul." "Il y a de belles choses là de dans," as French professors say in praise of a pupil's *version*.

To the best of our judgment, Mrs. Oliphant has never written a better novel than *The Railway Man and his Children*.[1] We know this is saying a great deal, but we say it advisedly; for it seems to us that, without any loss of the freshness and fire of youth, the book bears the fruits of the ripe experience of a lifetime. Every character in it is a living entity, whose words and works are worth serious discussion. "The Railway Man" himself is, perhaps, a little too open-handed—too slack in his "grip of the gear" that he has accumulated by his own unaided exertions. We have had some opportunities of observing the ways of self-made *millionnaires*, and they are not, so far as our experience goes, so nobly large in these dealings, nor, except perhaps to their own immediate belongings, so royal in the scale of their donations as James Rowland is represented to be. Certainly no one we ever knew, even were he "dix fois millionnaire," would have condoned so lightly as he did the crime, committed against himself, of a forged cheque for £1000. This gives him rather too much the air of a stage *millionnaire*. But in all other respects he is admirably drawn—a most delightful and natural character. His deep, solid, middle-aged love for his newly married wife, is wonderfully portrayed. His perfect and well-founded trust in her, and his intense admiration for her inborn refinement and thoroughbred *savoir vivre*—qualities which he knows he is without—are, from time to time, pathetically manifested. He rightly regards the winning of Evelyn Ferrars as the crowning achievement of his wonderfully lucky career. In creating her, Mrs. Oliphant has conferred a benefit on all the reading public, for she has set before them the very ideal of a true lady and of a good woman. The "children" are the fruits of an early marriage, contracted when James Rowland was but a "hand" in a Glasgow foundry. While their father has been amassing wealth in India as a railway engineer, they have been left under the care of their mother's sister

[1] *The Railway Man and his Children*. By Mrs Oliphant. In three volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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in Glasgow, and, except that the household has been lavishly supplied with funds, the children have remained very much on the same plane from which the father started, when, on the death of his young wife, he accepted employment in India. There are two of them, a boy and a girl, aged respectively twenty and eighteen, when the story opens.

It seems to us that they are made needlessly unattractive. Common and vulgar they must needs have been, and to suspect low, self-interested, motives in people of a different class, if they come forward with a show of unlooked-for kindness, is perhaps a necessary concomitant of vulgarity and ignorance. But why should the lad, the son of a stalwart father and of a young and comely mother, be such a poor, undersized, ill-grown, specimen of humanity? And why need the girl be so utterly small-souled and smugly self-seeking? Of course, on the other hand, there is no inherent improbability in their being just what Mrs. Oliphant has painted them. So long as they are self-consistent—and they are so, in an eminent degree—we have nothing to complain of.

Two other young people, of about the same age as the young Rowlands, figure prominently in the piece, and are influential in the development of the plot. They are the son and daughter of Mr. De Saumarez, who had been the lover of Evelyn's youth, and when her father was ruined, their family place, Langley Ferrars, sold, and she was left penniless, Saumarez had basely jilted her. He is now a widower, and a helpless, gruesome paralytic; but with the same insatiable vanity, the same glozing tongue, and even more than the same falseness and malignity, as of yore. We have now enumerated all the principal actors by whom the thrilling drama of *The Railway Man and his Children* is played out. But to give even a faint idea of the intense interest of the story, or of the force and delicate skill of the narration, is beyond the scope and compass of any remarks of ours.

One delightful minor character—an important one, too—we have passed over—Rankine, the bedridden gamekeeper, the proud breeder of a special strain of "little dowgs," and the great authority on Gaelic philology.

The long critique which we have been tempted to give by the exceptional excellence of Mrs. Oliphant's work has necessarily crowded out sundry notices of less important—certainly, less amusing—books. We must, therefore, confine ourselves to acknowledging *Jacques et Jean*, par René Sosta (a child's book, and, we may add, a childish book); *Hermine*, par le Comte E. De Marenches (neither good nor bad—common-place); *A Primer on Browning*, by F. Mary Wilson (as if the poet were a branch of natural science); and, lastly, *The Art Teaching of John Ruskin*, by W. G. Collingwood, M.A. Of this last we shall speak more fully next month.

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# THE DRAMA.

## "HENRY VIII." AT THE LYCEUM.

It was not a first night production at the Lyceum at which we were present, and certainly any little defects or hitches of which note has been made in the London press on Mr. Henry Irving's revival of Shakespeare's *King Henry VIII.* have been remedied, and the result was perfection. Yet it is a play without a plot, a mere chronicle of events, but of an intensely interesting and dramatic period. With the exception of certain passages, such as Buckingham's farewell on the road to the scaffold and Wolsey's lament to his servant Cromwell, because of the ruin of his ambitions, familiar to us from school-days, the dialogue is commonplace, at times even tedious—so much so that, with the exception of such especially impressive speeches referred to, the authorship has been ascribed to various writers, Ben Jonson, and even Fletcher. Others hold that the immortal bard of the Avon cribbed an old piece on account of the scope it offered for pageantry and scenic effect, and improved upon it. Be that as it may, if the representation of the piece be carried out with adequate care and lavishness, it has always been certain to draw vast crowds of sightseers. It was so in 1855, when last produced at the Princess's Theatre by Charles Kean. It will be so again, and the reasons for the unfailing popularity of *Henry VIII.*, in spite of so many defects, must be sought for from unexpected sources.

The interest is historical: a truthful and a graphic picture of an exceedingly brilliant and eventful period. In this play the stage is seen at its best as an educational medium. Who shall say that in the three hours spent in the auditorium of the Lyceum the spectator does not glean as good an idea of English life in the sixteenth century as he could acquire after many hours spent with musty volumes and still more musty lecturers?—and we do take a considerable interest in the customs and habits of life of our ancestors. It must be this historical interest which alone accounts for the attraction the play always has for the London public. Again, we do not find a faulty conception of the character of any historical person who appears in the successive scenes, for, there being no plot, according to the meaning of the word in a theatrical

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sense, neither the events nor the action of the persons concerned have to be altered or in any way tampered with in order to fall in with the ideas of the author. Cardinal Wolsey, the man and the statesman, the most striking figure of the age, has perhaps been better understood by Shakespeare than by any other writer, until quite recently Professor Brewer and Bishop Creighton undertook to rewrite the history of the time. Of Mr. Irving's impersonation of the part we can only speak in accents of the warmest praise. The merits and demerits of the statesman: his arrogance, his dignity, his self-contained coldness of exterior in public, the depth of his human feeling as shown in his private life, his nobleness of purpose, the meanness of his expedients, his contempt for popularity and his love of power, his unswerving fidelity to a worthless king, and his cringing sycophancy in the royal presence—all the traits of Wolsey's character are admirably displayed by Mr. Irving, who is, we should say, as at home in the robes of the great cardinal as in any part he has yet attempted. There is even more than this to recount. There is a certain subtlety of disposition impressed on the statesman by his surroundings, and especially by the influence of the Church of Rome. We have before us the England of the last days of Roman Catholicism. There is still the love of pleasure, and of pomp and show, a certain lightness of heart, and withal a kindliness and fellow feeling which seem to have departed at a later date, when the race had been moulded in the sterner school of Puritanism. It is the complete grasp of this peculiar subtlety of disposition, the softness and charitable feeling of the priest coupled with the haughty overbearing demeanour of the statesman and prince of the Church, which could be shown only by look and by gesture, that, in our opinion, constitutes a real triumph in the acting of the eminent tragedian. It goes without saying that Mr. Irving would be hyper-correct in make-up and in costume. No expense would be spared to secure the best authority in the antiquarian province of the business by the management of the Lyceum, who certainly have that quality which the Paris *Figaro* will not allow to be possessed by the organisers of the gorgeous Drury Lane shows—that is, the "artistic faculty." Shakespeare in the scene in the Palace at Bridewell (Act. iii.)—and of the genuineness of these passages there is little doubt if the poet ever lived at all—admirably portrays the man, the greatness of whose soul rises to its highest pitch in the moment of his fall:

> "How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
> But that I am bound in charity against it,"

the Cardinal says, speaking of the jibes and taunts of the Earl of Surrey and the contemptible crew of his enemies who come to

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mock him in the hour of his misfortune. And again, the Cardinal, speaking to the same man:

> "Proud lord, thou liest;
> Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
> Have burnt that tongue than said so."

The speech shows well the scorn that burnt in Wolsey's breast, and the whole scene relentlessly describes some unenviable qualities from which Englishmen are not exempt—love of gloating over and insulting a fallen enemy—the display of which were sorely perplexing to public morality as always evinced by the "gallery" of a London theatre. And finally, when all are gone, the intense pathos of Wolsey's lament to his servant Cromwell gives us a realistic picture of the man whose character has been exhaustively analysed by Bishop Creighton, in the last chapter of his volume, *Thomas Wolsey*, of the "Twelve British Statesmen" series. "Not without reason," says the bishop, "has the story of Wolsey's fall passed into a parable of the heartlessness of the world."

The bluff King Hal of Mr. William Terriss is also eminently successful, more so than was generally expected. The make-up recalls to us some of the pictures at the Tudor Exhibition of the Holbein School. Henry VIII. began well, but his life is a story of continual degradation until he ends a monster of inhuman hideousness. The pictures taken of him at various intervals during his reign illustrate by the changes in his personal appearance the gradual conquest of the lower over his higher nature. He is still in the earlier stages at the epoch of the fall of his minister, and there would be in the portrait a frankness of countenance, a certain comeliness and regularity of feature, strength and shapeliness of limb, but the physical ugliness into which the king was to develop in later life beginning to be visible in a faint and attenuated form. Mr. Terriss's acting and diction left nothing to be desired both in the festive scene in York House and in the trial scene at Blackfriars. As produced at the Lyceum, the Cardinal's reception, which concludes the first act, strikes us as the most successful hit of the play. Here there is immense scope for the imaginative genius of the management and stage direction. Of such opportunity every advantage has been taken. Mr. Hawes Craven has expended much time and talent on the architectural features of the hall in York Place, and has, indeed, done all that the scene-painter could do to make the Moriscan dance a perfect artistic picture. This scene is an admirable illustration of the prodigality and splendour, and yet good taste, which we know were characteristic of the reign. Henry delighted to take part in the life of his subjects as one of them, to cast off the pomp and restraint of court, and behave in a manner rather *infra dig.* for a person of his importance. He would dance with the best of them in the masks at the Cardinal's house,

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and in the same consistent spirit even organised a court in which he was himself to be tried. It was no doubt the popularity he gained by his familiarity with the people that enabled him to play such havoc with the institutions of the country and with the heads of the aristocracy and chief dignitaries of the Church. He was a strange incongruity altogether, and not easy to imitate on the stage. Mr. Terriss astonished the audience by his success; one was really tempted to think that the bluff king had come to life again for the occasion, and every word of the speeches could be heard without any straining to listen, which is no small praise to the diction of an actor in a theatre not famed for acoustic excellence.

As character sketches, Wolsey and King Henry are, in our opinion, a long way the most successful. A word of commendation, however, is due to Mr. Forbes-Robertson, who delivered his lines of farewell to the people before execution in a simple and impressive manner. The part of the Duke of Buckingham does not give much scope to the actor, as the speeches are of a purely declamatory style. Much praise is also due to Miss Le Thiere, who makes a great deal out of the few words she has to say, in a short dialogue with Anne Bullen in the garden scene, which gives time to the scene-shifters to prepare the hall in Blackfriars.

Miss Terry, as the ill-used but not beauteous Queen Katharine, acts as usual with much charm and becoming grace; but the part is rather a thankless one. Her supplications to Henry to reduce the burden of taxation upon his subjects, and her appeal to justice for Buckingham, are powerful situations, which she makes a good deal of; but, then, who is the villain? Certainly not the Cardinal. The whole conception of Wolsey throughout the play points to him as anything but a villain; and Katharine's attempts to throw the blame upon him fall flat, and therefore elicit scant applause. The King is the villain; but then he is such a charming villain that it is quite impossible to hiss. Indeed, for a moral drama *Henry VIII.* is not a success. Miss Terry does not endow the character of the Queen with heroic firmness and energy after the style of a Sarah Bernhardt. On the other hand, she excels in the tender passages. With her maidens, and in the solitude of her death-chamber, she is most effective; but everything is not as it should be. The emotions of the gallery have been wrought up to concert pitch, but, so to speak, wrought up all wrong. Henry or Wolsey ought to have been "furreigners." The whole idea of a Spanish woman being badly treated in England was offensive to the gallery, and some one audibly exhorted her to "cheer up" over her death scene, and they eagerly awaited the advent of a "jolly tar" to free the unfortunate lady from her pitiable condition.

Mr. Edward German's musical contribution to *King Henry VIII.* is of considerable merit. It may not, perhaps, ever achieve a

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position ranking with Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* or Schumann's *Manfred*. It is unpretentious, but good, and written with a classical ideal before the composer. Mr. German is modest. He properly recognises that it is a play that is intended, not an opera, and whatever he writes must be proportioned accordingly, and intended to increase the interest in the drama, and not to absorb attention in the music. The music must always play second fiddle. It is, of course, impossible for us to give a more than cursory glance at this part of the spectacle after a single visit to the theatre and without examining the score. The trio, "Orpheus with his lute," gave us great pleasure, and also the Moriscan dance. In the overture and grand coronation march the composer had greater scope for the use of his talents, and, while in the former he was distinctly successful, in the latter he was less so. The Coronation March, written rather upon the pattern of Mendelssohn's "March of the Priests," was wanting in grandeur, though this may have been partly the fault of the orchestra. The overture, more modelled after the pattern of Bach modernised, if we may use the expression, in the development of an idea, was of great beauty—original in theme, well worked up, and in every way fitting to the nature of the play it was meant to forerun. On the whole, we must congratulate the composer.

Such is our impression of Mr. Irving's production of Shakespeare's drama on the life of King Henry VIII. We prophesy, without much fear of mistake, a long and successful run for the revival. We cannot but wish that such plays were acted not only in London but throughout the provincial towns, not as the exception, but as the rule. Mr. Irving thoroughly appreciates the *rôle* of the stage in the life of our cities, and has done perhaps more than any one in England to place the theatre in that natural position. The stage must always hold a potent influence over the minds of men for good or for evil. It must take a place in rank only second to the Church as an institution. So thought the ancients, who invested the drama with a religious halo.

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# LIBERAL PROSPECTS AT THE GENERAL ELECTION.

In October 1888, in the pages of this Review, I endeavoured to forecast, from the comparatively limited data then available, the probable result of the next General Election.

Founding my main argument on the results of the by-elections which had taken place between that date and the General Election of 1886, I laid down the proposition that no seat that had in 1886 been won by either side by a less majority than 1200 could be considered as perfectly safe for the party in possession. Having shown that the Ministerialists held very many more such seats than did the Gladstonians, and having further shown that in every case the seats which had changed hands at by-elections had at the last General Election been won by what I characterised as an unsafe majority—viz., a majority of under 1200, I proceeded by a simple application of the rule of three to demonstrate that the Opposition, if only it could do as well as in the by-elections, ought, at the next General Election, to obtain a majority of not less than sixty-four. In the calculation referred to, I purposely excluded all Irish constituencies on the assumption that the proportion of parties in that country was likely to remain practically unchanged; I also excluded all seats which had at the last General Election been carried by majorities of over 1200, or which had been uncontested. Finally, I showed that, on the assumption that the next General Election would approximate closely to the by-elections which had taken place up to October 1888, we might expect to have in the next Parliament parties in the following proportions:—Conservative-Unionists, 303; Gladstonians and Nationalists, 367, or a majority for the latter of sixty-four.

In addition, I pointed out that by-elections might now be looked upon as more likely to afford an accurate index of popular feeling than they could ever have done at any previous period, because side issues and local considerations were far more likely to influence the result of the by-elections which used to take place in constituencies with restricted electorates, such as existed previous to the passing of the Reform and Redistribution Acts of 1885, than in the large constituencies, which these very Acts brought into existence. I also pointed



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out that since the passing of these Acts, we had practically had no opportunity of judging how far by-elections, taking place in this altered condition of things, could be regarded as affording a clue to the general political feeling of the country, as, although there had been two General Elections in the redistributed and newly-enfranchised constituencies, the time which elapsed between them was of too short duration to permit of almost any by-elections taking place.

In view of the near approach of the General Election, and looking to the all absorbing interest felt by politicians in regard to its probable result, it is possible that some inquiry as to how far this forecast of October 1888, has been confirmed by the results of the by-elections which have since then taken place, may not at the present time be altogether inappropriate.

The article to which I have referred was not permitted to pass altogether unnoticed, indeed, on certain of the Unionist daily press it might be said to have produced an impression more lasting than pleasing. Following hard on the Maidstone and Colchester elections which took place in December 1888, the leading organ of Unionism in the East of Scotland did me the honour of criticising my paper in the following terms—terms that in all probability accurately reflected the clutch-at-any-straw attitude of the Unionist party in general:—"Not long ago an elaborate calculation was made by a Gladstonian authority (*sic*) as to the prospects of Gladstonism at the next General Election. He laid down the proposition that no seat that had been won by a Unionist in 1886 by a less majority than 1200 could be regarded as safe for Unionism." (Incidentally, I may here remark that the proposition had reference to seats won by Gladstonians as well as by Unionists). "Not only was it unsafe, but it might, in most cases, be counted as a Gladstonian gain. Within a week two elections have taken place. In neither case was the majority 350 in 1886. In both cases the Gladstonians have failed to carry the seat. Whatever else this may mean, it means that the Gladstonian calculation to which allusion has been made, is as worthless as it was said to be at the time it appeared."

The criticism was worthy of the "stupid party." I had not maintained—no sensible being could have maintained—that *every* Tory seat won in 1886 by a less majority than 1200 was to be counted as a probable Gladstonian gain; still less had I maintained that seats, Tory not only in 1886 but also in 1885—seats of which Maidstone and Colchester are typical—would be likely to be anything else but Tory under any circumstances or at any time. In the calculation referred to, the total number of presumably unsafe Gladstonian seats was set against a similar number of presumably unsafe Tory seats, and the number of remainder of the unsafe Tory

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seats, amounting to about ninety, was what it was anticipated the Liberals had a reasonably good chance of winning at the next General Election.

At this juncture I may appropriately allude to a point which could not in my former paper be taken into consideration—viz., the chances of the Gladstonians in constituencies won by the Tories in 1886 by majorities of *over* 1200. Prior to October 1888, no impression had been made on such constituencies, and it was not, therefore, permissible to assume anything else than that a like result was to be anticipated in the future. But since then the Liberals have at Barrow, Rossendale, and South Molton, broken down majorities each one of which amounted to over 1200, and one of which—I refer to South Molton—was actually no less than 1689. Since 1886 there have been trials of strength in ten constituencies, which at the last General Election recorded majorities varying from 1200 to 1700. The Liberals have attacked eight Unionist seats, and the Unionists have attacked two Liberal seats, with the result that the Liberal seats assailed have returned Liberals by increased majorities, whilst the Unionists have lost three of their eight seats and retained the other five by majorities showing an aggregate decrease of 2783. It is therefore apparent that it is now permissible to characterise no seat as absolutely safe which at the last General Election was won by a less majority than 1700. Taking this fact into consideration, and in order to form an approximate estimate of the Gladstonian prospects, it now becomes necessary to show how many seats answering to that description were won in Great Britain by either party in 1886.

There are 567 English, Scotch, and Welsh Members of Parliament, of whom no fewer than 152 were returned unopposed in 1886, and the proportion in which these 152 seats are distributed among parties is—Conservatives, 84; Liberal-Unionists, 29; Gladstonians, 39.

In 409 constituencies, representing 415 seats, there were contests at the last General Election, with the result that sixty seats were carried by majorities of over 1700, and 355 seats by majorities of under 1700.

At the last General Election the Ministerialists—under which designation I class Unionist-Liberals—won 227, and the Gladstonians 128 of the 355 seats to which reference has just been made. The Ministerialists, then, had an excess over the Gladstonians of ninety-nine seats such as the results of recent by-elections justify us in characterising as unsafe, or, at all events, not absolutely safe. At this point I may state briefly what have been the results of the by-elections which have taken place since 1886. As the calculation which I am going to make has reference only to *British* constituencies, I purpose to take no notice of Irish by-elections, though

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later on I shall have something to say in regard to the probable effect which the unfortunate split in the Nationalist ranks may have upon the prospects of the Gladstonian party.

Dismissing, as being useless for purposes of comparison, all by-elections in which the candidate has been returned unopposed, or in which a contest has taken place for a seat which was not contested at the General Election, I find that sixty-six contested by-elections have taken place in constituencies wherein contests also took place in 1886. In forty-eight of these constituencies Ministerialists were returned at the General Election, the remaining eighteen returning Gladstonians. The result of the by-elections in these constituencies is that the Ministerialists have won twenty-eight and the Gladstonians thirty-eight of the sixty-six seats, or a net gain to the latter of twenty seats. The Gladstonians, while making a net gain of twenty seats, have actually wrested twenty-one seats from their opponents, who, on the other hand, have been similarly successful in but one instance. It is to be noted that all the twenty-one seats gained by the Liberals, and also the one seat gained by the Tories, recorded a majority of under 1700 for the successful candidate at the last General Election. It is also to be noted that fifty-six out of the sixty-six constituencies contested at by-elections gave at the last General Election a less majority than 1700 to the successful candidate.

I have already pointed out that there were in 1886 227 Ministerial and 128 Gladstonian seats held by majorities of under 1700, and I now proceed to inquire what—looking to the results of the by-elections—may reasonably be supposed to be the chances of the Liberals in regard to the Unionist balance of ninety-nine seats.

In order to arrive at a conclusion I turn again to the by-elections, but this time I simply take into consideration those wherein there has been a contest for seats which, when contested at the General Election, showed majorities of under 1700. I find that the Ministerialists have attacked fourteen such Gladstonian seats and have only succeeded in winning one, whilst the Gladstonians have assailed forty-two such Ministerial seats and have gained no less than twenty-one. To reiterate, there were in 1886 227 Ministerial and 128 Gladstonian seats held by majorities of under 1700. A simple application of the rule of three shows that as 14 is to 1 so is 128 to 9, and as 42 is to 21 so is 227 to 113. Deduct 9 from 113 and 104 remains as the number of seats which, reckoning from the results of these by-elections, the Gladstonians may apparently expect to win at the coming General Election in constituencies of the class alluded to, or sufficient to give them a majority of ninety. Reasoning in the same manner, but then only in regard to constituencies which in 1886 gave majorities of under 1200, I pre-

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dicted in October 1888, a Gladstonian net gain of not less than between eighty and ninety seats.

Now I am aware it may be urged that between a majority of 1200 and a majority of 1700 there is a very material difference, and that, in widening the basis of my calculation so as to include seats held by the latter and larger majority, I am giving an unfair arithmetical advantage to the Liberal party.

This, however, I am not at all prepared to admit, and for the following reasons. There were in 1886 fifty-one seats held by majorities ranging from 1200 to 1700, of which number the Ministerialists held twenty-nine and the Gladstonians twenty-two. Let this distinction, however, be noted. The twenty-two Gladstonian seats were all held by Liberals in 1885 as well as in 1886, but the twenty-nine Ministerial seats were represented in 1885 by sixteen Tories and thirteen Liberals. Since 1886 the Ministerialists have won none of the twenty-two Gladstonian seats, but the Gladstonians have won three Ministerial seats out of eight attempts. Applying the rule of three to this particular class of seat I find that as 8 is to 3 so is 29 to 10. But as thirteen of the twenty-nine Ministerial seats were Liberal in 1885, nay, more than that, returned the Liberal candidates by the large aggregate majority of 10,017 votes, I maintain that I am entitled to include such constituencies in a calculation as to party prospects, and that it is not an unduly favourable estimate which gives back to the Liberals no more than ten seats out of the thirteen formerly belonging to them.

Having, as I think, satisfactorily disposed of one possible objection, I am led at once to think of another that may be more strongly urged and less easily disposed of. It may be pointed out, and pointed out, I will admit, with great show of reason, that whereas the Liberals have not in every instance succeeded in winning back at by-elections seats which were lost by them in 1886, yet I estimate the net Liberal gain at 104 seats, or, if one leaves the twenty-nine uncontested Unionist-Liberal seats out of account, very nearly the exact number of seats won by the Ministerialists from the Liberals at the last election.

Well, then, is there any mistake anywhere? I think it can be easily shown that there is not. The explanation is simply this—that although the Liberals have failed to win back a few of their 1885 seats, they have unexpectedly won from their opponents several seats which went Tory not only in 1886 but also in 1885.

This explanation solves the mystery, but it does something more than that; it raises the question as to whether a calculation is not too favourable to the Liberals which, after taking into account the number of contested by-elections and the number of party gains, proceeds to apply the rule of three not only to seats which, although Unionist at the last election, were thoroughly Liberal in 1885, but

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also to seats which are admittedly Tory, inasmuch as they were represented by Tories in 1885 as well as in 1886. In brief, am I entitled to say—We have won so many seats out of so many attempts, how many shall we win when we come to attack *all* seats that in 1886 gave a less majority than so-and-so to the Unionist candidate?

Ought I not rather to leave the admittedly Tory seats out of account, and simply to say—*Of the seats that were lost in* 1886 we have won back so many out of so many attempts, how many shall we win when we come to attack all those that the Unionists won from us in 1886?

The point is a very important one, but I think it can easily be settled.

The first thing to do is to classify those constituencies which in 1886 recorded majorities of under 1700, so as to show what proportion were of the same political complexion in 1885 as in 1886, and what proportion executed a right-about-face in the latter year.

This will, I think, be pretty clearly illustrated by the following table:—

| | Remained of same political complexion in 1886 as in 1885— | | Of those constituencies that changed politics in 1886, there were won by— | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Won by— | Unionist. | Gladstonian. | Unionists. | Gladstonians. |
| Majorities of under . . . . 50 | 4 | 5 | 10 | 0 |
| „ of over 50 and under 100 | 2 | 5 | 6 | 2 |
| „ „ 100 „ 200 | 7 | 12 | 11 | 4 |
| „ „ 200 „ 300 | 12 | 7 | 9 | 1 |
| „ „ 300 „ 400 | 11 | 8 | 7 | 1 |
| „ „ 400 „ 500 | 7 | 10 | 13 | 0 |
| „ „ 500 „ 600 | 12 | 4 | 8 | 0 |
| „ „ 600 „ 700 | 9 | 4 | 7 | 1 |
| „ „ 700 „ 800 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 1 |
| „ „ 800 „ 900 | 4 | 11 | 6 | 0 |
| „ „ 900 „ 1000 | 8 | 9 | 6 | 0 |
| „ „ 1000 „ 1100 | 9 | 2 | 3 | 1 |
| „ „ 1100 „ 1200 | 7 | 9 | 3 | 1 |
| „ „ 1200 „ 1300 | 5 | 6 | 5 | 0 |
| „ „ 1300 „ 1400 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 0 |
| „ „ 1400 „ 1500 | 5 | 8 | 1 | 0 |
| „ „ 1500 „ 1600 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 0 |
| „ „ 1600 „ 1700 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| | 115 + 116 + 112 + 12 = 355 | | | |

Reference to the above table shows that of the 355 seats won at the last General Election by majorities of under 1700, no fewer than 231 remained "as in 1885," whilst 124 constituencies changed politics.

Now fourteen of the Liberal gains at by-elections have been made in constituencies which changed sides in 1886; but there have also been won over to Liberalism seven seats which were Tory in 1885 as well as in 1886. The Unionists have not been afforded an

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opportunity of trying to win back any of the twelve seats which veered round to Liberalism in 1886, but they have contrived to win one seat (Doncaster) which had returned a Liberal at each of the last two General Elections. Well, the Unionists have assailed fourteen Gladstonian seats which were Liberal in 1885 and in 1886, and have only managed to win one—*i.e.*, Doncaster; the Gladstonians have assailed twenty-three Unionist seats which were Tory both in 1885 and in 1886, and have managed to win seven. Now my point is this—am I entitled to apply the rule of three, and to say, as 14 is to 1 so is 116 to 8, and as 23 is to 7 so is 115 to 35, or a net gain to the Liberals of twenty-seven seats, which were of the same political complexion in 1885 as in 1886, and which in the latter year gave majorities of under 1700 to the successful candidates? In short, is it permissible to argue in regard to such constituencies, just in the same manner as in regard to constituencies which have changed their minds once, and may, therefore, not improbably do the same thing again? I am not prepared to say that it is not permissible, but I certainly think it is inexpedient to do so if—as in this paper—it be the object of the calculation to arrive, *not at the maximum*, but at the *minimum* majority likely to be obtained at the General Election. If, however—as in my former paper—the probable *maximum* majority is what is under consideration, I think one is entitled to deduce all that can be logically deduced from the result of any kind of by-election in regard to the same kind of constituency.

It is, however, undoubtedly in the constituencies that changed their politics in 1886 that changes must chiefly be looked for, let us say, in 1892; and, therefore, we may put to one side those which did not change in that year.

Now every one is aware how serious were the Liberal losses in 1886. For one reason or another, no less than twenty-nine seats, to which I shall allude later on, were allowed to go uncontested to the Liberal-Unionists; then eight or ten seats were wrested from the Liberals by majorities so large as practically to preclude the supposition that they are likely to be won back again; finally they lost at the polls yet another 112 seats, and gained from their opponents only twelve seats; but as not one of these 124 constituencies gave a larger majority than 1700 to any one of the successful candidates, and as recent by-elections have demonstrated the possibility of breaking down such majorities, it is manifest that it is in these constituencies that the Liberal party must hope to gain the number of seats necessary to give them a majority.

Now, what are the prospects of the Liberal party in regard to the 124 constituencies?

In the first place, I think it is not too much to assume that they will be able to retain the twelve seats won in 1886 from the Tories.

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When the Liberals entered on the struggle of 1886, they did so without any expectation of winning an appreciable number of seats from the Conservatives. They hoped to hold their own, but hoped for almost nothing more.

They failed, utterly failed, to hold their own, yet in the midst of overwhelming disaster they contrived to win a dozen seats which had in 1885 gone Tory.

Now what the Liberals were able to win in their darkest hour of disaster, they should have no difficulty in holding in their hour of triumph, therefore it is not to be presumed that what are at present Liberal seats are likely to be transformed into Unionist seats at the coming election, and least likely of all is it that any of the twelve seats referred to will revert to Toryism, because the Irish vote which gave them to the Tories in 1885, and in turn gave them to the Liberals in 1886, will in 1892 be again cast into the scale of Liberalism. In the second place, I think it is not improbable that of the 112 lost in 1886, not fewer than eighty-three will revert to Liberalism at the next election. I find that since 1886 the Liberals have had opportunities of trying conclusions in nineteen out of the 112 Unionist constituencies referred to, and have succeeded in winning back fourteen.

Now as 19 is to 14 so is 112 to 83.

But, it may be asked, how does the bulk, *i.e.*, the 112 seats, compare with the sample, *i.e.*, the nineteen seats contested at by-elections? I have sometimes heard it suggested that the Fates have been propitious to the Liberals in the matter of by-elections and that, in vulgar parlance, the Unionists have had hard lines in being called upon to defend seats more difficult to defend than the great majority of those they won from the Liberals over five years ago. Well, the fact is the bulk is better than the sample, that is, better for the Liberals.

Of the 112 Unionist constituencies under consideration nineteen have been contested at by-elections, and these exhibited in 1886 an average anti-Liberal majority per constituency of 763. Ninety-three of these constituencies have not been contested since 1886, in which year they showed an average anti-Liberal majority of 538, or 225 less per constituency than the average majority which had to be broken down in the nineteen seats which have been contested at by-elections. Of the ninety-three seats still to be contested sixty-eight exhibit smaller majorities than the average majority of the nineteen already contested. Of the nineteen Unionist seats contested at by-elections three, or one-sixth of the whole, showed anti-Liberal majorities of under 200, but of the ninety-three Unionist seats still to be contested twenty-three, or one-fourth of the whole, show anti-Liberal majorities of under 200. These facts speak for themselves, and effectually dispose of the Tory theory that the Gladstonians have been unduly favoured in the matter of by-elections. I fancy it

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will be conceded that I have at all events made out a *primâ-facie* case in favour of the Gladstonians winning back eighty-three out of the 112 seats lost by them in 1886 and carried by the Unionists by majorities of under 1700.

Were this accomplished we should in the next Parliament have parties in the following proportions:—Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists, 311; Gladstonian-Liberals and Irish Nationalists, 359; or a majority for the latter of 48. But this is not all. I have refused to apply my process of reasoning to 115 Tory and 116 Liberal seats won at the last election by majorities of less than 1700 on the ground that the electors in these constituencies had remained of the same political mind in 1886 as in 1885, and might, therefore, in most instances, be expected to remain politically unchanged whenever again consulted. But although I do not feel at liberty to apply the same process of reasoning to these constituencies as to those others in which the electors have showed themselves less firm of purpose, I am not at liberty to ignore the fact that in such constituencies the Liberals have since 1886 scored seven notable victories —namely, Spalding, Coventry, Southampton, Govan, Kennington, Rochester, and last, but not least, the Eccles division of Lancashire, and that the Unionists have enticed their ewe-lamb, Doncaster, from the same flock. It is fair to assume that what has been won will in all probability be retained, consequently we have to add six seats, being the net gain, to the previously estimated Liberal strength and to deduct a similar number from the Unionist strength, which alters the probable proportion of parties in the next Parliament to—Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists, 305; Gladstonians and Nationalists, 365; or a majority for the latter of 60.

I might, too—as in the 1888 calculation—give credit to the Liberals for being able to retain the four seats transferred to them by the secession from the Unionist party of Sir T. Grove, Sir Hussey Vivian, Mr. Winterbotham, and Mr. B. Hingley, which further gain of four seats, counting as eight on a division, would bring up the estimated Gladstonian majority to sixty-eight instead of sixty; but I shall not on this occasion estimate these seats as a probable gain to the Liberal party, because I wish this estimate of the figure beneath which the Liberal majority ought not to fall, to be based strictly on demonstrable probabilities. In my former paper the calculation as to Liberal prospects was based on *possibilities* as well as on probabilities, with the result that the then predicted Liberal majority of sixty-four was what might be considered as the *maximum* majority likely to be obtained, whereas my present calculation, being based strictly upon *probabilities*, the estimated Liberal majority of sixty must, on the other hand, be looked upon as the *minimum* majority likely to be obtained.

This is a distinction between the earlier and later calculations to

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which I particularly desire to draw attention. But I may be told that I am not entitled to assume the existence of a united Irish Nationalist vote in the next Parliament, and that as the Parnellites will in all probability be found ranged on the side of the Tories rather than on that of the Liberals, it is incumbent on me to deduct from the estimated Gladstonian majority of sixty just double the number of votes which Mr. John Redmond may have in his pocket. By this I mean that if that gentleman has ten votes to dispose of and cares to give them to the Coercionists, it will be tantamount to reducing the estimated Liberal majority of sixty to forty. Well, I am not prepared to assume the existence of a divided Nationalist vote, still less am I prepared to assume that Mr. Redmond will have a controlling influence over even ten Irish votes, unless—and more unlikely things have happened—he finds himself in such close accord with the leaderless Ulster Tories as to be able to constitute himself their leader in a vigorous anti-Gladstone campaign!

But even if I be assuming too little, even if the Parnellites do secure ten or even fifteen votes and cast them into the anti-Home-Rule scale, I am still prepared to credit Mr. Gladstone with a working majority of not less than sixty. It is, of course, clear that if the Liberals are to be deprived of ten or fifteen Irish votes, an equivalent number must be obtained from some other quarter if the estimated majority of sixty is not to be reduced.

That other quarter is easily discoverable. It lies in the region of the twenty-nine constituencies which the Liberal-Unionists secured without a contest at the last general election. The Tories obtained eighty-four seats without a contest, and Tory these eighty-four seats will probably remain. The Gladstonians obtained thirty-nine seats without a contest, and it is probable that these seats will again be filled by Gladstonians. I am led to suppose this because these thirty-nine constituencies returned thirty-nine Liberals in 1885 and gave an aggregate majority of 97,950.

Now, in regard to the twenty-nine uncontested Liberal-Unionist seats, it is instructive to note that no fewer than nineteen are situated neither in Warwickshire, Worcestershire, nor Shropshire, and are not, therefore, subject to the strictly local spell of the Birmingham magician.

In 1885, seventeen of these nineteen constituencies returned Liberal candidates by an aggregate majority of 18,950, whilst the remaining two constituencies returned Liberal candidates unopposed. This being so, and bearing in mind that the greater number of these seats were left uncontested by the Gladstonians through a sentimental feeling that Liberals ought not to oppose Liberals, it is rather too much to assume that the *status quo* of the hitherto uncontested Liberal-Unionist seats will be maintained at the next election. The fate of these seats is, however, as uncertain as the fate in store for the Parnellites. Mr. Gladstone's majority—for that

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now seems assured—may be lessened by Parnellite defections; but it seems not less likely to be swelled by further Liberal-Unionist losses. We can, therefore, afford to leave these uncertain elements out of our calculation, in the firm conviction that, if the worst comes to the worst, the losses in one direction will be balanced by the gains in another.

To conclude. In 1888, I predicted a *maximum* Gladstonian majority of sixty-four; to-day, I think it is reasonable to assume a *minimum* majority of sixty. The calculation of 1892 is worked out on a narrower basis, and in a less optimistic vein, than that of 1888. Yet, notwithstanding this, so great are the strides made by the Liberal party in popular favour during the last three and a half years, that the pessimistic and later calculation works out a probable Liberal majority of only four less than the optimistic and earlier calculation.

In 1888 I applied the rule of three all round. Had I done so to-day, I should have calculated thus:

Seats held in 1886 by majorities of under 1700: Unionists, 227; Gladstonians, 128.

Contests at by-elections for seats which in 1886 showed a less majority than 1700: Liberals attack 42 Unionist seats, and win 21.

Unionists attack 14 Liberal seats, and win 1.

As 42 : 21 : : 227 : 113
and as 14 : 1 : : 128 : 9

Liberal gain = 104,
or sufficient to give a Liberal majority of 90.

But in my present calculation I refused to consider the probability of either party winning from the other seats held by no matter how small a majority, unless such seats could be shown to have been politically different in 1886 from what they were in 1885. The calculation, worked out on this much narrower basis, comes out thus:

Seats *gained* in 1886 by majorities of under 1700: Unionists gained 112; Gladstonians gained 12.

By-elections: Liberals attack 19 Unionist seats, and win 14. Unionists attack no Gladstonian seats.

As 19 : 14 : : 112 : 83

To which I add the net number of seats won by the Gladstonians at by-elections representative of seats which were of the same political way of thinking in 1885 and in 1886, which number of seats amount to . . . . 6

Liberal gain = 89,
or sufficient to give a Gladstonian majority of 60.

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Although the preceding figures are to some extent a recapitulation, I have thought it well to put them down in this form, in order that it may be clearly understood how much less sanguine is the basis of the present calculation than that of the calculation which I made more than three years ago.

At the same time, I am in no way prepared to admit that a calculation, if worked out on the earlier basis, would be over-sanguine.

Sometimes, however, it is wiser, certainly it is safer, to be hypercritical, and to put forward as your probable *maximum* that which in reality is more likely to be your irreducible *minimum*.

JAMES DOUGLAS HOLMS.

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# VIVISECTION.

AMONGST the many debatable questions of the day vivisection holds an important place: more important, indeed, than some people are inclined to admit, since issues of considerable significance are connected with, or depend upon it. The crusade against it is carried on with vigour, while its advocates, though less vehement, are not less earnest. It may appear presumptuous in a lay person to take part in the discussion, and, no doubt, lay persons have often laid down the law in scientific matters in a very presumptuous way. But, though in some respects vivisection is a purely scientific subject, in others it appeals to the non-scientific public, and involves problems just as vital to the ordinary man as to the scientific student; while, as a being liable to human infirmities, the physiologist has no greater interest in it than any other person.

Vivisection, in truth, is something more than a merely scientific question. It cannot be regarded in the same way as can the study of electricity or chemistry. These and other sciences can be considered apart from any emotional or personal feeling, but vivisection comes directly into conflict with a strong moral sense. Experiments on living, sentient organisms cannot fail to excite sentiments which would not be touched by any ordinary scientific experiments. Thus vivisection seems to stand in a class by itself, and the fact that it appears to come into collision with a moral sense renders the consideration of it complicated and difficult. Those opposed to it bring a two-fold charge against it. They declare that its practice confers no real benefit upon surgery or medicine; at all events, no benefit which could not be equally well attained without it; and furthermore, they assert that its pursuit degrades man's nature and hardens his heart. There is thus a two-fold inquiry to be made when considering vivisection. Is it useful? Is it moral?

The anti-vivisectionists answer both questions in the negative, and reproach the vivisectionists with being actuated mainly by a morbid curiosity, and with caring little or nothing for the moral aspect of the matter. If they could substantiate these charges, they would, of course, have a strong case against vivisectionists, if not against vivisection. But, in the very outset, they show a

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certain argumentative weakness which arouses suspicion. They prefer to attack individuals, or individual acts rather than principles, and they commit the unpardonable logical sin of arguing from the particular to the general. They select some case or cases in which extreme cruelty has been displayed, and, pointing to these, they ask, how can a science which is carried on by the practice of such barbarities be tolerated. By a series of harrowing pictures they appeal to the emotions, and when these are sufficiently excited, they proceed to the assertion that, for all practical purpose, vivisection is useless, and not only useless, but pernicious, for, putting aside the physical tortures inflicted on animals, it outrages, or blunts, the moral sense of mankind. Their position, therefore, is that vivisection ought to be suppressed on the grounds of utility and morality.

Those who would prove that vivisection is practically useless have set themselves a hard task and show no little boldness; for they put themselves at once in opposition to that method by which science has won most of its triumphs; the method of experiment. Speaking generally, vivisection is the experimental side of medicine and surgery, and by it certain experiments are carried on under the only conditions which can render them at all conclusive. No science, except perhaps, astronomy, has made any real advance without experiment, and the science of curing or mitigating disease would scarcely appear to any impartial observer likely to be an exception to the almost universal rule. Even the most bigoted anti-vivisectionist would admit that the art of medicine cannot be taught from books, or by theory, but that the actual observation of disease and its treatment is essential. Unless, however, experiments are to be performed on the human patient, the progress of medical science must be painfully slow and uncertain if the ordinary vivisection is to be condemned. By observation a student learns how to know and treat this, or that disease, or injury, so long as it is normal in its course. By long and patient observation a wise man may learn to modify and improve his treatment, but without such experiments as those rendered possible by vivisection the wisest man is groping in the dark. Even the simplest operation performed on a dead body may differ notably in its results from the same operation performed on the body when alive. It ought, morever, to be evident to any one thinking carefully about the matter that certain classes of disease, such, for example, as disorders connected with the nervous system, or those caused by the growth of organisms in the blood, can be studied successfully only in the living animal. The argument from other sciences should teach us something on this point. The chemist carefully selects the active principle with which to experiment, and can do nothing if the necessary vitality of the agent he employs is exhausted. The botanist takes the living leaf or

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spore, dissects it, puts it under abnormal conditions; and by watching the actions of the tissues and secretions thus working and developing, gains the knowledge he desires. But he could not gain that knowledge were spore and leaf dead. It is just because they are living that he is able to win their secret from them. It is not easy to see why a method which is necessary to successful investigation in the case of a plant should be presumed to be useless in the somewhat similar case of an animal. It is asserted by those best qualified to speak on the subject that but for vivisection many facts of the last importance to the well-being of the human body would never have been discovered. The testimony of Darwin is very decided on this point. "I am fully convinced," he says, "that physiology can progress only by the aid of experiments on living animals. I cannot think of any step which has been made in physiology without that aid. No doubt many surmises with regard to the circulation of the blood could be formed from the position of the valves in the veins and so forth, but certainly such as is required for the progress of any science can be arrived at, in the case of physiology, only by means of experiments on living animals." This, coming from one who weighed his words as carefully as did Darwin, is strong; but still stronger is the evidence of facts. Accounts of old fashioned surgery read like a bad dream. Boiling pitch, or oil; red hot knives; corrosive sublimate used to stop the hæmorrhage from the wounds, and in four out of five cases used in vain, made the surgery of our forefathers horrible. If the luckless patient survived the actual operation and escaped bleeding to death, he very often succumbed to fever, or mortification ensuing on the violent means employed for his cure. Everything is now changed. During the insensibility induced by an anæsthetic the knife does its work swiftly and cleanly; the severed vessels are securely tied; the wound dressed with some antiseptic preparation and the patient awakes as from a sleep inquiring when the operation is to be performed.

Now, to what is this change owing? Mainly to vivisection. It may seem a bold answer, but the corroborative testimony is copious and reliable. The writings and stories of such men as Jean Louis Petit, Hewson, Ambrose Paré, and Hunter prove beyond question that by means of experiments on living animals all their most momentous experiments were made. By carefully conducted amputations performed on dogs the best method of tying the great vessels and preventing excessive hæmorrhage were found; an experiment on the antlers of a stag suggested some of the resources of collateral circulation; ligatures bound round the arteries of dogs confirmed the facts thus suggested. The successful accomplishment of a comparatively common operation, the excision of part of the intestine, was rendered possible by means of an experiment on a living animal. But it is in our own day that the real importance

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of vivisection has been made most apparent. The use of digitalis in strengthening the heart's action while decreasing the number of its beats; the efficacy of carbolic acid in preventing mortification and blood-poisoning; the value of strychnia in alleviating the night sweats which constitute such a painful symptom in consumption, are due to vivisection. It is worth while to touch upon the manner in which the effect of strychnia was discovered. Dr. Rokitansky, while making experiments upon the action of drugs upon several animals, found that strychnia increased the force of the respiratory movements. He also noticed that when a dog was almost suffocated its paw began to perspire, but that when the nerve going to the paw was severed the perspiration ceased. From this he argued that the secretion of sweat depends on the nervous influence passing through the nerves from the spinal cord to the skin, and that this action is excited when semi-suffocation renders the blood venous. But the injection, or administration of strychnia, by stimulating the respirations, caused the blood to be aërated, and the paws of the dog remained dry in spite of the nerve being undivided. A careless observer might have pronounced this series of experiments cruel and useless; nevertheless, it led to the alleviation of one of the most distressing symptoms of consumption.

It does not, indeed, need any profound acquaintance with medicine or surgery to detect the importance of vivisection. Without vivisectional experiments our knowledge of physiology would still be in a primitive condition; the mysteries, especially of the nature and functions of the nervous system, would remain unsolved, and as the nervous system regulates the action of the whole animal frame, and plays a most important part in many diseases, a thorough acquaintance with its nature and functions may be said to be absolutely essential to the physical welfare of the race. It is proposed to glance very rapidly at the methods by which some of the most striking phenomena of the nervous system have been ascertained. Meanwhile, however, attention may be drawn to the story of the discovery of the circulation of the blood.

The story is instructive, as showing how slowly man, unassisted by experiment, arrives at true conclusions in any practical science, and how easy it is for him to fall into startling errors. Four hundred years before the Christian era Hippocrates confounded the veins and arteries together under the common name of *phlebes*, the word artery, with which he seems to have been acquainted, being applied by him to the trachea, or windpipe. Aristotle distinguished the arteries from the veins, but maintained that the former contained air only, while the latter alone were in connection with the heart and conveyed the blood *into* the body. Galen asserted that the arteries held blood as well as air. Vesalius demonstrated that the two sides of the heart have no direct communication. In the

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time of Vesalius as much horror was aroused by the dissection of a dead human body as is now excited by vivisection. Such dissection is, in our day, borne with considerable equanimity! Servetus pointed out that the blood passes through the lungs, and seems to have had some dim idea of the theory of the circulation. But not till the year 1628 was the true course of the blood definitely known. This year forms an epoch in the era of physiology, for in this year Harvey published his work, "*De motu cordis et sanguinis*," containing an account of his discovery of the circulation of the blood. In part this discovery was made by ordinary dissections; what is important for us to note here is, that in part it was made by means of vivisection and that without vivisection it would have been impossible to prove the theory decisively. For Harvey founded his conclusions not merely on the construction and connections of the heart, veins and arteries, but on the facts that, when an artery is divided blood issues from the end which is in union with the heart, and when a vein is severed blood flows from the end furthest from the heart: that when a vein is tied it swells on the side of the ligature distant from the heart, while the swelling takes place on the opposite side when an artery is confined. It is hardly necessary to add that these results would not have occurred in a dead body.

But it is in the domain of the nervous system that we owe most to vivisection. In all the higher animals, including man, the nervous system embraces two great divisions; the cerebro-spinal and the sympathetic. The former consists of the brain and spinal cord with the nerves which proceed from them to various parts of the body. The latter comprises a series of ganglia situated on each side and in front of the spinal column, connected by commissural filaments, and distributing nerves to the different vessels. The system, considered as a whole, causes sensation, regulates the movements, voluntary as well as involuntary, and influences assimilation nutrition and secretion. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that its powers and methods of acting should be thoroughly understood. Yet, until a comparatively recent period, little was known respecting the power and functions of the nervous system. As might be expected investigations made upon the dead subject added very slightly to the fund of information, and it was not until the experiments of Sir Charles Bell upon living animals that anything like a clear notion of the functions of the cerebro-spinal system was obtained. He ascertained that if the trunk of a cerebro-spinal nerve be irritated all the muscles to which filaments of this nerve are distributed become agitated, and acute pain is felt. If, however, the anterior root only of such a nerve be cut across sensation in the parts below remains unaltered, but the muscles to which the fibres of the root go are paralysed. If the posterior root alone be cut the reverse phenomena takes place; sensation is



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destroyed, but the power of movement continues. Cutting both roots destroys sensation and movement. If the lower part of the divided posterior root be irritated, neither sensation nor movement follows, but if the upper end be touched pain is experienced. If, on the other hand, the lower part of the severed anterior root be irritated convulsive movements occur in parts of the body below, but without apparent sensation; whereas if the upper part be pinched or pricked no motion is manifested. Experiments on the spinal cord itself prove that it is a great motor and sensory nerve when in connection with the brain, but that, when cut across, though it loses the power of conveying sensation, it still retains the ability to induce great and even elaborate movements.

The information thus obtained, respecting the functions of the spinal cord and its nerves, is not valuable merely as so much abstract knowledge, but is of the greatest practical importance in the understanding, and, therefore, in the prevention or alleviation of certain diseases. Epilepsy, for example, is probably caused by increased excitability of the cerebro-spinal axis. If this be so, acquaintance with the nature of the spinal nerves, and with the agents which exert an influence upon them, puts us in a position to attempt, with a fair prospect of success, the cure of this complaint. Stimulants or sedatives applied to a dead nerve will, it is clear, give us little satisfactory information as regards their action upon a living nerve. Experiments show that while certain stimulants act powerfully upon the motor nerves, the sensory nerves are still more readily acted upon by drugs and other agents. Having ascertained this experimentally we are no longer left to guess-work—and often dangerous guess-work—but possess reliable means by which we can relieve or abolish pain. Thus, to vivisection we owe the power of alleviating many forms of acute physical agony; as well as the possibility of curing certain kinds of abnormal muscular energy. We owe this also—the ability to make a correct diagnosis in some cases which might otherwise prove extremely baffling. Transference of sensation from one nerve to another is not an uncommon occurrence. Pain in the knee-joint may point to something wrong with the hip, uneasiness felt in the limbs may indicate disease in the brain. Such experiments as those of Sir Charles Bell made it possible to trace the complaint from the part apparently affected to the real root of the matter.

But while Bell's discoveries made evident many of the functions of the cerebro-spinal system, the nature and powers of the sympathetic system were still obscure. In 1851, however, a remarkable series of experiments was begun by Claude Bernard, Professor of Physiology in the Collège de France, which resulted in dispersing much of the mystery which had hitherto surrounded the action of the latter system. Taking a living rabbit, Bernard divided the

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sympathetic cord in its neck. Immediately on the side in which the chain of ganglia had been severed, the blood-vessels of the conjunctiva (the mucous membrane of the eyeball and eyelid), and of the semi-transparent structure of the ear became dilated, the skin being reddened by the increased flow of blood, and the temperature of that part of the head and face rose considerably. The other side remained normal in its conditions. Galvanism applied to the upper end of the severed cord reversed all these effects. The ear and conjunctiva became pale, and that side of the head grew cold: in fact, it was found that by galvanising the sympathetic cord sufficiently, the circulation in those arteries to which branches of the nerve are distributed could be almost entirely arrested, and the parts of the body around lowered to a temperature but little above that of a corpse. This result was so marked that Bernard termed the sympathetic the "Frigorific nerve." He established the fact that this nerve so far controls the muscular coats of the arteries, that stimulation of the nerve will cause powerful contractions of the arteries, and consequently, decrease of vital energy, through diminished flow of blood, in all parts of the body to which these arteries proceed. Pursuing his experiments, Bernard found that the great glands secrete only as they are governed by the nerve force coming from the nerves related to them. Dividing a branch of the pneumogastric in the neck of a dog, he noted that the stomach became pale, its walls relaxed, and the formation of the gastric juice arrested. Stimulating the nerve at once increased the energy of the stomach and the secretion of the juice.

The practical importance of these discoveries can hardly be overestimated. Diseases which are caused or aggravated by superabundance of blood in the vessels controlled by the sympathetic, or by the abnormal activity of the sympathetic itself, may be cured or mitigated by drugs or appliances which, properly employed, stimulate this great nerve, or, on the other hand, exercise a sedative effect on it. When we add the investigations which determined the functions of the pneumogastric nerve in directing the digestion, the action of the heart and lungs, and in affecting nutrition generally, we have an amount of knowledge respecting the nervous system which enables us to contend intelligently, and often successfully, with some of the most deadly disorders. If, as seems probable, such a fatal complaint as cholera be caused by too much blood in, and too much activity of the spinal cord and sympathetic nervous centres, we hold, through the vivisectional experiments of Bernard and others, a possible means of curing it. Certain glands of the body appear to be too active; certain arteries seem to be abnormally contracted: if we can control the nerves which, in their turn, control these glands and arteries, we may arrest the deadly progress of the disease. As a matter of fact, methods of treating cholera, founded

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on the discoveries of Bernard, have been adopted with remarkable success. But this is not all. Besides distinctively nervous disorders—such as neuralgia—colds, inflammation of the lungs and abdominal viscera, possibly influenza, sea-sickness, and several other common complaints are brought about, in a greater or less degree, through and by the nervous system. Treatment of these complaints before the investigations of vivisectionists was haphazard, and devoid of calculated method: medical men were feeling about in darkness and uncertainty. Now the treatment is scientific and methodical, and, it need scarcely be said, has gained greatly in efficacy. The stimuli which will act most rapidly and vigorously upon the nerves are known as they never could have been known before the era of vivisection, and their proper application is determined by definite, and, so far as discovery has proceeded, accurate knowledge.

We may now turn to another aspect of the matter. Nearly two hundred and fifty years ago Robert Boyle, in his "Essay on the Pathological Part of Physik," wrote: "He that thoroughly understands the nature of ferments and fermentation shall probably be much better able, than he that ignores them, to give a fair account of divers phenomena of several diseases (as well fevers as others) which will, perhaps, be never properly understood without an insight into the doctrine of fermentations." This sentence is a prophecy; but it has been fulfilled only within the last thirty years, and the fulfilment of it is chiefly owing to experiments upon living organisms. The air is full of minute floating germs, which, falling upon an open wound, or being taken, by the breath or with the food, into the system, produce putrefaction or disease. Many of the most serious epidemics are due to these bacteria: it is possible that four-fifths of all diseases will ultimately be traced to their influence, exercised directly or indirectly. But the action of the bacteria is essentially that of a ferment. As in fermentation the germs, falling upon suitable soil, grow, and multiply themselves indefinitely. For example, the small-pox virus may be considered a seed; it sows itself, or is sown in the same manner as yeast, and, like yeast, it grows and spreads itself. The tiniest atom of the virus of small-pox may thus infect the whole human body. For some time the action of disease germs was suspected, but investigations were conducted in such a manner that the experiments were vitiated, the observer generally working in an atmosphere so laden with opposing bacteria that it was impossible to attain any accurate results. Pasteur succeeded at last in isolating the different germs, and in establishing the fact that from a certain organism a certain disease, and no other, resulted. It may be taken as proved that fermentation—that is, the action of living ferments entering the body, and there growing and spreading—is at the root of the vast majority of epidemic diseases. Possible methods of arresting this fermentation—of checking the fatal growth

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of the bacteria, have been discovered through vivisection, and, so far as can be seen, could not have been discovered in any other way. For, to battle successfully with any ferment, we must know the nature of the soil in which it will grow, and the exact way in which it propagates itself when sown in this congenial soil, and it seems evident that these facts can be ascertained only by observing its action in the living body. An example may be interesting.

In the year 1850, two French physiologists, Davainne and Rayer, observed in the blood of animals, which had died of splenic fever, minute organisms resembling transparent rods, and it occurred to the former that the disease might result from a fermentation in the blood caused by these rods. But meanwhile it was pointed out that the contagion of splenic fever often lingered for years in the same locality and that this could not happen in consequence of the action of the rod-like organisms, because it was found their infectious power disappeared in a few weeks. Nevertheless it was ascertained that between the organisms and the fever there was undoubted connection, and it was conjectured that the contagion must exist in two forms. At this time there was another observer investigating the subject of splenic fever. A country doctor working quietly in an obscure district in Germany, whose name, then known to very few, has since become world-famous—Dr. Koch—was destined to find out the true nature and development of this fatal fever. Patiently watching a solution containing the rods, placed under his microscope, he noticed that at the end of about two hours the rods began to lengthen considerably, and, after some time formed filaments fifty to a hundred times longer than the original rods. Still watching, Koch perceived little specks or dots appearing in the filaments. These dots increased rapidly in number, extending from end to end of the organisms which encased them. At last the filaments fell asunder and their places were taken by long rows of the tiny, seed-like bodies. Koch proved that these seeds constituted the contagion of splenic fever in its persistent form. But how did he prove this? There was but one method by which he could do so. By experiments on living animals: in other words by vivisection. By operations performed on rabbits and mice he was able to test the activity and persistence of the contagion. Inoculating mice with blood fresh from an animal which had died of splenic fever he found the mice always died of the same disease within thirty hours. He then dried some of the infected blood in which, however, the spores, or seed-like bodies had not had time to develop, and, by experiment, he found that this blood, or, rather, the rods in it, lost all activity in less than six weeks. Taking next blood in which the spores had fully developed, he dried it, kept it for a long period and subjected it to a number of severe tests. He reduced it to dust; he wetted it; he dried it again; allowed it to

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remain in putrid matter and put it under various other equally unfavourable conditions. At the end of four years he inoculated some mice with it, and found that in every case the inoculation proved fatal. The contagion was as active and virulent as the contagion from the perfectly fresh blood. He thus determined that while the rod-like organisms carried the infection during a short time, the spores conveyed it with unabated malignancy, after many years. It is worthy of remark that only by inoculation was it possible to discover this, for mice eat, without injury, the spleen of an animal which has died of the fever.

The first step towards the cure or prevention of a disease is a knowledge of its cause and of the nature of its cause. The nature of any contagion being understood, the next step, the movement which baffles or destroys it, is comparatively easy. It is no longer a battle in the dark with an unseen and unknown foe, but an intelligent and calculated effort to arrest the progress of an adversary, the habits and genius of which are known. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that, owing to the investigations of Koch, the ultimate extirpation of the scourge of splenic fever is absolutely assured. What this means may be seen by a glance at one set of figures. In a single district of Russia and in less than three years more than fifty-six thousand horses, cows and sheep, and five hundred and twenty-eight human beings perished from splenic fever; one of the most deadly and agonising diseases by which either man or beast is liable to be attacked. The mortality which, from first to last, this disease has caused is beyond calculation.

Thus, then, it would seem that the charge of uselessness made so often and so recklessly against vivisection falls to the ground. The more serious charge of immorality remains. Unless, indeed, the accusation of inutility can be sustained it is a rather dangerous charge to make, for the retort is possible, that if a practice be beneficial to the greater number of people it may be immoral to *abstain* from that practice. Nor will the phrase so easily uttered, "doing evil that good may come," touch the earnest vivisectionist. It will only suggest a curious confusion of thought on the part of the speaker concerning the nature of evil. But those opposed to vivisection decline, in many cases, to accept, or even to hear, the plea of utility. They declare they refuse to admit the question whether any possible benefits derived from vivisection make it right. They assert they oppose the practice purely on religious and moral grounds and, lay down as an axiom, that the torture of sentient creatures is a sin; but omit to add any qualification as to the method or reason of what they term torture. By this class of opponent vivisection is defined as the cutting up alive, flaying, starving, baking, boiling, stewing, and creating all manner of gangrene and other diseases in the most sensitive animals; and this definition is made the ground

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of passionate and eloquent appeals to the emotions. The public, instinctively opposed to cruelty, and ignorant of the true state of the case, accepts the definition, and responds to the appeals. It is the old story of zeal for God, but not according to knowledge.

The popular definition of vivisection is singularly misleading. Etymologically speaking, boiling, baking, and stewing are not vivisection at all; but, putting aside what might be styled a verbal quibble, and granting that such things may be included under the general head of vivisection, we find a system presented to us which embraces all the worst atrocities ever committed in continental laboratories, and which practically excludes such experiments as those of Pasteur and Koch. Boiling and baking, which, to say the least, are comparatively rare, are emphasised, while those experiments which form the staple of the science—the injection with the hypodermic needle, the operation while the subject is under the influence of anæsthetics, or the administration of some drug which does not cause any extraordinary agony—are silently passed over, or, at best, barely alluded to. This is surely not a fair way in which to represent the case. Taking as a sample a report published some five or six years ago, we find the total number of experiments performed in this country was about eight hundred. In all of these, except those carried out under special certificates, the animals were rendered insensible during the whole of the experiment, and were not allowed to recover consciousness. The number of those which seem to have suffered appreciable pain is estimated at forty, and these, for the most part, frogs, creatures of a low condition of sensibility. In a return lately issued the number of experiments stated to have taken place is considerably larger, and those performed without anæsthetics greater in proportion; but examination shows that many of these experiments were comparatively painless, and that many more were performed on animals in which sensation is not highly developed. There is, indeed, no doubt that much of the vehemence with which vivisection is assailed arises from an honest confusion of ideas. The science includes not only the cutting up and laying open of animals, but also the cultivation of disease germs by inoculation, and the investigation of the effects of various drugs upon the system. Any estimate of vivisection to be fair must take into account the whole of this field. The anti-vivisectionist usually thinks of and attacks the former part only, and even in this part he is too prone to select the worst instances. His case, based on these instances, is generally in the condition of an inverted pyramid; but the inversion is not perceived by the majority of those to whom he appeals, nor, perhaps, perceived even by himself, for "they are dangerous guides, the feelings; he himself is not exempt."

Briefly summed up the arguments of the anti-vivisectionists appear to amount to this. That, even granting that occasionally

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some good results have been gained by means of vivisection, the pain inflicted is altogether out of proportion to the results achieved: that, however, no results can justify man in inflicting excruciating agony upon any living creature, for, in so doing, he outrages one of the highest moral laws and commits an unpardonable sin; besides which the practice tends to debase the mind and harden the heart, and it is of far more importance that the mind should be pure and the heart tender than that a cure should be found for any bodily disease. To which the vivisectionists reply: We deny that the pain inflicted is out of proportion to the results achieved; on the contrary we assert (and we challenge our opponents to impugn the assertion) that the pain is trifling in comparison with the benefits conferred. A minority must always suffer for the majority, and, so far from outraging any ethical law by sacrificing a certain number of animals, we believe we would be guilty of a serious moral wrong if we abstained from this sacrifice, since by our experiments we may give relief to millions of men and beasts. While to stand idly, watching the ravages of disease, which, by certain measures, we might prevent or diminish, would certainly suggest and induce a condition of callousness and mental degradation. We have no right to withhold from suffering humanity any good thing which it is possible to give it. Such, compressed to the smallest compass, seem to be the chief arguments used by both sides. For the rest we have illustration and example. It is somewhat instructive to note whence the various illustrations and examples are drawn. For the most part the vivisectionists dwell upon the pathological side of the question; while the anti-vivisectionists love to linger over those details which present vivisection in the most repulsive light; and indulge in fervid appeals to the emotions. They regard the matter from what they consider an essentially moral standpoint. With them it is not a question whether experiments teach science, or assist its progress, but whether the practice of vivisection outrages the principle of mercy; though it seldom appears to occur to them that the mercy which shrinks from inflicting a comparatively small measure of pain in order that it may be able to relieve a large measure of suffering is a very doubtful kind of mercy. The deepest fact in their particular system of morality is physical pain; and, in regarding the bodily agony of a certain number of animals they seem blind to the mental and moral anguish wrought through disease in millions of men and women: the anguish which makes desolate many a household and causes many a heart to doubt the existence of any overruling Providence.

The strong and capable ought to aid and protect the weak and helpless. Doubtless. But such an argument cuts both ways; for the weak and helpless amongst mankind ought to be aided by the capable, and, if a practice enables a man to save his fellow men from

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misery, that practice assuredly implies a protection of the feeble by the strong. But there is a point of honour. Man has no right to take all from animals without giving them anything in return. This is mere rhetoric, and, unless those who use it be vegetarians, remarkably bad rhetoric. Animals gain from experiment as much as man. Splenic fever is mainly confined to cattle.

Much, in fact, of the statement and argument of anti-vivisectionists is as misleading as if one were to point to a man who had had his leg cut off, and make the circumstance a text for expatiating on the brutality of doctors, entirely forgetting to add that, had his leg not been taken off, the man would have died. That shocking atrocities have been committed in the name of vivisection few physiologists will seek to deny. From motives of morbid curiosity animals have been put to extreme and lengthened torture, and no words can be strong enough to condemn such practices. The assertion that the mind requires nourishment as well as the body cannot in the least palliate, or excuse such conduct. But it is obviously unfair to argue, or imply that, because certain immoral acts take place under a system, the whole system is therefore immoral. Such an argument, if universally forced to its legitimate conclusion would leave no system untouched. By this kind of reasoning, all novels should be suppressed because some are most unedifying; all theatres should be closed because plays of a vicious tendency are placed on the boards of a few. Christianity itself would not escape, for acts the most immoral have been and are being done in the name and under the authority of that religion. In any desire which they have to regulate vivisection, to bring it under proper control, or to put down those atrocities which tend to disgrace the pursuit the anti-vivisectionists are worthy of much sympathy; but, when they denounce the whole system as base and iniquitous, the physiologist can only shake his head and turn away. "No greater calamity," says Professor Tyndall, speaking of such researches as those of Koch and Pasteur, "could befall the human race than the stoppage of experimental inquiry in this direction."

A great moral force is working on behalf of the physiologists. Suffering and death are on every side of them and if, by any fair means, they can alleviate the one and retard the other they have no right to neglect these means. They are, so far as their power extends, debtors to humanity and they would act an immoral part if they declined to make any legitimate effort to discharge this debt. This the anti-vivisectionists will not see, or will not acknowledge. They are not satisfied with merely denying the fairness of the means but they deny the morality of the whole science, not perceiving that in so doing they place themselves in a serious dilemma. For none, save the most bigoted, would deny the lawfulness of putting an animal to death for some useful purpose. Few would refuse sanc-

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tion to the infliction of a certain amount of pain if the object thus gained were good. The butcher is counted a respectable member of society though he puts many animals to death, and some of them by a method not essentially painless, because he kills them for food. If he were to slaughter them merely for amusement, or through sheer wantonness, he and his actions would at once become immoral. But if a single butcher were to do this it would not lead any rational person to assert that the trade was an immoral one. The fact of one, or a hundred physiologists experimenting through curiosity, or from an entirely selfish love of knowledge, does not render vivisection immoral if it can be shown that the science, in general, tends to good. It is, indeed, conceivable that vivisection might develop into something ethically wrong, but with the safeguards assured by the control of the State on the one hand, and, on the other, by the fact that men of science are not as a rule unnecessarily brutal or wanton, and have some regard for virtue, concrete as well as abstract, this does not seem likely to be an immediate danger.

Meanwhile the question remains—and herein we touch the kernel of the matter in debate—if men conscientiously believe a certain practice to be productive of good to their fellow men, are they, or are they not, guilty of an immoral act if, with a due attention to the proportion between the benefit conferred and any pain inflicted, they pursue this practice: and is such a pursuit, under such conditions, likely, or not likely, to debase the mind and blunt the sympathies? The anti-vivisectionists have, on their own showing, to face this question; and, in attempting to answer it, they have to consider not merely the utility of vivisection, which many of them, with sufficient hardihood, deny, but the known characters of those who advocate and perform experiments on living animals. One thing is certain, that exaggeration and mis-representation will not, in the end, serve the cause the opponents of vivisection have at heart and may bring upon them the unpleasant retort, that they resolutely, if ignorantly, have endeavoured to throw obstacles in the way of a scientific movement intended for the relief of suffering, and the physical, perhaps the moral welfare of man.

When anti-vivisectionists are able to demonstrate how such discoveries as those of Sir Charles Bell and Claude Bernard respecting the nervous system could have been made without vivisection, or when they prove the uselessness of these discoveries, they will be entitled to a respectful hearing. When they can suggest a method, other than experiment on living animals, by which the action of the motor and sensory spinal nerves, and the functions of the sympathetic system, with all the important issues depending on this knowledge, might have been ascertained, they will occupy a comparatively strong position. But until they are prepared to point out this better way,

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they stand upon very slippery ground, and mankind has a right to say to them: "You have made sweeping assertions, but where are your proofs? You have preached much and vehemently, but what have you *done?*" The claim of the talkers to hold back the doers is generally a dubious claim, yet one which is continually obtruded, and sometimes in a very disagreeable fashion. "The obloquy of newness" has pressed heavily upon some of the best benefactors of mankind. Harvey, having discovered the circulation of the blood, was hailed vagabond and quack. Ambrose Paré, proposing the ligature to tie the great artery after amputation of the limb, was denounced as a fool, boiling pitch being an easier and more heroic method. Groenevelt, prescribing cantharides as a medicine in cases of dropsy, was promptly clapped into prison. Jenner, advocating vaccination, was laughed at by the good-humoured and ostracised by the less tolerant. The vivisectionist of our own day meets with but slightly better treatment from a considerable section of the community. Vivisection is denounced by thousands whose hearty approval is given to fox-hunting, attended though it is by great and useless cruelty, and who, in their generous liberality, apply the term "sport" to pursuits the main feature of which is the indiscriminate slaughter of multitudes of helpless creatures. "I refuse to entertain the question whether the benefits of vivisection—be they great or be they small—make the practice right." The humanity, one is tempted to add the common sense, of the anti-vivisectionist who could write such words as these is, in deepest truth, open to serious doubt; and the words appear to define pretty accurately the position of the majority of those opposed to the practice. If anti-vivisectionists, instead of talking greatly about their conscience and following its dictates impulsively, were occasionally to ask themselves whether their conscience was leading them in the right direction or not, they might escape the commission of some serious mischief. If, instead of crying out for the total abolition of vivisection, they were to direct their attention to the suppression of needless cruelty, and of experiments performed for the mere gratification of curiosity, they would occupy a more humane and more rational position than they do at present, and would, moreover, enlist many of the most eminent of the physiologists on their side. A glance at the rules adopted and signed by the Presidents of the Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians, and by the leading members of the medical profession in the United Kingdom, will leave little doubt on this point. These rules provide that no experiment which can be performed under the influence of an anæsthetic ought to be done without it; that no painful experiment for the mere purpose of illustrating a fact already known is justifiable; and that, whenever it is necessary to make a painful experiment, every means to ensure success ought to be taken, so that the pain inflicted may not be wasted.

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Reading these rules, remembering that, on the whole, they have been faithfully kept, and observing the good results which have unquestionably followed many of the experiments undertaken, the anti-vivisectionists have rendered themselves liable to the grave charge of having endeavoured to create a moral feeling against vivisection by exaggeration, by presenting irrelevant matter and side issues, as if they constituted the main issue, and by dwelling persistently upon certain atrocities which have been committed. How grave a charge this is appears when we consider the real object of vivisection and the success which, so far, has attended the effort toward this object. To forbid vivisection entirely, and it seems nothing less will satisfy its opponents, would be at once a wickedness and a blunder; while, even to hamper its practice seriously by a multitude of petty and irritating restrictions, would be a crime against humanity and the race of animals. After all, the State has at any time the power of enacting laws for the suppression of vivisection, if it can be demonstrated that it has degenerated into licence. But, until this can be conclusively proved and until it can be clearly shown that experiments on living animals are useless, attempts, however well meant, to excite feeling against physiologists and efforts to stop their investigations become distinctly immoral and may be fruitful of disaster. No pictures, however vividly drawn; no rhetoric, however passionate, ought to be permitted to weigh against facts. No science comes so closely home to us as the science of medicine. It is yet in its infancy, and they are guilty of a grievous offence who endeavour to retard its growth, holding, as it does, the promise of almost infinite possibilities. Investigations which offer even the hope, and many of those undertaken offer much more than mere hope, of extirpating such awful diseases as splenic fever, consumption, scrofula, cancer, are amongst the noblest to which man can devote himself. And, though their immediate effect may concern the body only, their ultimate effect extends into a region essentially moral, the region of those feelings which are wronged and lacerated by the sight of suffering, loss, and death. Pain and disease force us to search for the means of conquering or avoiding them. This search is laid upon us as a high moral duty, which we may not evade without guilt. Vivisection aids us to fulfil this duty, and those who practice it conscientiously and with a due regard to the relation between the result and the means of attaining that result, are surely worthy of all encouragement and honour, instead of the obloquy and suspicion which are so often their lot.

LIONEL JOHN WALLACE.

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# THE NEW FOREST AND THE WAR OFFICE.

THE New Forest is an historic district, about which every child beginning English history learns that it was the happy hunting-ground of the Norman kings, and the unhappy death-place of William Rufus. Like most parts of the country, it has seen during the present reign many changes; but few districts, perhaps, have to show a record of more unfortunate changes than the New Forest, and misfortunes for this fair region, alas! appear to be far from coming to an end. Even allowing that the Deer Removal Act, in 1851, was a necessary step, it was not an unmixed benefit, and it certainly was a step which deprived the forest of one of its most picturesque features, and which substituted, instead of the graceful deer, those ugly and ordinary plantations of fir which have destroyed the beauty of large tracts of country, and have been proving anything but a profitable investment to their planters. Grand old woods, of which one might say, "This is the forest primæval" indeed, have been cut "smack smooth," in spite of the protest of poets like Lord Tennyson and artists like John Ruskin. The commoners, whose rights to feed their cattle in the Forest date from time immemorial, have had to fight hard and wearily to retain their own. The public, who have in the New Forest the most splendid park in the kingdom, are constantly finding their freedom to roam thwarted by padlocked gates, and, if they know from earlier days, or hear from eye-witnesses of, the changes which the Crown management of the last generation has effected, they cannot but have their enjoyment of their national inheritance tainted by the haunting knowledge that it could not have been so shorn of many of its beauties, or robbed of much of its wealth, if it had been left entirely uncared for, or had been managed as most landlords would treat so grand an estate. Now, last, and possibly worst of all, the War Office has been by a strange fortune enabled to lay unholy hands on 800 acres of the open Forest, and it seems likely enough that our largest national playground is destined to end as the military drill and practice ground of Tommy Atkins.

But where and what, exactly, is the New Forest? It is a large tract of country in the south-west corner of Hampshire, between the

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rivers Avon and Test and the sea. Its contour is very broken, and its surface is disturbed by many estates of private property, small and large, which lie within it, or protrude into it. Its total area is about 65,000 acres, of which about 2000 acres are demesne lands of the Crown, about 18,000 acres are woodland, and the remainder are heath and moor. The surface rises in plains, slopes, and wide gravel hills, rising from the sea level to about 430 feet elevation at the highest point, and there are ridges projecting from the highlands and isolated hills, as well as gentle valleys, which give constant variety to the surface, without any very romantic or startling features. But the two facts which are most to be remarked as making the New Forest so precious to the nation are—(1) that it is a bit of Old England, and (2) that it is our largest national playground.

*It is a bit of Old England.* Nowhere else in England, and probably nowhere else in the world, is there to be found any of that forest scenery which is absolutely archaic, and perhaps aboriginal. Fortunately, there are, in spite of the Crown managers of the Forest, a few old woods untouched and unspoiled. No one who has been through Mark Ash, and is possessed of a sensitive and imaginative love of trees and woodland scenery, can fail to understand what England was like when it was covered with forests, and how different these old woods are to any other woodlands in the country: they are just what centuries of unchecked natural growth alone could have made them. Nor is this the only way in which the New Forest can claim to be a bit of Old England: its commoners have their rights protected and regulated by the ancient Court of Verderers, or Swainmote, which has seen its changes, like all other institutions, but can claim to have a Saxon origin. It is, again, in the New Forest and on Exmoor alone that the hunting of the wild stag is still possible and still carried on in England; for, in spite of the Deer Removal Act, there are still deer in the Forest, though they are seldom seen, as formerly, in the open, keeping close in the enclosures, unless drawn out by the huntsmen and hounds. Another picturesque incident in the Forest is afforded by its not very numerous, but interesting, nomad tribe of so-called "gipsies." These do not live in caravans, like the gipsies we know as selling baskets and brooms at our doors, but in tents or wigwams; they seldom or never quit the Forest, and in their failings, as well as in their virtues, recall the gipsies of an earlier day, and are quite distinct from the wandering hucksters who are generally known by that name. Yet, again, and by no means least in importance, the New Forest is a bit of Old England in its rural and agricultural economy. For there are a great number of small holdings and farms in and around the New Forest, the owners or occupiers of which depend as much on their rights or licences to pasture their ponies, cows, heifers, donkeys,

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and pigs in the Forest, as upon what they grow or raise on their few acres. Many labourers and artisans keep cows, pigs, and ponies, which the common of the Forest alone enables them to do. Of course, these conditions are similar to those which existed almost universally in England two hundred years ago, and which in many parts had not departed at the beginning of this century. This makes the rural economy of the New Forest particularly interesting at the present time, when either great political party in its bid for the rural vote stands pledged to give a measure to increase the number of small holdings in the country. It is a bit of the irony of politics that, while politicians are all for setting up more small farmers, Parliament is striking a blow at the most prosperous set of small farmers in the country. But whether regarded as possessing its famous old woods, its ancient Court of Verderers, as exemplifying an older and now unusual rural economy—not to mention other minor of its features—the New Forest can claim to be in a very special sense a bit of Old England.

It is also *our largest national playground.* It is not only the largest open space in England, but unique in being free to the public to roam wherever it will. Englishmen have not yet realised the beauty and charm of this great park of theirs, but they are beginning to do so more and more. During the summer the hotels in the forest are always crowded, lodgings are hard to get and never empty, large parties visit it daily by rail and road, from Bournemouth on one side and from Southampton on the other. It is reached by express train in less than two hours from London; it is close to the sea and the Solent, and the noonday heat may be spent in the forest, and the sunset enjoyed on the beach. The sportsman not only has the hunting of stag and fox to occupy his time, but any one may buy a shooting licence, and to all who do this the shooting is open and free under certain restrictions. If, geologically, the New Forest district is not so interesting and rich as the Isle of Wight, whose downs close the southern horizon from many a high point of the Forest, yet the flora and fauna which it presents to the naturalist are of peculiar variety and often rarity; while the so-called "bug-hunter" will swoop into his green net, in the forest, specimens for which he will search England elsewhere in vain. In fact, to artist, sportsman, and naturalist alike, the New Forest is of peculiar charm; and to all Englishmen it may—nay, it should—be a national play-ground.

But why, it may be asked—why, if so full of interest and beauty, is the Forest so unfortunate? It is unfortunate because it is under the control and management of the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues. This body we may call, for short, "The Office of Woods," though it is fond of calling itself by the still shorter name of "The Crown." It is unnecessary here to

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enumerate the various stages, or to explain the different Acts of Parliament, by which the Office of Woods obtained its present powers; it will be enough to state broadly the fact that this Office of Woods has forestal rights over the whole 65,000 acres, and planting and cutting rights over the 18,000 acres of woodland, about 10,500 acres of which are now enclosed within fences. The enclosed plantations and woods were given to the Crown by Act of Parliament in return for its giving up its right to maintain the deer. The misfortune to the New Forest in having such a master or manager lies herein—that the interests, or rather the prejudices and traditions, of the Office of Woods are diametrically opposed to the rights of the public and the commoners; that the Office of Woods is, unlike the Office of Public Works, unrepresented in Parliament, and therefore less amenable to public criticism and control; that it is always seeking to make a paltry profit by means that are always irritating to the public and the commoners, and that are frequently illegal; and lastly, that it is always working in an underground and underhand way to increase its own hold and augment its own rights over the Forest at the expense of those of the public and the commoners.

A few instances of what the Office of Woods has unfortunately been allowed to compass will show the national misfortune of having the New Forest administered by this body. It was understood that the plantations, which were planted after the deer removal, were not to be placed on the grassy lawns, which are the best pasture for the animals of the commoners: this was disregarded. The Act of 1877 declared that the ornamental character of the old timber was to be preserved; in other words, the fine timber of the old woods was not to be felled. In its interpretation of this clause the Office of Woods has managed to please apparently no one but itself. The Office of Woods has, without any legal right, planted foreign and fancy trees in the open forest, and has sold the leaf mould and soil of the best "shades." Then, although possessing power to buy up by agreement the fuel rights of the commoners, the Office of Woods introduced a Bill into Parliament to compel those commoners who had the right to a certain annual amount of fuel timber to part with those rights by forced sale. Again, the Office of Woods introduced a Bill which aimed at compelling the ratepayers to take over and maintain many miles of road in the Forest. If these instances do not prove that the management of the New Forest by the Office of Woods has been very unfortunate, it may serve to recall a letter—written, indeed, so long ago as 1853 by the Deputy Surveyor, the chief official of the forest, to the Chief Commissioner of Woods, but often quoted and always remembered since—in which the Deputy Surveyor advised the exercise of the right by the Office of Woods "of enclosing the 16,000 acres, because by so doing all the best

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pasture would be taken from the commoners and the value of their rights diminished, which would be of importance to the Crown in the event of any such right being commuted." In fact, the *Times* was quite right in saying recently of the administration of the New Forest by the Office of Woods, that "the Crown authorities have always resented the existence of common rights, and the claim of the public to enjoy the beauties of the Forest." If there is a word of truth in this, surely the administration of the New Forest is, to say the least, most unfortunate.

Such has been the record of the Office of Woods in the past. Its most recent action far surpasses in meanness, not to say infamy, anything it has accomplished previously. It is as follows: Last Session an Act of Parliament was passed (the Ranges Act, 1891), ostensibly with the object of giving County Councils the power to acquire land for Volunteers' rifle ranges, and, of course, as the phrase goes, "for other purposes." By a seemingly innocent clause in this Act the Office of Woods has received the power to grant a licence to the Secretary for War to use for military purposes the land of the New Forest, or any other land under its control: the commoners and the public have no power to prevent the enclosure of the land; the enclosure accomplished, and the commoners' rights gone, the land becomes private property, and may be leased or sold like any private estate. The intent and aim with which these strange clauses were inserted in the Bill was of course kept an entire office secret; indeed, it appears to have been solely by a chance that it was discovered that these powers existed, when it was also found that the New Forest was to lose 800 acres for which the Secretary for War had obtained from the Office of Woods a renewable licence for twenty-one years. A contract has been entered into for the enclosure of the land; the railway company is to re-open an old disused station for the accommodation of the camp; and from what has been disclosed in several quarters it is taken to be the intention of the War Office to open a permanent camp in the New Forest, and to use the Forest to a large extent as a military exercise and practice ground.

The occasion for this unexpected move on the part of the War Office, acting in league with the Office of Woods, is the introduction of the new rifle into the army, which requires much longer ranges than those at present existing. On the authority of Sir Henry Halford it is stated that a bullet from this rifle will go through a man at a distance of 5000 yards; and a *richochet* bullet has been known to break a window at a distance of over four miles! Such facts, in themselves sufficiently alarming, are enough to create a scare, if thought of in connection with a national park, or a large moor browsed over by the animals of commoners. Under any circumstances, a standing camp in the New Forest is undesirable; under these circumstances it becomes a scandal.



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But this is not all. Under the New Forest Act of 1877, which was an honest attempt to define the rights of the Office of Woods on the one side and of the public and the commoners of the New Forest on the other, and under which the Forest is now administered, it was distinctly laid down that the enclosures by the Office of Woods were to go no further. It is therefore a mean and violent infringement of the spirit of that Act for the Office of Woods to acquire by a crafty measure the power, practically, to continue enclosing the open land of the Forest without let or hindrance. Not only is it contrary to the spirit of this New Forest Act, the Magna Charta of the New Forest, it is contrary to the spirit of the general feeling and legislation of the day. All lawyers, and most persons who take an interest in public affairs, know that numerous conditions and obstacles have been raised in the case of the enclosure of commons. Indeed it has been even suggested lately that that venerable law of Henry III. known as the Statute of Merton, which has been so potent an engine in making enclosures in the past, ought to be repealed. If this be so, this Act is not only an unjust, surreptitious, and unexpected measure, but one which would never have been passed had Parliament been aware at the time of passing it what it was framed and intended to effect.

One question remains: Will Parliament, now re-assembled, be willing to go back and, by recalling the power which it never intended to bestow, prevent an injustice which it never desired to be done? The threatened evil needs only to be placed in the light of a national question to convince Parliament that it must repeal this measure. It will certainly be called upon to do so. The *Times* has demanded it in terms of unmistakable strength. Even more remarkable, the Official Verderer of the New Forest, who is appointed by the Crown, and has to preserve the rights of the Crown, has not hesitated fully to endorse the *Times'* demand for repeal of the obnoxious clauses. The Verderers have given notice of their intention to apply for a Bill to declare the New Forest an exception to the Act. There is therefore the hope of a powerful and also a just cause in favour of the danger to the New Forest being averted. On the other hand, the War Office have obtained the licence to enclose the land, and will no doubt push on the acquisition of their ill-gotten gains to make them secure. There is the feeling of loyalty, not in itself a bad feeling, which Ministers have, to stand to their guns and to uphold their subordinates who have prepared their plans and ordered their battle. Lastly, there is the fact that the present Parliament is dying, and that many members are turning their thoughts rather to the chances of the General Election than to the chances of the Session.

But no excuse can condone, and no circumstances ought to allow, the perpetration of an underhand official job. If the present Parliament

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dies leaving the New Forest to the mercy of the officials, whose great object in life appears to be to trample on the rights of the public and the commoners, there will be one less reason to regret its departure, and another instance to record of the insolence of office.

JOSEPH KING.

POSTSCRIPT.—As far as may be judged from recent replies from the War Office, it is the intention of the Government to sit firm in their seat, and to defend their action on the grounds that the commoners will receive compensation, and that no further enclosures are contemplated. This feeble defence may be sufficient to prevail with a wearied Parliament; its very feebleness and unsatisfactory nature should encourage the commoners and the public to be the louder and more vigorous in demanding that the New Forest should be preserved in its present state undisturbed.

A pamphlet dealing fully with the whole question may be obtained from the New Forest Association, whose honorary secretary is Morton K. Peto, Esq., Littlecroft, Lyndhurst, Hants.

J. K.

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# THE LOGIC OF A DESPOT'S ADVOCATE.[1]

AMONG the many earthly and unearthly subjects which occupy the active mind of Mr. W. T. Stead, Russia, or rather the Tzar of Russia, fills a very prominent place. In awakening English interest in that vast and little-known country he is doing a good service; but, unfortunately, Mr. Stead constitutes himself the apologist of the Tzar and not the champion of an oppressed people. Mr. Stead has been to Russia on a short visit, and therefore speaks with an authority which cannot be claimed by those who have not been there—not even to see the country through official spectacles. He tells us in his *Truth about Russia* how he failed in all his endeavours to undergo an experimental imprisonment; and yet we do not find that he is very willing to accept the views of Russian affairs presented to us by those who have by genuine personal experience known something of the tender mercies of benevolent despotism. In the February number of *Free Russia* there is a reply to Mr. Stead over the easily recognisable signature, "S. S." It is an article to be read, not only by all who are interested in Russia, but by all who wish to see how the principles of free government can be better understood by a Russian exile than by an Englishman who boasts himself the heir of the Puritan tradition. "S. S." exposes Mr. Stead's knowledge of Russian affairs by pointing out that two of the "reforms" which Mr. Stead wishes the Tzar to carry out are already in operation. "The Russians have the *habeas corpus* Mr. Stead speaks about, which is violated *only by the Tzar's order*. It may be a secret to Mr. Stead, but it is not a secret to any one in Russia, that the administrative exiles are sent to Siberia, each of them by a special written order signed by the Tzar himself." Furthermore, "there are more than fifty 'trustworthy officials' of various Ministries roaming at any given moment over the vast empire, to receive petitions and redress grievances. (This was Mr. Stead's second proposal.) Every now and then the so-called Senatorial Commissions are appointed with great expense and much care, and these have mostly proved as honest and reliable as the English Royal Commissions—except that their work stops where that of the English begins." Mr. Stead's third remedy is

[1] *The Review of Reviews* for January 1892: "Character Sketch: Alexander III., Tzar of Russia."

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that the Tzar should create an official weekly paper, edited by his own editor. As Malebranche saw all things in God, Mr. Stead sees all things in the journalist as autocrat, and in the autocrat as journalist. And Mr. Stead expects that such an inspired official journal would lead to a redress of grievances, and would bring every week to the door of every peasant the wisest thoughts, the ripest culture, &c. If any one else than the editor of *The Review of Reviews* had made such a proposal, one would have thought it was a joke. As it is, it possesses a certain psychological interest. Mr. Stead has a very high ideal of the function of the journalist. As he tells us in his December number, he intends his own *Review* to be not "a mere miscellany of fiction, or an *omnium gatherum* of more or less heterogeneous articles." He claims for his *Review* "a religious and political significance." "The whole *Review*," he says, "from first to last—[but we have not seen the 'last' of it yet]—has been dominated by a great ideal, and almost every page has borne witness to a living faith. No Church in all Christendom asserts more uncompromisingly the great articles of its belief." Mr. Stead claims, in matters of faith and morals, to be as infallible as the Pope. He glories in being dogmatic, and he has as intense a conviction of righteousness as the Holy Inquisition—only, fortunately, he is compelled to use ink instead of fire. These lofty claims make it necessary that the writer's statements should be judged by a high standard of accuracy, logic, and fairness. It would seem too cynical to suggest that these lofty claims lead us to expect a very small proportion of any of these qualities.

Mr. Stead lays down the principle, that in judging anybody "Put yourself in his place is the first rule"—a very excellent rule, if we were merely concerned with passing moral judgments on the character of individuals, a kind of judgment which human beings are only too fond of passing. We may well be content to leave the personal character of Alexander III. to the judgment of God or his own conscience; it is as the Tzar of all the Russias that we claim to judge him. That is to say, we are concerned with his political acts, and with the system which has produced him, and which he continues to support. Did Mr. Stead ever think it necessary to consider the subject of slavery as it presented itself to the mind of a pious and conscientious slaveholder? Has he ever looked at moral and religious questions as they present themselves to the mind of the orthodox Mohammedan, or even the orthodox Mormon? It is as irrelevant to tell the "Friends of Russian Freedom" to put themselves in the place of Alexander III., as it would have been to tell an Abolitionist to put himself in the place of a South Carolina planter, or to tell an insurgent Bulgarian to put himself in the place of the Sultan, or to tell the opponents of polygamy to put themselves in the place of Brigham Young. Mr. Stead thinks he has

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proved the case for the Tzar by asking what Mr. George Kennan would do if he found himself on the Tzar's throne. Well, we may be pretty certain Mr. Kennan would begin by refusing, as an isolated and autocratic individual, to occupy any such place at all, just as a conscientious Abolitionist would have refused to own slaves. Of course Mr. Kennan would not introduce the whole legislative machinery of the United States in a country unprepared for it; he would have to work on the basis of existing and ancient germs of popular government in Russia. He would certainly endeavour to make the beginning of some kind of government better than the "impotent omnipotence" which Mr. Stead allows the Tzar's Government to be. The United States Government did not re-establish slavery after the civil war; they have certainly not solved the negro question, but they have determined, once and for ever, that the old state of affairs should not continue. The Russians are not negroes, any more than the Irish are Hottentots; and in their village institutions, as Mr. Stead knows quite well, they have the best possible basis on which to erect a democratic Government. A democratic Government, it is needless to say, may have a very strong executive. The President of the United States has at his command an administrative machinery which for strength and efficiency far surpasses the unwieldy and antiquated bureaucracy which hampers the best-intentioned autocrat in Russia.

Mr. Stead thinks to disarm English criticism of Russian institutions by reminding us of our own government of India. India does not possess a representative system, therefore we should not expect Russia to have one. The parallel is most superficial and misleading. English rule in India is defensible just because and in so far as the population of India are gradually being educated and trained in Western ideas, at the same time that their various religions are scrupulously respected as far as possible. The Russian Government represses education, allows no freedom to the press, persecutes the unorthodox. Moreover, the Indian Government is ultimately responsible to the people of Great Britain—a responsibility, indeed, far too little realised. The Viceroy is not an irresponsible despot, reigning through the accident of birth; and, on the other hand, he is certainly not an impotent omnipotence. The present Russian Government has been crushing out of Russia the few educational elements it possessed. The present Tzar, Mr. Stead's hero, is not a Conservative; he is a reactionary. And reaction *is* revolution. India is being trained for self-government; Russia is being trained for anarchy. And yet the Slavonic race has not shown itself elsewhere incapable of rapid progress and of self-government. We are apt to forget how largely Prussia is Slavonic, and Prussia has been the political leader of Germany.

Mr. Stead is fond of parallels, but his parallels are apt to be

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more striking than exact. In his *Truth about Russia* (p. 170) he says:

"The Russian Government is related to the Russian people fully as much as Lord Salisbury's Administration is related to the English people, with this difference: if Lord Salisbury were to take a *plébiscite*, he would either be beaten at the polls, or have a very small majority, whereas the Russian people would vote by a majority of at least ten to one in favour of the Tzar."

Now, the parallel in England to the Tzar is not the Ministry for the time being, but our whole Constitution. If a *plébiscite* were taken in England as to whether the system of parliamentary government should be continued, the disciples of Carlyle (if there are any in this matter) and the anarchists and Mr. William Morris would be the only voters on the negative side. Even Mr. Stead would find himself voting in the affirmative, in spite of his wavering faith in parliamentary institutions. The English supporters of autocracy and anarchy would make a pitiful minority compared with the disaffected in Russia, if these were free to express their opinions. They might not number many among the peasantry, simply because the peasants are kept in the grossest ignorance; but they would constitute a startling proportion of the educated population. And even the Russian peasant is being taught by the bitter lesson of famine something of the cruel impotence of the Tzar's omnipotence.

Another of Mr. Stead's parallels is a comparison of the Tzar to the House of Commons (*Review of Reviews*, January 1892, p. 26), because the House of Commons exercises a check on the Executive. So that the Tzar is at once parallel, in Mr. Stead's mind, to the Ministry and to the body which can control and dismiss the Ministry! It is true enough in one sense. An autocratic ruler is one in whom all the separate powers of a constitutional government exist, combined and undifferentiated. That is what makes the tyrant.

Mr. Stead thinks he makes out a case for the Tzar by pointing to the iron rule of Mr. Balfour in Ireland, and the rule (or misrule) of Mr. Matthews in London. Now, it is quite true that a very good *argumentum ad hominem* may be addressed to the English Conservative who condemns the Tzar and yet approves of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Matthews. But the argument can hardly be used to excuse the Tzar in the mind of the English Liberal or Radical. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Matthews are constitutionally responsible to the House of Commons, and the House of Commons to the electorate. The Tzar is responsible to no earthly power.

"It is no use swearing at the Tzar, saying that he is autocrat and omnipotent, and therefore he ought to reform his prison administration, and root out all the social and administrative evils which are the plague of Russia" (p. 16). Sensible critics of the Russian Government do not "swear at the Tzar" because of the little he

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does, but because he claims and attempts to undertake what no one human being (not even the editor of *The Review of Reviews* himself) ought to undertake.

The greater part of Mr. Stead's article is a eulogy on Alexander III.'s private character. We are told of "his simple faith," his virtues as a husband and father, his playfulness as an uncle, his "almost physical horror of a lie." Mr. Stead is possessed by the old fallacy that the domestic virtues will serve as an excuse for a bad ruler. "We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defence is that he took his little son on his knee, and kissed him!" Are we not reminded of those words of Macaulay's about Charles I. in reading Mr. Stead's account of the Tzar in his family circle, alongside of his account of the persecution of Jews and Dissenters by the Procurator of the Holy Synod, M. Pobedonostzeff, whom Mr. Stead himself compares to Archbishop Laud? Yes, it may be said, but Charles was a liar; the Tzar "has an almost physical horror of a lie." As to that—what of the utterance, "There is no famine in my dominions?" a sentence likely to become immortal, like Foullon's remark about eating grass. And what is any amount of verbal lies, in their effect on the welfare of a people, compared with the living lie of this impotent omnipotence, this throned and crowned incompetency? When a man is an autocrat, good character in his domestic relations is no security against bad government and oppression. When one individual claims to *be* the State, political ability and wide views are far more important than the possession of all the pieties and private virtues which would qualify a man to be a respectable deacon in Little Bethel Chapel. Frederic the Great of Prussia was not exactly a man after Mr. Stead's own heart in private life, but he was the kind of ruler, and the only kind of ruler, who makes autocracy admirable, or even tolerable. Catherine II. has more claim on the respect of Russians than Alexander III. Carlyle, whom Mr. Stead follows in his contempt for Parliaments, had at least no weakness for respectable stupidities in high places. Not Maria Theresa, but Frederic—not Louis XVI., nor M. Neckar, but Mirabeau—are the types of man admired by the prophet of autocracy. It is only when monarchy has passed into the purely "ornamental" stage that domestic respectabilities come to be an important consideration; when the king and queen no longer govern, but open bazaars and lead "society." Where the king has still some power, he will do less mischief to his country if he is a George IV. than if he is a George III. The selfish debauchee may leave government to better men; obstinate, conscientious respectability meddles and muddles. This truth may seem damaging to certain parts of private morality; in reality, it is damaging to certain other institutions.

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If a respectable, dull autocrat is a pietist as well, and under the influence of bigots, woe be to his country! We do not think the better of a system of iniquitous oppression because of the "simple faith" of its chief instrument. Rather do we think the worse of the "simple faith" which allows or compels those who hold it to maintain that system. There is a part of the *Truth about Russia* (Mr. Stead's *Truth*, of course) for which all lovers of liberty should be grateful to him. That is the part which has *not* received the approval of Madame de Novikoff (see p. 315). It contains some most valuable documents, written by the Chief Procurator of the Most Holy Synod, explaining the objection of an "Orthodox" Christian to the "Evangelical" and "Antinomian" doctrines of Lord Radstock and his followers. The tone of these documents bears a striking resemblance to the tone in which fierce Churchmen occasionally write in the *Church Times*. Fortunately for *us*, the *Church Times* may be read as a comic journal. Owing to the piety of the Tzar, M. Pobedonestzeff is able to get his sentiments about Dissenters put into practice, just as Laud did in the seventeenth century; and Russian "Orthodoxy" is incomparably a more debased form of religion than the Anglicanism of Laud.

Mr. Stead has an idea that religious liberty could be granted without political liberty being asked for. These pious Dissenters would, he thinks, make good subjects of the Tzar. King James I., by no means such a fool as he has been taken to be, knew better than that, when he said, "No bishop, no king." He saw that religious bodies, left free to organise themselves, would be certain to train their members in ideas of political liberty. The Puritans found something else in their Bibles than the doctrine of submission to the powers that be, which approves itself to the Tzar, and the doctrine of non-resistance, which Count Tolstoi preaches. As Mr. Morley has put it, they corrected the too passive teachings of the New Testament by a zealous study of the history of the most rebellious people that ever existed. They were ready even to appeal to the "argument of pike and gun." They had "the high praises of God in their mouth," but "a two-edged sword in their hand .... to bind their kings with chains and their nobles with fetters of iron." Mr. Stead is fond of referring to the Puritans; but he seems to have chosen the wrong parts of their work for admiration. It is not their Bibliolatry, it is not their attempt to enforce on all mankind, by an inquisitorial system, their own views of private morality, that earns for the English and Scotch Puritans the gratitude of all who believe in human progress; it is their development of free representative institutions in this country and in America which constitutes their claim to enduring honour.

Mr. Stead's curious inability to appreciate the more educative and progressive elements in the very Nonconformity he admires, and

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his infatuated belief in the virtues of autocracy, come out clearly in a passage in his *Truth about Russia* (pp. 389, 390):

"Political life in Russia, in our sense of the word, is practically extinct. The religious life of the country is much more important. For one who thinks about constitutions and autocracies, there are a score who ponder deeply the things belonging to the kingdom of Heaven. The genius of the nation has been forced into theological grooves, where, if allowed free scope to luxuriate, it would immensely facilitate the work of government by contributing to create those good citizens without which no State can be permanently strong or great."

"Good citizens!" one is inclined to exclaim; "they are not wanted in an autocracy. What is 'citizenship' in a country with no political life?" Does not Mr. Stead know that the securest foundation of an autocracy is a frivolous upper class and a besotted lower class? If men are allowed "free scope," not merely to ponder, but to discuss, "the things belonging to the kingdom of heaven," they will in course of time come to apply their ideas to the things belonging to the kingdom of earth also; and the free organisation of religious bodies will serve as a training for the organisation of political bodies as well. And where men are free to read the Bible, they will learn from Samuel and the Prophets certain wholesome lessons about the evils of autocracy.

It is said that after Culloden a ragged Highlander, one of the scattered fugitives of Prince Charles Edward's army, entered a cottage where a poor old woman was weaving cloth. In spite of her protests he seized enough to make a coat for himself. "Ye'll pay for 't," exclaimed the old woman. "When?" said the Highlander. "At the Day of Judgment." "That will be lang credit: she'll tak' a waistcoat too." Autocrats have generally been ready enough to acknowledge themselves responsible to God; but it has been the wisdom of all progressive peoples to refuse them this "lang credit," and to compel them to acknowledge, or at least to feel, a more speedy responsibility to their subjects.

Mr. Stead excuses the reactionary policy of the Tzar by the fact that his father's assassination called him to the throne. Assassination is a deplorable policy, though the assassination of tyrants has been allowed by casuists, both Catholic and Calvinist: assassination excites too much sympathy with its victims. But assassination is only the outcome of the autocratic system; it is the sole means provided by the Constitution for moving a vote of censure on the Government. In France despotism was at least "tempered by epigrams"; if there was no freedom of the press, there was at least a great deal of irregular licence of speech and writing. The stern repression of Russian discontent is the closing of a safety-valve, and explosions are the necessary consequence. Mr. Stead forgets, too,

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that Tzars before Alexander III. have been called to the throne, or have called themselves to the throne, by the help of assassination. They used to manage these things in the family.

Mr. Stead's sympathy with autocracy and misunderstanding of the value of parliamentary institutions is a curious phenomenon in one who has figured as a Radical and a Nonconformist. It is partly, as the writer in *Free Russia* suggests, a peculiarity of Mr. Stead's own temperament. "He seems to be one of those 'primitive' popular minds which cannot conceive of any form of government except a personal one, acting like a vicarious providence on earth." Partly also it is due to the influence of a certain amount of disappointment which is felt in many quarters, and which arises from the inevitable fact that representative institutions have not done all that was expected from them. During the long struggle in all the countries of Western Europe to get constitutional government, the attainment of this end served as a political ideal to those engaged in the arduous struggle. "Realised ideals" in all human affairs are necessarily, and, fortunately, somewhat disappointing: otherwise there would be no progress. But because "government by discussion" works not entirely well, and has not brought about the Millennium, it is very shallow wisdom to cry out for the flesh-pots of Egyptian bondage, and to praise or apologise for the government of the strong man, and it is sheer folly to write sentimental laudations of the respectable man who is not strong, but a mere tool in the hands of interested officials and ecclesiastical bigots. To reform the parliamentary machine and to make it do better work is the policy of the genuine reformer, and not in childish impatience to disparage the political institutions which have made civil and religious liberty possible to mankind. For an English citizen, Mr. Stead has strange notions of what constitutes the essence of our political institutions. We have seen that he compares the Tzar to the Prime Minister, and that he compares him to the House of Commons; he compares him also to "our Tzar—Public Opinion." He thinks of public opinion as something that is worked upon mainly by the enterprising editor, and he forgets that public opinion in free countries has its regular organs of expression, and is something more than the fitful waves of sentiment that possess excitable persons from time to time.

"The great machine of the State goes on automatically, the law courts meet and administer justice, the taxes are collected, the railway trains start, the tramcars run through the streets, and all the world and his wife get breakfast every morning—[Do they in England even, to say nothing of Russia?]—without much interference from Government, whether set in motion by Tzars or by public opinion."

In such a sentence is there not a strange oblivion of the difference between laws made and taxes imposed by an irresponsible despot and

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laws made and taxes imposed by representatives of the people elected for a limited time? Is the memory of Hampden forgotten by this worshipper of Cromwell and of inferior tyrants? And is this widely-circulated *Review* to preach a gospel of scepticism in the value of those principles of government which the English people have taught to the whole world?

Mr. Stead seems to wish to excuse the Tzar by pointing out that the political prisoners in Siberia are only 10 per cent. of the whole number of convicts. *In words* he says he does not excuse political imprisonment. But what, then, is the meaning of this minimising argument? The numbers have nothing to do with the justice or injustice of the policy. They probably depend mostly on the skill or want of skill of the spies employed by Mr. Stead's truth-loving and pious Emperor. Again, Mr. Stead asks us to excuse the filth of Russian prisons, because of the filth of London slums—another of his extraordinary parallels. The Russian Government has made its prisons; the London slums are not made or managed by the Government, but are due to the want of Government action.

These may serve as sufficient specimens of the manner in which Mr. Stead discharges his editorial functions of guiding the judgment of his readers. It may be hoped that the average reader will thank Mr. Stead for the facts he supplies, which contradict the impression he evidently wishes to convey. English opinion about Russian affairs is not a matter of indifference. Nationalities struggling for freedom have before now been encouraged by English sympathy; and sympathy is a valuable factor in saving those engaged in a struggle from the hopelessness which leads to desperate and futile measures. Revolution in Russia is as inevitable as it was in France in the eighteenth century. Even Mr. Stead sees that the Russian Land is preparing disaster for the throne he professes to serve. Whether that revolution takes a smooth course or outdoes all the horrors of any revolution the world has hitherto seen, will depend in no small degree on the attitude of the other civilised nations of the world. And the countrymen of Milton and of Sydney will surely not be found on the side of the tyrant, however their professed spiritual guides may endeavour to lead them astray.

DAVID G. RITCHIE.

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# THE WEST INDIES AS A WINTER RESORT.

THE object of this paper is not merely to draw the attention of that annually increasing section of the British public which finds flight from the rigour and uncertainty of our island winter a desideratum or a necessity, to the West Indies as a happy hunting ground for rest and recreation, but to stir up the West Indians themselves to a sense of the advantages which must accrue to them if they make their islands what they certainly are not now—ready for the reception of visitors.

Already the commercial awakening of the West Indies from a torpor of many years is forcing itself upon the notice of the world, but to every patriotic Englishman it must seem a thousand pities that West Indians, happy in the possession of so many natural advantages of climate, of beautiful scenery, and of all the inducements which can tempt well-to-do people to exchange fog, frost, and bitter winds for gladness and sunshine, should not make some efforts to divert at least a portion of the stream of English gold which annually flows into the pockets of French and Italian hotel keepers into their own.

The chief reason for the utter neglect of the West Indies as a winter health and pleasure resort is a striking example of the old adage, "give a dog a bad name and hang him." In the average British mind, nay, in the minds of many well-informed and much travelled people, Yellow Jack and the West Indies are as inseparably connected as Newcastle and coals, or Devonshire and cream. Unmindful of the changes wrought in sanitary science and in the habits of the people during long years, the unknowing Englishman repeats as a parrot cry what has long ceased to have any element of truth in it, and in the absence of contradictory proof believes it, with the result that the man who announces his intention of wintering in the West Indies in preference to patronising the overcrowded, cockneyfied resorts of the Mediterranean, is at once put down as an imbecile who is wilfully about to tempt Providence. The same critics would never dream of warning their colonial or foreign friends against going to England for fear of contracting consumption, yet the ravages of consumption in England are a hundred-fold

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greater than the ravages of yellow fever in the West Indies. It is very true that the West Indian islands, or to be correct, certain portions of them, are periodically subject to epidemics; but does our own dear native land enjoy a complete immunity from those scourges? Will not any doctor tell us that in some part or other of Great Britain there is always an epidemic raging, be it influenza, or measles, or small-pox, or what not?

Moreover the same rule holds good with yellow fever as with our national scourge, consumption. A good deal depends upon ourselves. Just as a large proportion of the consumption cases in Britain are the results of carelessness, or folly, or foolhardiness, so are many of the victims of West Indian fevers answerable to themselves for the calamity which has overtaken them. If men overexert themselves in the burning heat of the West Indian sun, if they drink heavily, if they expose themselves to night draughts and night dews, they pay the inevitable penalty of their folly or their carelessness. In the old days when yellow fever carried off our sailors and soldiers like flies, the causes were always patent—either criminal folly on the part of the men themselves, or criminal neglect on the part of the authorities in locating garrisons and ships in notoriously pestilential situations. Nowadays, thanks to the onward march of common sense and humanity, the West Indies compare favourably with any other station in the world from a sanitary point of view.

Americans are not usually regarded as fools, and Americans have discovered that the West Indies are to be preferred as a winter health resort even to their own southern California and Florida. During the last two winters New York doctors have been sending their patients in crowds to "the islands," the reports of the health seekers have tempted the pleasure seekers, with the result that during the past winter of 1890–91, Kingston, Jamaica, Bridgetown, Barbados, and Port of Spain, Trinidad, not to speak of the Northern or Leeward Islands, have been taxed to their utmost to provide the necessary accommodation.

But we, whose ancestors spent blood and treasure in untold quantities to capture, recapture, and keep these glorious islands, avoid them as the plague spots of the world! Now when one draws attention to a serious, nay it may be termed a vital matter, like the existence of a winter resort where the weak may recover strength and the wearied may find rest, in candour all drawbacks should be enumerated, and to a winter residence in the West Indies there are *at present* drawbacks, although none of them are of a deterrently serious character.

The origin of every one of these drawbacks may be found in one cause—the absolute indifference to and ignorance of the West Indies on the part of us, their owners. When the West Indies

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were a fortune-making manufactory, Englishmen knew more about them than about any other of our colonial possessions; they were jealously guarded and liberally treated, and, very properly, were esteemed as amongst the brightest gems in the Imperial diadem. But after the great crash which followed the abolition of slavery, when the West Indies got to be regarded as a sort of maelstrom which swallowed up any amount of good money thrown after bad, their very existence became almost forgotten by the majority of Englishmen, until at the present day the ignorance of even well educated people concerning them is absolutely crass and ridiculous. Consequently, from a visitor's point of view, the West Indies are half a century at least behind the times, or, to be just in our estimate, were so until within the past decade. Neglect on the part of the home authorities, and indifference on the part of home people, have brought about an inert, sluggish, slovenly condition of life, which is too apparent from end to end of the islands to the eyes of the stranger fresh from the vigour and feverish activity of home life.

The chief drawbacks in the way of making the West Indies a popular winter resort are these:

Firstly, the long voyage. Secondly, the poor accommodation at present available for visitors. Thirdly, the imperfect means of communication between island and island.

Against these drawbacks may be enumerated the following attractions:

Firstly, an incomparable winter climate subject to none of those variations and violent eccentricities which mark the climates of the Mediterranean, or at any rate the Riviera resorts. Secondly, a boundless choice of the most beautiful scenery. Thirdly, an almost entire absence of dangerous reptiles and noxious insects. Fourthly, absolutely new, and therefore intensely interesting, surroundings and conditions of life. Fifthly, the rest and quiet which are only to be enjoyed in tropical lands. Sixthly, abundance and, on the whole, excellence of food. Seventhly, cheapness of living. Eighthly, the hospitality and geniality of local society. Ninthly, cool nights and mornings. Tenthly, the privilege of being under the Union Jack.

Let us deal briefly with the drawbacks.

At present the Royal Mail boats occupy twelve days in performing a voyage only six hundred miles longer than that which the Atlantic liners perform in seven. This is no doubt because the amount of the passenger traffic does not make it worth the company's while to make the run at high pressure speed. A fortnightly service is found ample to meet all passenger requirements, and even during the busy months of the year the boats are never inconveniently crowded, so that it may reasonably be expected that such an

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impetus as would be given to the passenger traffic by the winter exodus from England of many who have hitherto hibernated nearer home would be met by action for more rapid transit on the part of the Royal Mail Company.

But to those who love yachting we can conceive nothing more delightful than the Leeward Island trip from Barbados to St. Thomas and back, whether made in one's own craft, or in the admirably appointed, smart, clean, well found Royal Mail boats. At no time is one out of sight of one island or another; the sea is rarely churned into roughness, the heat of the sun is tempered by a delicious breeze, the sky above is of unsullied blue, and the islands themselves are well worthy of all the eulogia poured upon them by the pens of travellers such as Kingsley, Trollope, and Froude.

Even the initiatory voyage from Southampton to Barbados is a pleasant experience, for what bad weather there is must be expected about the Azores, and after the Azores warmth and brightness and lightness become at once appreciable. At the same time, a large proportion of those who fly from the rigours of English winter are compelled to do so by physical weakness, and to such the most delightful of sea voyages is an ordeal; in addition to these there are many to whom the overturning of all established rules of comfortable life which is implied by a sea voyage is distasteful. So, if the West Indies are to become a health and holiday resort, the voyage thereto must be shortened.

Much more serious is the second drawback: the lack of accommodation for visitors. The cause of this deficiency is obvious—the simple fact that there has never been any supply of visitors to create a demand for accommodation; and so, when the exceptionally severe winter of 1890–1 drove the Americans in crowds to the West Indies, the solitary hotel, worthy of the name, at Bridgetown, Barbados, bore the full force of the stream, and the management, unaccustomed to such pressure, collapsed.

West Indians themselves make no use of hotels, for an introduction into one private house opens the doors of all the others in the island; and the planter of to-day, although in many respects he no more resembles the traditional planter of Tom Cringle's time than the stage sailor or the stage rustic resemble the real articles, is never so happy as when dispensing hospitality in the traditional West Indian style. But it is not every one who can command the open-sesame key; and the few visitors who came out from England to the Jamaica Exhibition had no small difficulty in getting accommodated, even at Kingston.

This serious drawback, however, is, we are assured, about to be remedied. A syndicate has been formed for the purpose of building hotels on the American principle, to be managed in the American style, in all the principal islands—that is to say, in Trinidad,

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Grenada, St. Vincent, Dominica, and St. Kitts, Barbados and Jamaica being deemed sufficiently well provided, and, if the scheme be carried out as well as it has been planned, a very long stride will have been made towards the popularising of the West Indies.

At present the accommodation is of the most primitive description, and, except in Barbados and Jamaica, in each of which islands there are fine hotels, only wanting to be well managed, does not rise above the third-class boarding-house. Even in Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, the visitors who were most comfortable, and who had the least reason to grumble, were those who were lucky enough to be accommodated at Park Lodge, better known as "Miss Burton's," where a liberal and excellent table, and the most unwearying kindness and attention on the parts of the proprietress and servants, more than atoned for a certain crudity of domestic arrangements, and an at first somewhat depressing shabbiness of externals. When, however, the owners of the Myrtle Bank and Constant Spring Hotels shall have grappled with the science of management, when the hotel at beautiful Moneague shall be completed, Jamaica will be a long way ahead of the other islands, although those who explore the innumerable beauties of the country will probably have to put up with the poor lodging and extortionate charges of the so-called "boarding-houses" of remote districts for some time to come.

Trinidad, the Earthly Paradise of Kingsley, the radiant Queen of the West Indies, is by no means seductive in the eyes of the comfort-seeking visitor. The Family Hotel, better known as the Ice House, is worthy of no warmer eulogy than "decent," for its sanitary arrangements are very imperfect, and, being the recognised house of call for commercial travellers, it is noisy. Wippenbeck's, in a back street, is the only other place to which an Englishman or woman, with normally sensitive cuticle and nose, could go, although there are grandly named institutions, patronised by Venezuelans and coloured creoles.

In the smaller islands refuge must be taken in small boarding-houses, varying much in estimable qualities, but agreeing in placing a very good price upon benefits conferred. In these the sanitary arrangements are simple almost to crudity, and the table, although abundantly, is peculiarly supplied. For unexacting travellers who hail originality and a certain archaic simplicity with delight, who come to revel amidst the beauties of untamed tropical nature and the novelty of warmth and brightness in midwinter, this sort of accommodation may do very well, and personally we should by no means hail as an unmixed blessing the institution of the huge American hotel at one or two delicious West Indian islands, where we have wiled away so many happy hours during the past winter in complete freedom from the trammel of etiquette and far beyond the ken of



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Mrs. Grundy; but if the West Indies are to become a winter resort, suitable accommodation must be provided for the class of people who are likely to go there, and that is the class accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of the Los Angeles, St. Augustine, Cannes, and Monte Carlo hotels.

Thirdly, I come to the drawback of imperfect communication between island and island. As an instance of this I may quote our own case during the last winter. We arrived at Dominica, from St. Kitts, on our southward progress, with the intention of stopping there for a day or two, or for a week at the most, and then going on to Martinique, as we were particularly anxious to see a French West India island. This we did in the full assurance from more than one fellow passenger that we should find "any amount of outside steamers or sloops" to take us on, as the Royal Mail steamers only call once a fortnight. As it turned out, we had to remain at Dominica during the entire fortnight which elapsed between the departure of the Royal Mail steamer which had brought us and the arrival of the next, for not a single craft of any kind left Roseau harbour for Martinique during that time. Happily, we fell in love with the beautiful island, and were actually loth to leave it, or our position would have been unenviable; happily, too, that we had not been talked into landing at St. Kitts or Antigua, both ugly islands, on the chance of "any amount of outside steamers or sloops."

Especially aggravating is this imperfect system of inter-island communication, when we remember that each island can clearly see its neighbour, and that at one point St. Kitts, Montserrat, Nevis, Guadeloupe, and Antigua are visible at once. So in the absence of steam communication, men whose time is valuable, like commercial travellers, are obliged to take the native sloop. He who has once made a trip in a West Indian sloop is rarely consumed with an ardent longing to make another, and if all the stories told about them are true, the alternative of a fortnight's stay on even an unlovely island is to be preferred.

But even this drawback is in process of being minimised, for in January of 1891 a steamer had arrived out from England for the inter-island service solely, and, upon the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, the islanders are effusively grateful for the concession, and hope now to learn what they have had no opportunity of learning before—something more about their neighbours, who have been hitherto so near and yet so far. Perhaps when it becomes known amongst the many who are continually hankering after fresh woods and pastures new, that the West India islands are famous for something more than yellow jack and sugar, the Royal Mail Company may be induced to start a weekly service up and down the islands, and thus utilise steamers which are actually lying at moorings doing nothing for a week out of every trip.

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Mr. Froude's much abused *English in the West Indies*, if it has wrought no other benefit, at any rate has not only been instrumental in attracting attention to the West Indies which would otherwise never have been bestowed, but has sent people out there who otherwise would never have gone. Still, so little is really known about the West Indies apart from their connection with Mincing Lane produce, that I may be excused for briefly discussing their claims to be "personally inspected" by English travellers.

By way of preface, and in order to disarm innuendo, I may say that my sole interest in the West Indies arises from what I consider to be the natural feelings of an Englishman upon beholding so fair and so dearly bought an inheritance pushed aside as unworthy of attention by crowds of travellers to whom neither time nor distance is an object, as well as by many who are continually lamenting the difficulty of getting off the beaten tracks of tourist progress. Often and often, as I strolled or rode amidst the most exquisite scenery, in the purest and brightest of atmospheres, alone with Nature which had never known the deforming influences of men's hands, I thought of the trouble and expense to which I had put myself in years gone by in order to visit countries, not only less interesting and less beautiful in themselves, but unlinked with any of those glorious memories of old days such as crowd round each one of the West India Islands, and waxed almost angry to think that I had been so deluded.

The winter climate of the West Indies is remarkable for its equability. The sun of course is hot, and when its rays strike obliquely, that is to say about 9 A.M. and about 3 P.M., is dangerous. Yet I have played cricket at midday in Jamaica, and have walked and ridden in the other islands at all hours, of course taking necessary precautions in the shape of a broad-brimmed hat, and of not choosing the sunny track when shade was available. Some of the low-lying West Indian towns are undoubtedly unhealthy, Kingston in Jamaica, Port of Spain in Trinidad, and Castries in St. Lucia, notably; but this is rather owing to the absolute want of sanitary arrangements than to any fault of the climate. So long as cesspools exist, and the public scavengering is left to the John Crows and the Corbeaux, so long will these towns remain unhealthy.

Happily nobody lives in these towns who can possibly live out of them. Outside Kingston, round the Savannah at Port of Spain, on the Morne at St. Lucia, and above the sea level in the other islands, health may be enjoyed quite as good as at Cannes or Monte Carlo with all their recently overhauled drainage systems.

But—and the saving clause is an important one—the visitor must back the climate up by taking care of himself or herself. Some of the finest specimens of Anglo-Saxon manhood are to be found amongst West Indian families or long residents; and the ever striking

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fact that all children look colourless and washed out is no proof that they are unhealthy. Above all things, drink and the dews of night should be avoided. The cocktail is *not* a necessary of life, although, judiciously taken, it is undoubtedly a pleasant adjunct to it, and the writer, not even an abstainer at home, suffered no inconvenience from drinking little else during a stay of nearly five months in the West Indies but water with lime-juice squeezed therein.

One great advantage of the West Indian climate in winter is the invariable coolness of the early morning and the latter part of the day and the night, and any one who has lived on the South American coast or in Hongkong or Shanghai will appreciate this benefit. Barbados is undoubtedly the healthiest of the islands, so pre-eminently that it is considered one of the sanatoria of the West; but little Dominica cannot be far behind it, and no single island can be described as even unwholesome, much less unhealthy.

Upon the charms of West Indian scenery I need not dilate; for it would be but an endeavour to copy with unskilled and unpractised brush pictures by such master-hands as Kingsley and Froude. Barbados is an ugly island, save in a few districts; so is Antigua; whilst the central mass of Mount Misery alone redeems St. Kitts. All three of these are essentially sugar islands, and so, as the cultivation of cane pieces demands the clearing of timber, the face of the country is robbed of its most characteristic charm. Trinidad and Dominica are generally agreed to be the loveliest of the islands; but the interior and the north side of Jamaica present such boundless tracts of enchanting mountain scenery, that the visitor whose first impressions are received in Jamaica may be excused for doubting if any country in the world can be more lovely. Very charming, too, are St. Vincent, Grenada, Tobago, St. Lucia, and Martinique, their particular features being the masses of mountain, clothed to the very summits with virgin forest, divided by valleys, or rather ravines, the banks of which are masses of giant trees, flowers of all hues, ferns, and delicate shrubberies of bamboo, tree-ferns and hybiscus, at the bottom of which rush turbulent streams of the clearest, coldest water over jumbled and tumbled masses of picturesque rocks. Where the mountains stop begin the expanses of golden sugar cane, and the plantations of cocoa and limes and oranges, above all of which tower groves of cocoa-nut palms, or the stately, graceful pillars of the cabbage-palm, so that from the sky-line to the glimmering sand on the water's edge there is nothing but luxuriant, gorgeously tinted vegetation, into the impenetrable masses of which man seems to have made apparently no inroads.

Endless excursions can be made into the depths of these solitudes. Here it may be to view the vast mouth of some extinct volcanic crater; here to view lake, or waterfall, or sulphur spring, or wide-spread panorama, or the giant remains of forest primeval, or simply

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for the pleasure of passing through a never-ending, ever-varying world of luxuriant foliage and vegetation, such as only flourishes in this gentle clime.

The only reptile to be feared in the West Indies is the *fer de lance* snake, and he considerately confines himself to Martinique and St. Lucia. He is indeed an ugly customer, but, like most of his breed, is only defensively ugly, and the terrified imagination of man is responsible for the terrible deeds placed to his account. Scorpions and centipedes abound, but are not obtrusive. Mosquitoes are to be found in all the islands, and are particularly hungry and demonstrative at St. Kitts, but they are no worse than their brethren on the shores of the Mediterranean.

But Jamaica possesses a veritable pest in the tick, a tiny, ant-like creature, which swarms upon every blade of grass in the low-lying lands, and which, when once it obtains a footing on the human body, leaves traces behind it in the shape of ulcerous sores which last for years. This plague makes wandering off beaten tracks impossible; so that he who would collect ferns, or orchids, or capture butterflies, except in the mountain regions, pays very dearly for his pastime. When snakes abounded in Jamaica the mongoose was imported to destroy them. He performed his task thoroughly, but when snakes were no more he betook himself to poultry-yards, and people began to doubt the wisdom of calling in so powerful an ally. The ticks are now said to be extirpating the mongoose, so that the problem now exercising the minds of Jamaicans is—what is to get rid of the tick after he has performed his office on the mongoose?

Change of scene, say the doctors, is as necessary for the complete restoration of the jaded frame or the over-worked brain as change of air, and, as change of scene generally implies change in the surroundings of life, it may be said that the West Indies possess this healing qualification to an unlimited extent.

Directly one lands at Barbados, one is confronted with the fact that everything around is different from what has been seen elsewhere. Barbados is the oldest West Indian colony, and has never been in other than British hands. If therefore this change of surroundings is so remarkable in an island which has been impregnated with unadulterated British influences during so long a period, how much more striking is it in the other islands which have passed through greater vicissitudes? The visitor may have travelled far and wide, and have studied life in the highways and byways of Japan, or amongst the teeming cities of China, or in the bazaars of India, or under the arcades of South American towns, but he will have seen nothing resembling the West Indian Black life. Sambo is a continual study, and so prominent and ever-present a feature of West Indian life is Sambo, that we may well be thankful that he neither knows his power, nor has the ambition to test it if he knew

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it. Side by side with Sambo are the coloured people, as distinct and different from him as is black from white, and the co-existence of these different elements in one small sphere produces a condition of life which is unique, and because unique, intensely interesting. Those who fly to the Riviera in search of rest and quiet, and find them not, those who go further afield to Tunis and Algiers and Cairo, and who discover that Tunis and Algiers and Cairo are rapidly becoming African reproductions of London and Paris, might with advantage turn their steps Westward Ho! and try the islands which fringe the Caribbean Sea.

I know of no land, save perhaps in the country districts of Japan, where complete rest—not to be confounded with utter dulness—is so easily obtainable as in the West India islands in general, and the smaller of them in particular. There is no necessity for pilgrims along the road of life to move beyond a gentle saunter in a country where Nature does so much to help them on their way. For long hours of every day the world goes to sleep, and during the other hours it never frets itself with jostling and scrimmaging. Every morning the sun shines forth from the same unbroken blue sky, and the breeze wafts sweet scents from tree and shrub and flower, and rustles the great palm leaves, and sends the little waves dancing on to the beach; for the winter months are not the season of rain and hurricane, and the visitor need never fear to see the frowning side of Nature's face. There is plenty of work being done in the quaint market-places, within the darkness of the arcaded stores, out amongst the glowing cane-pieces, or under the shade of cocoa and lime, in the sugar *usines* and high up on the mountain sides. But it does not obtrude itself; not even by the sound of footsteps, or the clatter of wheels, for the toilers wear no boots in these climes, and the hard, woolly head carries far more merchandise than the cart.

Very little suffices to create excitement in the smaller islands. The arrival of a mail steamer brings the entire population, white, coloured and black, down to the water-side. The entire police force dons uniform and embarks—nominally to keep peace amongst the clamouring boatmen, in reality as a sort of field day. The "buckra folk," many of whom have ridden in long miles from their estates, put off to the steamer, not necessarily because they know somebody on board, but to bask for a short hour in such reflection of the light of the great outer world as shines on the deck of a Royal Mail boat, and to take the orthodox cocktail at the steamer bar.

The arrival of a stranger is an event, and he must not be indignant if he finds himself catechised on all sides, nor surprised to hear in a day or two how much more is known about him and his affairs in the little town than he knows himself. Even for the sensation of being some one for a short time, and to feel that one is to a degree a sort of prominent public character, it is almost worth the

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while of the man who has never been accustomed to be regarded but as one of the undistinguished, undistinguishable atoms which make up society, to land at one of these little West Indian isles.

West Indian hospitality is no shadow of an unsubstantial thing as are so many of the traditional West Indian institutions and characteristics. Nowhere else in the world is the stranger so soon made to feel that he is welcome; nowhere else is hospitality thrust upon him more delicately and less ostentatiously. Ten minutes' conversation on the deck of a steamer is sufficient to procure for him an invitation of unspecified duration to an estate. The answer to the most trivial of street questions—for a cigar light, for information as to the road—is as often as not an invitation to come in and have a talk, which means liberal entertainment, and probably the extortion of a promise to come to dinner at the end of it. No trouble is too great, no time is too precious, in the estimation of the West Indian gentleman, if the convenience or accommodation of a stranger is to be considered. The ostentatious magnificence of old days has passed away for ever from the West Indies, simply because the magnificence of old profits has long since disappeared; but the old chords of welcome are as ready as ever to be touched, and when touched, ring forth as cheery a response.

Letters of introduction are good enough things in their way, but so far as the West Indies are concerned, they may be put away with the superfluous luggage.

Finally, the intense human interest of the West Indies must appeal strongly to every Englishman's feelings. Whether as lovers of romance, or for what, with the gloss of long years cast over it, passes for romance, we think of the old explorers and adventurers, the conquistadores, the buccaneers, and the filibusters who ranged these waters, and made these islands their prey, or their homes, or their havens of refuge; or whether, as Englishmen, we examine the traces of the tremendous struggles our ancestors engaged in to retain this peerless zone of jewels in the national diadem, the interest is never ending.

Very sluggishly must beat the heart of the man who can look at that lump of sea-girt granite off the coast of Martinique which is still fondly called "His Majesty's Ship Diamond Rock," without a thrill of elation; or who can saunter up the steep Morne Fortunée at St. Lucia without occasionally halting, partially to take breath, more particularly to think how those Englishmen of Moore and Abercrombie must have toiled and fought to win it on that May morning, anno 1796; or who can view the mouldering fortifications of Grenada, or wander in the garden of the old fort of Roseau in Dominica, or explore the solitudes of the Gibraltar at Brimstone Hill, St. Kitts; or pace the sun-baked streets of Port Royal, Jamaica, without a thought of the glorious days of old.

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How full of old memories and old shadows are the silent, ruin-encumbered back streets of Kingston, and what glances into the prosperous past we get as we wander about the old Jamaica churches, such as those of Kingston, of Port Royal, and of Spanish Town. The grass grows in the streets of Basseterre, St. Kitts, and of Roseau, Dominica; but there are stately wrecks of houses still to be seen, and we have only to turn back to the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* of say a hundred and fifty years ago to learn what stirring little worlds these now quiet islands have been.

There is a good time coming. Trade is reviving all through the islands. Barbados is winning fame as a sanatorium. St. Lucia is being quietly but expeditiously made the West Indian Gibraltar. Energetic governors, backed up by local pluck and enterprise, are unmasking the too long hidden and neglected resources and capabilities of the smaller islands. But the prosperity of countries may be increased by other means than trade. Let it be recognised at home that our magnificent West India islands are something more than mere ministers to the comforts of our breakfast-tables; let the West Indians on their part leave no stone unturned to force the claims of their islands upon the attention of a large and wealthy section of the home public which knows more about the wilds of Africa and the half-explored regions of Western North America than about some of its oldest and most dearly won possessions, and reciprocity of benefits will result which will be the more remarkable because its bringing about has been so long delayed.

H. F. Abell.

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# "THE PLATFORM."

A PERSIAN monarch is said to have offered a reward to any person who could invent a new pleasure. In an age when the literary productions which annually issue from the press of England and America may be counted by thousands, some similar recognition is surely due to an author who has been ingenious enough to discover a new subject. Yet this is what Mr Henry Jephson, in the introduction to his interesting work, "The Platform, its Rise and Progress," [1] professes to have done. The claim, it is true, can only be admitted with certain qualifications. Every English historian of the present century, every biographer of a British statesman of the present reign, has had something to say of an institution which has done so much to arouse, to form, and to interpret the public opinion of the country. But to Mr. Jephson undoubtedly belongs the merit of having been the first to collect and combine materials scattered over unpublished manuscripts and forgotten newspaper records into a systematic treatise on the subject. The result is a perfect mine of patient and laborious research, and a most valuable addition to the treasure house of our political knowledge.

We are so accustomed on taking up our morning paper to find the various topics of the day ventilated and expounded by politicians of every rank and every shade of opinion, before audiences composed of all sorts and conditions of men, that it is somewhat startling to be told that little more than a century ago "the Platform"—or "the hustings" as it was once called—was an unknown force in England. Indeed, there still survives a school of political thinkers, happily declining in numbers and influence, to whom a mass meeting is a stumbling-block and rock of offence, and who see in it the dreaded spectre of "government by impulse." Nor have the terms "platform agitation," "stump orator," and "stumping the country" quite lost the flavour of opprobrium which they once suggested. No doubt the *ad captandum* style of rhetoric which the greatest statesman is forced to adopt when haranguing a mixed multitude, more eager to be excited and amused than to be convinced, differs materially from that which the same man would employ when addressing a deliberative assembly. So distinct are the

[1] *The Platform: its Rise and Progress.* By Henry Jephson. Two Volumes. Macmillan & Co. 1892.

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two methods of persuasion that many men of weight and eminence in the political world have failed to master either the one or the other. Lord Salisbury, for instance, is, with one or possibly two exceptions, the first debater in the House of Lords—an assembly justly famed for the cultivation of that branch of parliamentary eloquence; but those who only know the Prime Minister from having heard him address a large public meeting will have formed a very inadequate idea of his oratorical powers. On the other hand, there are many members of the House of Commons whose influence in the country, and especially at election times, is quite out of proportion to their parliamentary reputation. Mr. Gladstone is perhaps one of the few living statesmen who is equally effective as a House of Commons debater and a platform orator.

But to return to Mr. Jephson. According to him the existence of the "Platform," using that word to include almost every kind of public meeting, as a political instrument, dates from the first years of George the Third's reign. Of course, the existence of a popular assembly of some sort has always been one of the characteristic features of a democracy, and the business of convincing or influencing such an assembly one of the most cultivated of popular arts. The βῆμα and the rostra were the "Platforms" of classical times. The Philippics of Demosthenes were essentially platform speeches, and the Roman orators, though they addressed a more select body, kept their eye on the outside public, and not unfrequently "played to the gallery." But in this country it is probable that before the latter half of the eighteenth century no English statesman of mark had ever addressed an audience outside the walls of Parliament. The occasion which led to the abandonment of the rule was a singular one, and throws an interesting light upon the subsequent history of the Platform. John Wilkes had been several times elected by overwhelming majorities Member for Middlesex, one of the few English constituencies which then aspired to a show of freedom. On each occasion the House of Commons, by equally overwhelming majorities, had declared his election null and void. The question, therefore, presented to the nation, round which public controversy raged with more or less fury for several years, and which we have seen resuscitated in our own day by the Bradlaugh incident, was simply this: Is the House of Commons entitled by a resolution of its own to stifle the voice of the electorate to which, in theory at least, it owes its existence as a representative body? A topic more calculated to arouse public interest in the country, or to form an attractive subject for out-of-door discussion, can hardly be conceived.

It is necessary to bear in mind that at the time of the Wilkes agitation the House of Commons had sunk to the lowest level ever reached by a so-called representative assembly. More than half a century before, Locke, in his *Essay on Civil Government*, had ex-

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claimed: "To what gross absurdities the following of custom, when reason has left it, may lead, we may be satisfied when we see the bare name of a town of which there remains not so much as the ruins, where scarce so much housing as a sheep-cot, or more inheritance than a shepherd is to be found, sends as many representatives to the grand assembly of law-makers as a whole county numerous in people and powerful in riches." In 1792 seventy members were returned by thirty-five places in which there were practically no voters at all; ninety by forty-six places where the electors did not exceed fifty; thirty-seven by nineteen constituencies containing less than one hundred; and fifty-two by twenty-six containing less than two hundred nominal electors.

In Scotland things were even worse. Edinburgh and Glasgow contained each thirty-three voters. In the county of Bute, "when the day of election came, only one person qualified to vote attended. He took the chair; he constituted the meeting; he called over the roll of freeholders; then he answered his own name; then he took the vote for a *præses*, and elected himself; then, last of all, he moved and seconded his own nomination; he put the representation to the vote, and was unanimously returned." It is not surprising that under such circumstances each vote had acquired a distinct market value. In 1768 the mayor and corporation of Oxford, in the most businesslike way, wrote a letter under their common seal to their two sitting members, stating that they would only re-elect them upon payment down of £7500; and we know from Lord Rosebery's *Life of Pitt* that a considerable part of the moneys granted by Parliament to George III. to maintain the dignity of the Crown was expended by that highly conscientious monarch in the systematic corruption of his subjects. That a Parliament so constituted should pay the slightest deference to the wishes of the nation, however loudly and distinctly expressed, was well nigh impossible. The relation of the masses to the Legislature might be summed up in the saying attributed by Mr. Goldwin Smith to Bishop Horsley: "The people have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them."

But, as Mr. Jephson has pointed out with much force, the whole theory of parliamentary representation has of late years undergone a marked change. It was the boast of the statesmen of the reign of George III. that they went into the House of Commons "free and unshackled"—in other words, that they were not called upon to give pledges to their constituents, or that, having given such pledges, they were at liberty, if they thought fit, to break them. Never perhaps was this doctrine presented with more force than by Burke in his famous Bristol election speech. "Your representative," he said, "owes you not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinions." But the same view was held by politicians of a very different stamp. As late

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as 1818 Joseph Hume impressed upon his constituents that "he should in no instance consider himself bound to vote as they wished, unless his own convictions went with them." And Lord Brougham, one of the most uncompromising champions of popular rights that this country has produced, in his work on "The British Constitution" laid it down that "the people's power, being transferred to the representative body for a limited time, the people are bound not to exercise their influence so as to control the conduct of their representatives as a body on the several measures that come before them." That men of the type of Liverpool and Castlereagh should hold still stronger views on the subject was a matter of course. It seems never to have occurred to these advocates of "parliamentary independence" that a third alternative was open to them—the alternative actually adopted by Sir R. Peel in 1829, after his change of front on the Catholic Emancipation question—that of retiring from a position in which the choice lay between a man's duty to his constituents and his duty to his conscience. Indeed, the action of Peel on that occasion was vehemently condemned by the most eminent of his colleagues and by nearly the whole of his followers. At the present day such a course would probably be regarded by most right-minded men as the only one which a man of honour could pursue. The opposite contention, that a member elected for seven years is for the whole or part of that time at liberty deliberately to ignore both his own pledges and the openly-expressed wishes of his constituents, is one which goes far to render Parliamentary representation a nullity.

But a Parliament in which half the members represented nobody but themselves or their patrons, and the other half held themselves under no obligation to consult the wishes or obey the mandates of those whom they were supposed to represent, was becoming more and more of an anachronism, and as the wealth and intelligence of the country increased, the cry for parliamentary reform became more and more pronounced. The people, ground down by taxes, about which they were never consulted, and committed to wars about which they cared little or nothing, took the matter into their own hands, and insisted upon being admitted to a share in the government of the country. The abortive attempts of Pitt to induce a Parliament of boroughmongers and placemen to reform itself, his subsequent apostacy, and the shelving of the question for a whole generation, are familiar to every student of English history. But Mr. Jephson has brought out at great length and with rare industry the part which the Platform played in this great constitutional movement. At first the agitation took the form of meetings convened to procure the signatures of petitions addressed to the King for the dissolution of Parliament and the dismissal of his Ministers. The open-air preaching of Wesley and Whitefield had

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taught men the art of moving large masses by means of out-door meetings, and the extraordinary growth and success of the associations which they founded had proclaimed both the feasibility and the value of popular organisation. At first the movement was regarded with suspicion by the upper and middle classes, and with undisguised contempt by the Government and its supporters; indeed its legality was more than once denied or questioned. We learn that in Westminster "two men only in the rank of gentlemen" were found to countenance the petition; that "it was signed by the scum of the earth, the refuse of the people, unworthy to enter the gates of his Majesty's palace;" that in Surrey "not a tenth part of those who were called gentlemen put their names to the petition." But a great change was at hand. The first eminent public man who made use of the Platform was Edmund Burke. Besides his speech at Bristol, he addressed several public meetings throughout the country during the American war and before the downfall of the Coalition Ministry, and Mr. Jephson has unearthed from the *Morning Chronicle* the summary of a speech which the great statesman made at Aylesbury on the 20th of March, 1784, not included in any published edition of his works. Lord Shelburne and other ex-Ministers followed suit. But the "first English statesman of ministerial rank who appreciated the power of the Platform and systematically used it" was Fox. He habitually described "public harangues to the people as the most agreeable and most useful duty which representatives in Parliament could discharge to their constituents." And it is a noteworthy fact, that the offence which led to the King's erasing with his own hands the name of his former Minister from the list of Privy Councillors was a speech delivered by Fox to the Whig Club on the conduct of the national defences. Pitt, on the contrary, never addressed a public meeting in his life. Indeed, as far as can be now ascertained, he only twice condescended to make a speech outside the walls of Parliament, on both occasions at a banquet in the City of London. The first of these speeches occupies six lines, the second five, of Mr. Jephson's book.

But an event was at hand which, besides its other momentous consequences, was destined to have an important bearing on the fortunes of the Platform. Even at this distance of time it is not difficult to picture the revulsion of feeling produced among Englishmen of nearly all shades of opinion by the September massacres, by the *noyades*, and by the execution of the King and Queen of France. The publication of Lord Rosebery's fascinating work has revived an interest in the question whether the whole aspect of European politics might not have been permanently changed, if Pitt, instead of going to war with France, had allowed the revolutionary fever to burn itself out. Speculations of this kind are not, as a rule, very profitable, It is always possible to argue that something

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would have happened if something else had not been done. Such excursions into the regions of guesswork afford as much play to the imagination as attempts to forecast the course which European history might have taken if Napoleon Bonaparte's father had not happened to fall in love with Napoleon Bonaparte's mother. The point of interest to us is that Pitt, alarmed by the spread of Jacobinism and supported by an enormous majority in Parliament, resolved upon the suppression of public meetings. Under ordinary circumstances such an attempt would probably have failed, as similar stretches of arbitrary power in this country have failed before now. But this time the nation as well as the King were on the side of the Minister.[1] The more respectable citizens kept aloof from popular gatherings. The place of Burke and Fox was taken by Citizen Binns and Citizen Gale Jones, and the cause of free speech probably suffered more from the defection of its more timid or moderate advocates than it did from the "Two Acts," from the conviction of Frost and Muir, or the prosecution of Hardy and Horne Tooke. Certain it is that, save for a few fitful ebullitions, we hear comparatively little of the "London Corresponding Society," of the "British Forum," or of open-air meetings, until the close of the Great War.

But the peace of 1815 ushered in a new era. A generation had sprung up to whom the French Revolution and its horrors were matters of history. "Though political life and action," says Mr. Jephson, "had been more or less in abeyance during all the long years of the war, a gradual process of education and enlightenment had been going on among the people—an increased comprehension of the principles and practice of Government, an increasing sense of a just moral claim to a share or voice in the management of public affairs, and an increased desire to take part in them." In the meantime rents had risen, the price of provisions had increased, while wages remained stationary. In the manufacturing districts the substitution of steam power for hand-loom labour had aggravated the sufferings and excited the apprehensions of the operatives. Once more public meetings were organised and petitions got up throughout the country. The immediate cause of this new agitation was a proposal of Lord Liverpool to prohibit the importation of foreign wheat until the price of eighty shillings a quarter had been reached by home-grown wheat. The crisis would, under any circumstances, have demanded the utmost ability and tact on the part of the Govern-

[1] The form of prayer ordered to be read in churches after the King's escape has been preserved by Mr. Jephson. It is as follows:—"Clothe his enemies with shame; bring to light their conspiracies, and disappoint their treasons. Touch them, O merciful God, with remorse. Give them grace to see and abhor the sinfulness of their ways and the madness of their counsels. But if they still harden their hearts and are incorrigible in their wickedness, let them perish by Thy just judgments, that others, by the example of their punishment, may take warning. . . . . These things we humbly beg, O merciful God, &c., &c."

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ment; but the direction of public affairs had passed into the hands of men to whom it was not given to bend the bow of Ulysses. State prosecutions for the most trivial offences were multiplied, and a veritable reign of terror followed. A half-starved weaver, who worked fifteen hours a day for 5*s.* a week, was prosecuted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment for the "wicked and seditious" assertion "that the sufferings of the people were insupportable." The masses, driven to desperation, sought relief in riots, by destruction of machinery, by house burnings, and even by assassination. The authorities retaliated by cavalry charges, by indiscriminate fusillades, and by Peterloo massacres. But the agitation gained strength and volume every year, until at length, concentrating itself upon the all-important question of Parliamentary Reform it carried everything before it, and achieved its final triumph in the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in Mr. Jephson's work is that which deals with Roman Catholic Emancipation—a movement fortunate in having for its leaders two of the greatest popular orators which any country has produced—Daniel O'Connell and Richard Lalor Shiel. Mr. Jephson, who is himself an Irishman, has drawn an elaborate contrast between the working of public opinion in Great Britain and in Ireland. Such a scene, for instance, as that which he describes in the county of Clare in 1828, when "an Irish priest, throwing aside his ecclesiastical vestments, and influenced by the power of his emotions, raised himself to the loftiest attitude to which he could ascend, and laying one hand on the altar, and shaking the other in a spirit of almost prophetic admonition," worked up his audience to such a pitch that they "would have been ready to mount a battery roaring with cannon at his command," would have been impossible in England. Indeed, this part of his book makes us regret that he has stopped short just before the Home Rule agitation, for the treatment of which his experience as private secretary to Mr. Forster and Sir G. Trevelyan would have specially qualified him. But the subject, perhaps, is too full of explosive materials to be treated calmly and exhaustively at the present time, and it is never safe to disregard the warning of the Roman poet:

"Incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso."

The bulk of the second volume of *The Platform* is devoted to the history of two popular movements—the Anti-Corn Law and the Chartist agitations: the one as remarkable for its complete success as the other was for its signal failure. Perhaps the difference in the fate of these two movements was due as much to the methods in which they were conducted as to the objects to which they were directed. Not only did the one seek to enlighten the ignorance

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and the other to arouse the passions of the masses: in the one case there was the most complete harmony between all the workers in the cause; in the other the most discordant views and arguments were heard from the same platform, and the speakers occasionally ended by turning upon and "hooting and jeering at each other." The one was based upon and sustained by the most perfect organisation which has ever existed in this country; the other was conducted by self-appointed champions in a desultory, haphazard way. Above all, the Anti-Corn Law League had at its head men not only possessed of the highest argumentative powers, but singularly free from selfish motives, and ready to sink every other consideration in the great cause in which they were engaged. The Chartist leaders, on the other hand, with very few exceptions, were men of a very different type. Bent upon their own self-aggrandisement, divided by petty jealousies, and anxious rather to excite than to convince their hearers, they seldom condescended to logic, and discredited their cause by bombastic exaggerations and endless bickerings.

It may be safely asserted that no great movement in any country or in any age has had for its leader a man who possessed fewer of the qualities of a demagogue than Richard Cobden. So far from being a stump orator, he once declared that "his inherent dislike to address public meetings was so great that he could not even get up to present a petition to the House of Commons without reluctance." Yet his "simple and unadorned eloquence" probably made more converts than the impassioned appeals of his great colleague. From vanity and egotism, and from every form of personal ambition, he was absolutely free. Indeed, the same thing may be said of all his followers—a fact to which Mr. John Morley in his Life of Cobden has borne striking testimony.

It is not pleasant to turn from this picture to that which was presented by the Chartist agitation. "The most notorious of its leaders," says Mr. Jephson, "the erratic and eccentric Feargus O'Connor, the Chartist chief, 'the Lion of Freedom,' 'the Lion of the North,' raised himself at one time to such prominence as to evoke the expression, 'Chartism narrowed itself into O'Connorism'; but he held a disputed leadership. He had many rivals, who either never acknowledged his authority, or quarrelled with him, and then separated from him, taking with them some section or other of the Chartists." It is not surprising that a struggle conducted by such men, and maintained by such methods, should have ended in a series of fiascos. Of the six points of the People's Charter, three have become the law of the land; but it is pretty certain that their adoption has been retarded rather than advanced by the excesses of Chartist mobs and the buffoonery of Chartist orators.

But the agitation was not altogether barren of results, and the

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lessons which it has inculcated have not been thrown away. The period which has followed its collapse has given us two Reform Acts and the Ballot, and in the passing of all these measures the Platform, using the word in its more extended sense, has played a conspicuous part. Year by year the horizon has widened, year by year questions which thirty years ago would have been regarded with listless indifference have enlisted the sympathies and stirred the enthusiasm of a constantly increasing body of hearers. The excitement aroused by what are known as "the Bulgarian atrocities" is remarkable as one of the first instances in which a purely foreign question has produced an outburst of popular indignation in England which has seldom been equalled.

The last chapter of this remarkable book is devoted to a summary of the work done by the Platform in its three-fold character—as an instrument "for expressing," for "informing," and for "controlling" public opinion, from the days when judges declared from the bench that "the Government was made up of the landed interest, and not of the rabble, who had nothing but personal property," and Ministers of the Crown called upon Parliament to suppress all out-of-door agitation, because "freeholders were represented in Parliament," to the days when the leader of the Tory party solemnly adjured his followers to "appeal from Parliament to the people." But perhaps the most eloquent testimony to the growth of that work is the complaint ruefully uttered by every aspirant to parliamentary honours, that he is now called upon to address at least twenty public meetings, where a generation ago one would have been thought sufficient.

The book is by no means free from blemishes. Its style is diffuse and at times even slovenly. It is overloaded with quotations, some of which might well have been spared. The author's definition, too, of the word "Platform" is somewhat vague, for it would embrace almost every kind of extra-parliamentary utterance. But his views are clear and just, his conclusions for the most part sound, and his industry unrivalled. With all its faults, his book deserves to take rank as one of the few standard political works of the day, and ought to find a place in the library of every public man who desires to know something more of the institutions of his country than can be gleaned from party leaflets or the columns of contemporary newspapers.

G. Osborne Morgan.



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# A NEW STATE UNIVERSITY.

THE University of London is in a fair way to become the University of the Universities of the United Kingdom—the university, without whose crowning distinction, all other academic honours are incomplete. For many years it seemed as if Cambridge put the hall-mark upon London degrees. After three years of undergraduateship and two years of graduateship, with the highest mathematical honours, in London, the late Dr. Todhunter entered as a freshman at Cambridge, and came out senior wrangler. Dr. Routh and the late Mr. James Savage did the same. Several other London graduates did very much the same. Between 1860 and 1880, out of fifteen mathematical scholarships awarded at the London B.A. Examination, eight were won by *paulo post futuri* senior wranglers. But in all these cases, the object was to gain the scholarships and other material advantages which a high Cambridge degree brings with it and a high London degree does not. Towards the close of the period, however, the scholarship was given to a man who was already a second wrangler. And in 1880, Miss Scott, who had been declared equal to the eighth wrangler in the Cambridge tripos of 1878, matriculated in the University of London. She became a doctor of science in 1885. She was too old to obtain either the exhibition or the scholarship awarded at the two examinations for bachelor of science; and, apparently, went through this second course of six years in order to complete the Cambridge distinction by the London hall-mark.

In the London M.A. Examinations this idea has been repeatedly suggested. In the classical branch of this degree, after an interval of fourteen years, during which no medal was awarded, the medal was won in 1888 by the fifth classic in the Cambridge tripos of that year; in 1869, by one of the two senior classics in the tripos of that year; in 1874, by the third classic in the tripos of 1872; in 1881, by the third classic in the tripos of 1879; in 1885, by a graduate in the second part of the second division of the first class in the first part of the tripos of 1884; in 1886, by a graduate in the first part of the first division of the same first class; in 1887, a graduate in the second part of the same first division was declared to have reached the medal standard, and the medal itself was given to an Oxford graduate, who had taken a first class in moderations in 1884 and a second class in the final school in 1886. In 1878,

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the medal was also gained by an Oxford graduate who had taken a second class in the final school of 1877. In 1891, the second place was filled without reaching the medal standard by a first-classman in the Oxford Moderations of 1890; and the fourth and fifth places contained two names which appeared in the third division of the first class of the Cambridge tripos, Part I., of 1891. Another Cambridge man, whose name was in the third division of the second class of the same tripos, was bracketed in the eleventh place. As a pendant to these classical hall-marks, it may be added that, in 1876, the Junior Chancellor's Medallist of that year graduated in the University of London, and in the classical honour list was bracketed with two Stonyhurst students at the head of the first class, but without the scholarship.

In the mathematical branch of the London M.A. degree, the medallist of 1864 was the senior wrangler of that year; the medallist of 1868 was the senior wrangler of that year; the medallist of 1873 was the second wrangler of the following year; the medallist of 1874 was the senior wrangler of the following year; the medallist of 1877 was the third wrangler of that year; the medallist of 1879 was the fourth wrangler of that year; the medallist of 1881 was the third wrangler of that year; the medallist of 1884 was the senior wrangler of 1882; the medallist of 1887 was the senior wrangler of 1886; the medallist of 1891 was the sixth wrangler of 1886, who, at the London B.A. Examination of 1890, had been bracketed first in mathematical honours with the senior wrangler of 1889. In the London B.A. Examination of 1884, a somewhat similar contest occurred. The mathematical scholarship and first place in mathematical honours was gained by the subsequently seventh wrangler of 1887; the second place, with a title to the scholarship, was gained by the Oxford senior mathematical scholar for 1884.

In obtaining the coveted London M.A. degree in classics, women, it may be observed parenthetically, have been curiously successful. Although women only became eligible for this degree in 1884, fourteen women are already M.A.'s in this branch. The medallist of 1888 was a woman. A woman attained the medal standard in 1889. A woman, although she did not reach the medal standard, was at the head of twelve successful candidates in 1890, of whom the second and third were also women. Nor was this all. The medallist of June 1888 was only at the bottom of the second class in classical honours at her B.A. degree in November 1886; was only in the first division of the second class of the Cambridge tripos, Part I., of June 1888; and defeated a man who was second in the first class of the London B.A. classical honours, with a title to the scholarship, in 1884. The potential medallist of June 1889 was only in the second class of the London B.A. classical honours in November 1888. The head of the list in 1890 was only at the head of the

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second class of the London B.A. classical honours in 1886. The potential medallist of 1889 had, moreover, completed her course in the shortest possible time. She had only passed her intermediate examination in July 1887.

That the degree is coveted as a hall-mark there would thus seem to be no doubt. The fee is £10. The only possible direct advantage from gaining the degree is a gold medal, valued at £20. Only one medal is awarded in each year, and the medal standard is often not reached by any candidate. In the alphabetical list of M.A.'s, printed in small type in the University Calendar, a minute obelisk is prefixed to the names of those persons who have reached the medal standard without defeating all competitors, and a larger obelisk—the medallists' only distinction in the Calendar—is prefixed to the name of each medallist. With these exceptions, all the M.A.'s in each branch are arranged alphabetically. Why should such hall-marks be so coveted? What is there in the London examinations that surpasses the examinations of Oxford and Cambridge? A Cambridge man now and then competes for a fellowship at Oxford. An expelled scholar of Balliol has almost headed the Cambridge classical tripos. But is there a single instance of a Cambridge senior classic or senior wrangler going into the Oxford schools, or of an Oxford classman going into a Cambridge tripos? A great deal is said, no doubt, about the stringency of the London examinations and the superiority of the London degrees. But this applies only to the pass examinations. The London matriculation examination must be passed by every candidate for every degree, and is now the most troublesome entrance examination in existence. It is also the most destructive. It rejects annually about 50 per cent. of its candidates. It has been repeatedly modelled and remodelled after suggestions from the highest authorities in the country, with the head-masters of Eton and Harrow among them. But it embraces half a dozen important subjects, and treats each of them with a curious mixture of pedantry and crabbedness, and a curious disregard of rudimentary principles. The two Latin papers especially exhibit a tendency to ignore the broad facts of the language, and to dwell upon minutiæ. The intermediate examination in arts requires a knowledge of mathematics which, to many people, would be unattainable. No wonder that the papers in this subject have been described as "terrible." For the B.A. degree a substantial knowledge of Latin, Greek, and either mathematics or metaphysics is essential. And in each of the three examinations the candidate must dispose of a very searching paper in either French or German. The London B.A. degree is thus incomparably more difficult to attain than the B.A. degree of any of the older universities, and must, with its pre-requisites, be achieved before either B.A. honours or the M.A. degree can be gained.

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The degree of M.A. stands, in every British university, in a peculiar position. In the Scotch universities it is the only degree in arts. The bachelor's degree has been eliminated. At Oxford and Cambridge every B.A. is a potential M.A. To pass from one degree to the other, he has simply to pay a certain fee at the end of a certain time. In the University of London the degree may be taken in any one of the four branches—classics, mathematics, metaphysics, and modern languages. In each branch there is a maximum of proficiency, represented by the medal standard, and a minimum not very easy to define. The minimum, in any given year, would probably be a number of marks equivalent to a certain part of the papers of the year. But the standard of the papers in each branch fluctuates from year to year. The papers in the classical branch, for instance, were in 1888 almost as severe as possible, and in 1890 almost as mild as possible. The M.A. minimum may, perhaps, be taken to be such proficiency in the subjects of each branch as would be represented in classics by the lowest division of the second class of the Cambridge classical tripos, Part I. The London M.A. degree thus implies necessarily higher attainments than are necessarily implied by the same degree in any of the older universities. It may also, as in their case, represent the highest attainments in one or more branches of knowledge.

But this the medal does not necessarily do. The classical medal standard is about the same as that of a second class at Oxford. The mathematical medal standard is about the same as that reached, on an average, by a fifteenth wrangler. A senior wrangler, a senior classic, a Smith's prizeman, a Chancellor's medallist, a first-classman has, it would seem, a distinction far higher than the London medal, and, *à fortiori*, far higher than any other distinction conferred by the University of London. Why, then, are these London hall-marks so coveted? Is it for the chance of obtaining one of the few exhibitions and scholarships, of which the most valuable has not half of the value of a Foundation scholarship at an Oxford or Cambridge college? Is it for the chance of an examinership which, as often as not, is conferred upon an outsider, and, much oftener than not, is the most laborious and ill-paid post of the sort in the country? Is it because the governing bodies of educational institutions are found to have especial confidence in London degrees and distinctions? The explanation of the phenomenon does not seem to lie in any of these directions.

In truth, the London honour examinations seem to require several reforms before they can adequately fill their present strange position. The standard of papers and distinctions seems to fluctuate unduly. The report of an Irish commission of inquiry into English medical examinations was recently published in the

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*Lancet*. The division into classes in the London medical honour lists was therein stated, on the strength of information supplied by the London examiners themselves, to be purely arbitrary, varying in each year with the proficiency of the candidates, so that a first-classman of one year might well be inferior to a third-classman of another year. That this is true even of the medical examinations is hard to believe. That it is true of all the examinations we may hope to be impossible. It is, nevertheless, difficult to see how, with stable standards, a Chancellor's medallist should not deserve the London University classical scholarship. A rigid and unfluctuating standard for papers, classes, and distinctions is the first essential for all University honours.

In each of the London honour classes the names are still arranged in the order of merit. Nearly twenty years ago, Dr. Todhunter declared that, in his opinion, even in the Cambridge mathematical tripos, no injustice would be done by arranging the classes alphabetically. The alphabetic arrangement has always been in force at Oxford. It now prevails in all the Cambridge triposes, except the Law tripos, and the first and second parts of the mathematical tripos. It might be, with great advantage, adopted in the London honour classes.

In the London first class, there is a peculiar arrangement of a class within a class. The head of the first class obtains a scholarship or exhibition if the higher standard of the scholarship or exhibition is reached; and every other person in the first class, in the same contingency, has a distinguishing mark. In many of the medical examinations, this process occurs in duplicate. There is first the standard of a scholarship, then the standard of a medal, and then the standard of a mere first class. A London Arts first class may thus consist of A, B, C, D, E, F, G, of whom A obtains a scholarship, and B and C reach the scholarship standard. A London medical first class may consist of A, B, C, D, E, F, G, of whom A obtains a scholarship, B a medal, B and C reach the scholarship standard, and D and E reach the medal standard. In such cases, the unmarked first-classmen have obviously gained, not a first, but a second class. In the Arts class, the real first class consists of A, B and C; D, E, F, G are in the second class. The so-called second class is the third class. The so-called third class is the fourth class. In the medical class, the real first class also consists of A, B and C; D and E are in the second class; F and G are in the third class. The so-called second class is the fourth class. The so-called third class is the fifth class.

Again, the difference between the maximum and minimun of proficiency required for the M.A. degree is so wide that a first-class standard for each branch of the degree might well be created; and all candidates who attain that standard might well be arranged

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separately and alphabetically, as having taken the degree with honours. Why a similar arrangement as to the degree of doctor of medicine should not solve the long-standing medical difficulty of the University, it is not easy to see. The examination for the medical doctorate, moreover, consists of two parts—medical and ethical. The two may be taken together, or the ethical may be taken without the medical. But if a candidate takes the two together, and passes in the medical, but fails in the ethical part, he can only obtain the degree by passing another examination in the medical as well as in the ethical part. This distinction seems to rest on no substantial difference, and might well be abolished. Honour examinations and pass examinations in all subjects might well be entrusted to separate sets of examiners. Lastly, the matriculation examination—that stumbling-block in the path of the medical candidate—might be modified by reducing three-fourths of each paper to the level of the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations, and affording scope, in the remaining fourth, for special proficiency in the subject.

But there is now opportunity for another and a far more radical reform. The University of London is a State institution. It occupies a building erected by the State. It receives from the State an annual subvention. Its accounts are audited by the Treasury. Although it has been in existence for upwards of fifty years, its receipts do not yet balance its expenditure. The Civil Service Commission is also a State institution. The subjects and the scope of its examinations and of the University examinations are in great measure identical. The examinations are conducted in the same building, but by different examiners. The great want of the University is a substantial endowment. A single candidate may obtain a scholarship or medal of small value. The rest, however distinguished, are sent empty away, with nothing but the barren honour of a diploma. The great want of the Civil Service Commission is some mode of recognising unsuccessful merit. If fifty candidates for twenty appointments satisfy the examiners, the appointments are awarded to the first twenty; the remaining thirty are labelled unsuccessful and have not even certificates of their qualifications.

Why should not these two State examining boards be amalgamated, and fused into a State University? The four branches of the University M.A. are almost co-extensive with the chief requirements of the Indian Civil Service, the Colonial Office, and the Foreign Office. The Home Office and the Treasury, not to speak of the War Office, the Admiralty, and the Post Office, scarcely exact more from their candidates than the University matriculation examination does. In such a university every candidate at any examination would pay a fee. In all examinations, successful candidates would, until the available appointments were exhausted,

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have the refusal of posts tenable for life, and, for the most part, more valuable than a college fellowship; and after the available appointments were exhausted, receive the same recognition of their merit as they do in the existing university. The revenue derived from fees, after maintaining at a proper remuneration a sufficient staff of examiners, would make the State University self-supporting. One self-supporting body could replace two dependent bodies. The existing university would receive the endowment which it needs. The machinery for recruiting the Civil Service of the empire would discern and recognise the merit of every meritorious candidate for State employment, whether successful in his candidature or not.

"But then," it might have hitherto been said, "what becomes of the object for which the existing university was founded? The object of a university is to extend education, and not to distribute patronage." The existing university was founded mainly to enable Dissenters to obtain degrees, and partly to extend education generally. With the abolition of religious tests in the older universities the grievance of the Dissenters ceased. The sons of the early London graduates are Oxford and Cambridge men—attracted to Oxford or Cambridge in some cases by the hope of a fellowship, and quite as often by social motives. As to education generally, we are now assured that the existing university is nothing but an examining board, with a few ornamental figure-heads. Its curriculum is derided as behind the age; its examiners are said to be out of touch with teachers; its graduates are ridiculed as haphazard crammers. The Albert or Gresham teaching University for the immediate neighbourhood of London is incorporated; a Welsh teaching university is fermenting; a Midland teaching university is looming in the future; the Victoria teaching University is at work, with three constituent colleges.

Why should not the University of London abandon the purely educational field to these new bodies, absorb the Civil Service Commission, profess to be nothing but a sublimated examining board, offering to all competent persons its hall-mark, and to such as desire and deserve them permanent appointments in the public service? Jealousy of such a position there would apparently be none. The University of London would be, as it ought to be, the University of the United Kingdom. And for two feeble anomalies, staggering along on Government crutches, there would be substituted a strong self-supporting national institution.

S. H. Boult.

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# THE GREAT CIVIL WAR IN ENGLAND.[1]

MR. GARDINER'S latest volume completes his history of the Great Civil War; it deals with the two last years of that war, which culminated for the time in the execution of Charles I., and in the opening of that brief era known as the Commonwealth. These two years were of special significance, because they marked the transition from the destructive work of war to the constructive attempts at government, which were to follow. They were years of formation and decision, critical years, which finally determined the issue of that strife of forces, the Great Rebellion. The preceding volume left the reader in suspense; it ended with January 1647. The comparatively easy task of fighting was then over; the King was a prisoner in the hands of Parliament; the Royalists were scattered and silenced. Parliament and King had been pitted against each other; Parliament had triumphed; but a pause in the struggle showed more clearly the growing complications of parties, and the end seemed as far off as ever. The third volume deals with these complications.

This period has till now suffered greatly from deficiency of materials; it has been especially unfortunate because it is a period on which so much depends. Opinions have been made to stand instead of facts. But Mr. Gardiner is now in a position of greater security than was before possible, owing to the use of new material. This addition consists of the Clarke Papers,[2] brought to light, and in part discovered, two years ago; now edited by Mr. C. H. Firth. They are reports of the debates of the army leaders, made by their secretary; and are invaluable to the historian, because at that time all turned on the action of the army. It had just proved itself the greatest physical force in the nation; it was now to prove itself the greatest moral force also. These debates are the key to the motives and intentions of the army leaders, and more especially to Cromwell's character. The readers of Mr. Gardiner's second volume were told to suspend their judgment of its interpretation till the third volume should appear: that time has now come.

This third volume has, therefore, a special importance of its own,

[1] *History of the Great Civil War.* By S. R. Gardiner. Vol. III. 1647–1649. London: Longmans & Co. 1891.

[2] *The Clarke Papers.* Edited by C. H. Firth. Camden Society. 1891.

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apart from its authorship; for it deals with years of crisis, and in doing so includes fresh evidence brought to bear upon them.

The book itself is simple in form; it consists of a chronological narrative from beginning to end, with generalities judiciously interspersed. A brilliant author has stated that "the order of our thoughts should be the order of our writing;" but it is the part of the historian to leave the grouping to his readers. The facts themselves are therefore put in order of time as far as possible; and ranged clearly, but with perhaps hardly enough distinction of relative significance. The general statements, made and enlarged on at intervals, are too profound to suffer as much as they might do from constant repetition. Both facts and generalities are supported by the quiet, even style of recurring constructions—if such a term may be used—and of dignified monotony, noticed before in the author's preceding volumes, though now it has gained a more conscious tone. There is strict impartiality throughout—Mr. Gardiner's leading characteristic at all times, but more especially needed in the history of these years. Frequent comparisons also occur at intervals—of a suggestive, never of an invidious nature—between people, or places, or situations, or even dates. It is worth the effort to try to realise these comparisons, if only for an exercise of memory—or, in many cases, as a matter of research.

Passing from method to matter, there are several special points of interest in the volume. In the first chapter, and throughout, the material side of disagreement is duly emphasised; material considerations are shown to influence the Puritan soldiers as well as the rustic population. The ruling desire, therefore, at this stage of events, was for peace. It was this desire that made the army hope to include the King in a new scheme of government, though it seemed too strong to need a basis of reconciliation, and though the wishes of each were so incompatible. The same strong desire helped to wreck that brief struggle for the King known as the Second Civil War, and made possible all the experiments of the Commonwealth. This material side is too often overlooked in history, where men and women are etherealised by the mists of time.

Another point in the narrative is the clear definition of parties included and traced in it. On the one hand were the Royalists, now united by misfortune, "that last sad heritage of the Stuarts," but still representing different shades of thought. There were those, like Falkland, staunch in action, but full of weary questionings—a combination of decision and indecision which brings the keenest misery, and disappointment, and failure. Others were followers of Laud, believers in a Church system and a Crown system welded into one; a system to be rigidly and universally enforced—a system to die for, if need be. A greater number, represented by Hyde, might be called Constitutionalists: these were men, pre-eminently English,

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with unbounded respect for law, order, tradition—for all that was logical and safe and moderate. Behind these thinkers were Royalists of a more romantic or a more unthinking type, and all were centred in Charles I., whose position is summarised later on. The Independents are also described, chiefly in connection with Cromwell, and treated by the author with evident, with unavoidable admiration. There is a nobleness, a passionate strength in this body of men, which silences difference and criticism. Lamb's powerful description would fit them: they were "fire-purified martyrs and torment-sifted confessors," though not necessarily well suited to practical life. Then there were the English Presbyterians, terribly tedious and inefficient sort of people, but more secular than their Scotch brethren. Like the Laudians, they upheld a system, and trembled at the tolerance of the Independents; like those, again, they bound Church and polity firmly together. There is not much occasion for the separate treatment of Scotland and of Ireland in this volume. The Scots had fought against the King in the interests of Presbyterianism; they now saw that the Independents were growing in strength, and were likely to reap all the results of victory. Even the King seemed more favourable to the Presbyterian cause than the Independents could be; it was this consideration that drew them into the last struggle for Charles. Meanwhile, in Ireland the King had failed to make use of the Irish rebels: they were above all Roman Catholics and Nationalists; they could not be made to join the Royalists. Charles had to leave them to be subdued by vigorous Roundhead commanders.

With parties grouped somewhat in this way, events fall easily into sequence; but the reader may have some difficulty in selecting landmarks amidst so even a narrative. These events simply consist of changing relations between the different parties enumerated above. The story is soon told: a bloodless struggle between Parliament and army, roughly representing Presbyterians and Independents respectively, ends in the army's triumph. The King nearly makes agreement with the army leaders; then secretly and suddenly comes to terms with the Scotch. The army therefore gives up hope of the King. Hatred of military rule and of dangerous theories causes all other parties to unite against the army and the remnant of Parliament, which it had subjected. This opposition proves a failure, because its union was hollow; Parliament then makes a last attempt to make terms with the King. Desire for peace causes gradual submission to Cromwell's energy. Details fit into this general outline; they are the result of careful research, and raise or settle important questions—as, for example, how far Cromwell and Charles were sincere; whether the King's execution was legal, or Parliament's action constitutional, or the Scotch self-seeking, or the army a social evil. Several details have been

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subjects of special debate, and are now treated, not only with strict impartiality, but also with the advantage of the additional evidence. One of the most prominent of these is the seizure of the King's person by the army at Holmby House. This was the occasion when Joyce pointed to his armed troops as being a sufficient commission on which to act, and Charles appreciated the grim allusion. It was on July 4, 1647; the Parliament and army were at variance, though not as yet openly declared; Cromwell had tried to act as mediator. But there was great danger that the English and Scotch Presbyterians might unite, seize the King, and so make an irresistible combination against the army. The facts are these: Joyce and his troops found that the King's guard held the same opinion as themselves, and that Charles, always sanguine at any change, was willing to accompany them. Quietly the King was moved to the custody of the army. The question, hitherto much disputed, has been: How far did Cromwell instigate as well as approve this action? Mr. Gardiner's conclusions come to this: Cromwell saw the danger, and saw that something must be done. He ordered Joyce to prevent the King's rescue, and perhaps added that, if one were attempted, the King must be removed to a safer place. No such attempt was made; Joyce followed the plan of the "Agitators," and seized Charles without authority. Cromwell approved of the action, and took advantage of it, but was right in disclaiming any share in it. This view is founded greatly on the evidence of Cromwell's detractors, and perfectly agrees with his character of opportunist.

Another episode of the same kind is the King's flight to the Isle of Wight, in November of the same year. Facts prove conclusively that Cromwell could not have enticed him there for his ruin, for Charles had indefinite plans for sailing to France or Scotland; nor was Carisbrooke his intended destination. Also, Hammond could not be trusted by Cromwell, but required constant encouragement and advice to keep him true. These events and others were turned to account by Cromwell, but not caused by him. "Pride's Purge" is a similar example. It was in December 1648. Cromwell had just returned from the north; the second civil war was just over. It was quite evident that some change must be made in the Parliament if the army would work through it any longer, and events had proved that the army must rule. Cromwell reached London on December 6, the same night in which Pride cleared the House of the Presbyterian members by force. Again Cromwell made use of the precipitate action of his follower, and again he was right in denying his complicity. A graver charge than these is concerned with the death-warrant of the King. There was hesitation in the court of justice, caused, as Mr. Gardiner shows, by internal indecision, not by external pressure. There was a wavering hope that extreme measures might prove unnecessary. The first death-warrant

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was an anticipation of the sentence; but Cromwell dare not risk another—so changed the date, and canvassed hard for signatures. This is the worst that can be said of him. He used no definite threats; but was moved by natural contempt for men who dare not act on their opinions. To him, "the shortest issue seemed the best." But Major White expresses the impossibility of reaching that issue with clean hands: "It may be a just thing, yet I know not how it may be justly done." Cromwell's conduct must show the truth of this. He could not answer that unanswerable question—"What subject can give sentence on his king?"

Thus, though the Civil War was a "conflict of ideas," yet, as far as the student is concerned, its issues hang on facts. Mr. Gardiner works by details; he insists little on the European bearing of the war, on its part in the great "world-struggles"; he rather shows the practical isolation of England, and the failure of foreign alliances at this time. The general aspect need not be lost sight of; indeed, these details, taken together, give a truer conception of the war, and lead to sounder generalisations of the whole struggle.

Mingled with these events, Cromwell's character is drawn, as he moves in and out among them. Externally, Cromwell is a familiar figure—gaunt, stern, rough. Though his character is much debated, he is hardly, now, the consistent hypocrite of some years ago. Even were such sustained deception possible to human nature, there is a conviction in his spoken and written words which is unmistakable. If the study of history teaches anything but patience, it teaches us to be fair, reasonable, tolerant—more, to be tender. Cromwell, to most, is a repellent character: in success, he is unpitying; in sorrow, unmoved; his energy is super-human; his religion, repulsive. He is eager, stringent, and terribly successful through it all. Yet we must approach his character with the fairness which is due to all—with the respect which is due to all that is in any sense great. In this spirit it is considered by Mr. Gardiner; and all the defiant comments of Carlyle are far less convincing than this later testimony. Cromwell's many changes of policy were really due to his acceptance of "the stern teaching of facts." Experience taught him to use any instrument that seemed fittest for his purpose, and to throw away the old ones when they proved impracticable, but not before. His genius prompted him to seize the right moment. He began by trying to use the institutions then in existence, and supported by prestige. Though he never quite gave up this first idea, he had to lay aside the old instruments one by one, and resort to force at last. This was inevitable: Charles I. and the Parliament did not care to be Cromwell's instruments; so could not succeed in that capacity. It must be an open question how far the personal element entered into his motives; it may be true that "his purpose was not so much a part of him,

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as he was a part of it." But this question of self-effacement is not a practical one: Cromwell did what none other could have done. It was the push of genius, and, as usual, genius was isolated. He was distrusted by both parties; even those Independents who shared his purpose disapproved of the old instruments, which Cromwell was ready to use. Mr. Gardiner's quotation from George Meredith, on the strongest way of holding to a purpose—that is, without including intermediary agents—puts the matter philosophically. The consequence of this was the practical difficulty of his position. His own followers despised him for stooping to conciliate the adherents of the old systems; these last suspected his motives and intentions in negotiating with them. By management, as well as by force of will, Cromwell succeeded in keeping his followers. But he did not satisfy their aspirations; his success depended on himself alone, so could not be lasting. From this it follows that, though Cromwell is an uncompromising character, he was yet "a man of compromises"; and that though he was not personally vindictive, he acted on "cruel necessity." Again, Cromwell was a man of iron will; yet events bring out the "conservative and hesitating side" of his character. He had strong religious purpose, yet his "reference to Providence was . . . . an infallible indication of a political change of front." His whole position is summed up by Mr. Gardiner in a sentence almost German in its comprehensiveness: "He sought wisdom, not in personal impressions, but in the totality of events." Another historian aptly explains his greatness in saying: "Cromwell had the instinct, if not the theory of power." Life is short: Cromwell was above all things a practical man; it is the idea of Leonard Copleston over again—a man who *makes* history must leave others to theorise about it.

This general conception of Cromwell's character, so far as it is a true one, is the outcome of facts laboriously traced; it is more than an impression. Frankness is always more attractive than strength; but it must be owned this was a grand life, if not an attractive one.

There are other characters enlightened for us by Mr. Gardiner. Fairfax, like Cromwell, was active in the field, but when the war was over he gradually sank into obscurity. It is high praise to say he was always for "truth and right"; but he was quite unable to grasp the political situation which was the result of the war. He had no power of political initiation, and to his honour it can be said he did not profess it. His greatness lay in attempting only what he could efficiently do. All his actions were marked by fairness and common-sense. He disappeared from history with his reputation unsullied, though "the great drama, now logically developing itself, passed over his head to its natural issue." Justice is then done to Ireton's political genius and administrative

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ability. Unlike his fellows, he was a constructive politician; unlike Cromwell, he was a sound theorist. His political theories, seen in the schemes of government suggested during these years, were far in advance of his time; and they were impracticable, if only for that reason. Ireton and Cromwell worked together in preventing the "agitators," their extreme followers, from violently overthrowing all the old institutions of government. But Ireton did not live to see Cromwell's final solution of the problem of government.

Behind Ireton there is a hasty glimpse of soldiers—extreme thinkers, saints, fanatics. Some held fantastic theories, strange mixtures of politics and religion; others were filled with wild spiritual hopes; others, again, were madly destructive. All were supported by immeasurable enthusiasm, a force which Cromwell strove to guide, but which he could not control; a force which even overcame Conservatism for a time in England.

Besides these greater characters there is an occasional account of some unimportant person, arbitrarily chosen, and given, perhaps, to make the scene more graphic. These are not interesting apart from their being types of men and classes. Then there is a slight touch of the contemplative side of life in the allusions to Jeremy Taylor, and to the discussions on Toleration at Oxford; but one may well believe that there is not much scope for literary history in these two eventful years. The last character-sketch is that of the King himself, who, rightly or wrongly, somehow seems throughout to be the central figure. Yet the history is not merely a personal one; in speaking of the second civil war, in 1648, Mr. Gardiner implies a change in the "Zeit-Geist." Briefly, it was this: the war had begun by being mostly religious, partly political; now social considerations enter in, and finally decide the issue. Brief as this is, it is most significant, for it shows how the original objects of the war were finally achieved, though the war itself was wrecked and its immediate results blotted out, in 1660, because it had taken a social turn.

These general ideas are hardly more than suggested; they are scattered throughout the volume, which ends with the King's execution, and a gloomy look into the future; for though much had been thrown down, little had been built up. Mr. Gardiner's description of Charles I.'s death cannot compare, in style or interest, with that of Strafford's trial and execution in his earlier work. But the King's character is ably expressed. "He was at the same time conscientious and untrustworthy." His aim was never single; he was always looking round on all sides, instead of concentrating eyes and effort on one point. His views were narrow and arrogant, his duplicity hopeless. During these last two years he was more than usually annoying, both to friends and enemies. It might be said

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he was "so great in so little a way"; or, perhaps, he was right in so wrong a way, as Mr. Gardiner implies in saying, "Argumentatively, the victory lay with Charles." This curious use of the adverb leaves the meaning sufficiently clear. But there were "finer shades" in his character which Cromwell could not comprehend. He was brave, patient, steadfast, and on some occasions the soul of honour. He was quick in criticism, upright in life, fearless, pious, kingly in death. His reputation is happy in failure; not by chance, but because it brought out what was noblest in him.

To condemn or justify the execution of the King would be unprofitable; it is sufficiently explained by his history and character. At the end all the dignity was on his side, and the future might well look hopeless from any point of view. Those institutions of government which had gathered strength from long formation and development were now suddenly overthrown; their place was taken by the force of a "resolute minority," the majority being for the time discouraged, or puzzled, or weary, or indifferent. This minority failed when brought to face political problems; Cromwell alone could understand human conditions, but his individual government was acceptable to neither Royalists nor Republicans. When Charles died, his theory of government was roughly broken through, and there was no better alternative; a monarchy on another basis could hardly yet be conceived by his followers. The period ends, therefore, in despair and failure; and at this point Mr. Gardiner brings his history to a close.

This third volume is the most important of the three which contain the history of war. It treats of subjects which have been hotly contested by partisans, and as such it has needed on the part of the author the greatest impartiality and research. Both have been given; Mr. Gardiner, like Cromwell, has used "the stern teaching of facts." But this is not all; he has also concentrated much material into readable form, making a true, though a colourless narrative. It might be reasonable to regret that the result of so much labour is not more attractive; it would be better still to try to appreciate this example of sound and masterly work.

M. W. Whelpton.

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# A RECTIFICATION OF FRONTIER.

THE Blue-book recently published on the subject of the Miranzai and Black Mountain expeditions of 1891,[1] reveals a very unsatisfactory state of things as regards our relations with the border tribes of Afghanistan. It appears from the correspondence presented to Parliament that the clans in the neighbourhood of Kohat have repeatedly been guilty of outrages upon British subjects, and have defiantly refused to pay the fines imposed by us for their delinquencies. The Commissioner of Peshawar writes on the 10th August 1890: "The case of firing on the Deputy Commissioner is a serious one, and I support the recommendation that the Mishtis be fined Rs.1500;" and the Punjab Government states in its despatch of the 2nd December 1890: "The two principal sections of the Payawi Nmazi and Ayaz Khels have not paid a penny of the fines outstanding against them; the Mishtis and Shekhans have made no effort to collect the sums due from them, and their example has been followed by the Mamuzai Daradar, who are responsible, however, for only Rs.128 (about £9). Captain Leigh has received a message from Makhmudin stating that he has no intention of paying; and the Deputy Commissioner is no doubt right in believing that the misconduct of the Rabia Khel is due to this man's attitude. The effect of this attitude has also spread to the Sturi Khels, who have lately sent in an insolent message with reference to the fines due from them. . . . . The Lieutenant-Governor has from the first held the view that matters on this border would not come straight until the tribes had been punished by an expedition. . . . . The general operations of the expedition would be to drive the people out of their villages and capture their cattle if possible, and so bring them to submission and to agree to the terms imposed upon them."

A careful perusal of the correspondence, however, at once raises the suspicion that these charges (many of which are of old date and for trifling offences) had suddenly been revived in the threatening form of an ultimatum, merely to justify our resort to arms; and that the Miranzai expeditions were undertaken for purposes other than the punishment of the alleged offences. So far as those offences are concerned, the largest bill of indictment, that framed

[1] C. 6526 of 1891.



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against the Akhels, appears from the correspondence to have covered a period of six years—viz., 1883 to 1888. It is set forth in the following terms:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 14 Men killed at Rs.288 . . . . . | Rs.4032 |
| 15 Men wounded at Rs.100 . . . . . | 1500 |
| 39 Men kidnapped, supposed to have released on payment of an average ransom of Rs.100 . | 3900 |
| 5 Horses at Rs.50 . . . . . | 250 |
| 2 Mules at Rs.60 . . . . . | 120 |
| 29 Buffaloes at Rs.40 . . . . . | 1160 |
| 441 Bullocks at Rs.15 . . . . . | 6615 |
| 51 Donkeys at Rs.10 . . . . . | 510 |
| 24 Sheep at Rs.4 . . . . . | 96 |
| 240 Goats at Rs.3 . . . . . | 720 |
| Miscellaneous property carried off . . | 1765·8 |
| | Rs.20,668·8 |

The accuracy of this account, however, was questioned by our own officials. The Commissioner wrote on the 13th February 1890: "The amount outstanding against the Akhels had been assessed in the absence of their representatives, and was much exaggerated;" while the Deputy Commissioner stated in his report of the 10th: "In a very large number of cases filed, either no loss accrued, or the complainants had already been fully compensated. . . . . Of 249 cases on the registers, in 77 the complainants stated they had no claim against the tribe." Moreover, it is difficult to understand how the Akhels, who dwell beyond the Samana range and are thus separated from our boundary by the territories of other tribes, found opportunities for committing so many offences against British subjects. The solution afforded by the correspondence seems to be, that we have of late years assumed certain sections of the intermediate tribes to be our subjects, and that the thefts and assaults recorded in our indictment were, in fact, the incidents of intertribal quarrels and warfare.

Then as regards a claim of Rs.24,385.4 against the Samil clans, which is frequently referred to in the correspondence, it appears that we received Rs.19,000 on account of it from Muzaffar Khan, a native official employed by us for its collection, and that the Punjab Government, in a despatch, dated 22nd May 1890, sanctioned the Commissioner's suggestion that the balance of Rs.5385.4 should be remitted. This claim, therefore, was not outstanding when the first Miranzai expedition was ordered on the 2nd January 1891. The remaining claims were for smaller amounts, ranging from Rs.8500 against the Mishtis down to Rs.189 against the Mamuzai Daradar: to the former, the Commissioner, in his letter of 23rd May 1889, refers in the following terms: "Over 77 per cent. of the 222 cases against them were ordinary thefts. Of these, 205

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have been settled, leaving 17 pending. The result of the settlement is that Rs.6000 is due for compensation. As to fines, it is proposed that a general fine of Rs.500 be inflicted for petty thefts, Rs.500 for robberies, and Rs.1500 for cases of a graver nature. . . . . It appears that this clan was settled with in 1883, and again in 1886. . . . . It is manifestly very objectionable to leave cases unsettled for long and indefinite periods."

These statements and others of a similar character which occur in the correspondence, show that old and long neglected cases (many of them of a trifling nature) were raked up in order to make as large a claim as possible, while other passages show that the counter-claims of the tribes were left out of account. For instance, the Deputy Commissioner's letter of 16th May 1889, in which four of the counter-claims are noticed, disposes of them in the following sentence: "The papers required before these points can be settled will necessitate some search in the office, and the result of the inquiries will be reported in due course." It is to be regretted, moreover, that documents which could throw light on the other side of the questions at issue between us and the tribes, have been left out of the published correspondence; such, for instance, as the report on the Mishtis, mentioned in paragraph 2 of the Commissioner's letter of 23rd May 1889; Mr. Assistant-Commissioner Dallas's settlement mentioned in the Commissioner's letter of 10th February 1890; the Deputy Commissioner's letter of 20th August 1890, forwarding copy of a letter from the Samil clans; and his letter of the 18th, reporting the receipt of a message from the Samil clans and the arrival of a deputation from the Mishtis; besides several telegrams.

Admitting, however, the Government computation of the claims to be correct, is it likely—is it credible—that two expeditions numbering 10,000 fighting men should have been employed for the punishment of offences (mostly thefts) which, in the estimation of our own officers, would have been fully expiated by money payments to the extent of one thousand or two thousand pounds? But this question need not be discussed, seeing that numerous passages in the correspondence show that the real object of the Miranzai expeditions was a *rectification of frontier*, and that our troops invaded the territory of our neighbours for the purpose of compelling them to agree to the extension of our jurisdiction to the crest of the Samana range. It will accordingly be seen from the following extracts that we were prepared, not only to be lenient in the settlement of our claims, but to pay subsidies under the name of tribal allowances, provided the tract of country lying between our boundary and the crest of the Samana were ceded to be British territory, and we were allowed unopposed to build fortified posts and place British garrisons in that tract.

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The Punjab Government writes to the Commissioner on the 25th August 1890, paragraph 6: "It appears to the Lieutenant-Governor that, as no expectation of tribal allowances are to be held out at present, it is useless to expect the Deputy Commissioner to be able to secure by negotiations with the jirgas all that is wanted. . . . . The Deputy Commissioner may get them to pay up all fines due . . . . but it seems out of the question to expect the tribes to bind themselves to admit our jurisdiction up to the crest of the Samana range and our right to put posts on the ridge. Unless, therefore, the Deputy Commissioner receives orders to the contrary, the matter need not be put forward on the present occasion, and may be left to be demanded subsequently as a condition of giving tribal allowances." To this the Supreme Government replies on the 24th September: "From paragraph 6 of your letter of 25th August to the Commissioner, it seems to have been understood that it was the wish of the Government that the Deputy Commissioner should not discuss the question of allowances, if the jirgas should come in. This, I am to say, is not the case. If the jirgas respond to the invitation, the question of allowances is sure to be raised. In that case, the Government see no objection to authorising the Deputy Commissioner, not only to discuss the question, but to submit his conclusions and recommendations. . . . . The Government also approve of the suggestion that the calculation of the fines and compensations should not be too rigid."

As early as the 9th July 1889, the Punjab Government wrote: "The red line [1] should be advanced to the foot of the Samana, so as to include Darband and all the other Malla Khel villages; and the villagers should be plainly told that this tract is British territory. . . . . The Deputy Commissioner should call in the Akhel jirga . . . . and should be authorised to use threats of an expedition to influence them to afford satisfaction." Then, on the 22nd February 1890, the Punjab Government writes to the Supreme Government: "Under the cover of, and by the prestige of such an expedition, the Lieutenant-Governor thinks that we shall be able to carry into actual effect the orders of the Government of India of 27th July 1889, as to Darband and the other Malla Khel villages near Hangu being dealt with as British territory." Other passages in the correspondence show that the advance of the red line to the Samana was only intended as a first step in a gradual advance into the heart of Afghanistan. "If we desire in future to establish closer relations with the tribes beyond our border," writes the Commissioner on the 18th August 1890, "and to extend our influence over them, it is essential that this influence should in the first place be exercised on those immediately along our frontier."

[1] Marking the British boundary on our map.

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The correspondence from which the foregoing extracts have been made conclusively shows that an advance of our frontier into the mountainous region known as Afghanistan has, for several years, been the aim of the policy pursued on the North-West of India. Territorial aggrandisement flatters national pride and invariably commands popular applause, regardless of the means employed in encompassing the object. At the same time popular feeling, on such occasions, is apt soon to turn into disappointment and anger when the only result of conquest is to burden the conquering nation with additional and heavy taxation. In the present instance the land to be annexed is too poor to yield revenue, and its inhabitants are too fanatical to be kept under the yoke without the constant presence of a standing army such as the country could not feed. These assertions rest, not on surmise, but on very dearly bought experience; and it should be borne in mind that, if ever the above-mentioned policy were realised, the cost of conquering and holding Afghanistan would necessarily fall on the British taxpayer, seeing that the Indian Exchequer is not in a condition to provide funds for continuing the attempts at conquest which have hitherto, for fourteen years, been so unsuccessfully made. The last Budget statement from India leaves no doubt as to the reduced condition of her financial resources, and to her inability to bear any longer the cost of wars carried on beyond her limits.

J. DACOSTA.

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# CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

## SCIENCE.

*A New Departure in Astronomy*[1] is characterised by a lack of lucidity which makes it difficult reading, and renders the most conscientious attempt to master its contents a task of great labour, but of little profit. The logic of the author is as unsatisfactory as his style, and will scarcely commend his views to those who require that a scientific subject should be handled in a scientific fashion. The author has got some novel views on the subject of the revolution of the solar system, and deals hardly with astronomers for persisting in adopting "the ecliptic or sun's apparent path in space as the basis of observation." We scarcely apprehend the meaning of this criticism, but the author appears to be convinced that it is of weighty import, as he goes on to say that "the adoption of the ecliptic as a basis has retarded the development of the third motion, and engendered a belief in the existence of external force, or force beyond the material limits of the individual body;" a proceeding which, in his judgment, "exhibits a singular misconception of the origin and functions of force." The third motion here referred to is, we are told, "the revolution of the sun, with the earth and planets, about the central body;" but it is not explained how the choice of a "basis of observation" by astronomers on this earth could retard the "development" of such a motion. This motion is again and again referred to, and an attempt is made to describe and explain it, but at the end of the volume the reader's mind is left as hazy on the subject as it was at the beginning. Before speculating on the cause of "the series of motions about successive centres to which the earth is subject," the author deems it necessary to make an attempt "to determine what constitutes force." Beginning the attempt with the enunciation of a few truisms, he lays down the proposition that "there is but one force latent in matter in a state of absolute rest isolated in vacuum, that is, the force of cohesion," and from this proceeds to infer that "it is in the cohesion of matter that we must seek the cause of motion," and that "it is in the motion of matter that we can trace the origin of force." Making a distinction—which, however, is not very clear—between matter in its present form and matter in its primary form, he gets at

[1] *A New Departure in Astronomy: The Revolution of the Solar System.* By E. H. London: Chapman & Hall.

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the origin of motion and of centrifugal force in this way. Matter in its primary form would develop a tendency to contract from the force of cohesion; contraction from cohesion would originate motion; motion would develop the centre of gravity; and motion about the centre of gravity would generate centrifugal force. Later on the subject receives further development, and we read that "the action of centrifugal force is determined by the specific gravity and the relative force of cohesion of matter; the lighter the specific gravity and the less powerful the force of cohesion, the more rapid the direct action of centrifugal force, hence the development of the material medium which envelops the earth, and the origin of atmospheric pressure." In a similar manner the author proceeds to a consideration of the motion of two bodies about their common centre of gravity, and to the exposure of the errors contained in Kepler's law of equal areas and other astronomical doctrines; but for the details of his treatment reference must be made to the volume itself.

The translation of Hempel's *Methods of Gas Analysis*[1] is a most welcome addition to the manuals already in use in the chemical laboratory. The author is one who has made himself not merely a master but a leader in this branch of practical chemistry, and his volume bears the impress of his unusual ingenuity. As described by himself, it is not intended to be a complete guide to all known methods of gas analysis, as such a work would be too bulky for the requirements of the student and too inconvenient for employment in the laboratory. He has sought rather to describe the operations which are involved in the analysis of gases with his own apparatus, and especially those which at the present time are most practical.

Compared with the German edition, from which it has been translated, the English version will be found to have undergone several changes, all of which are in the direction of its improvement. Many of them, indeed, have been made at the suggestion of Professor Hempel himself, while all have had his approval. Perhaps the most important of these changes are those introduced into the chapter upon the determination of the heating power of fuel, which has been largely rewritten, while new illustrations of the latest forms of apparatus have been substituted for the original ones. The chapter upon the analysis of illuminating gas has also benefited during the process of translation, and a new method for the determination of the hydrocarbon vapours has been inserted. To the so-called practical man, these two chapters are especially calculated to be of great service, as is also that on the analysis of the gases which occur in the manufacture of sulphuric acid. In dealing with the analysis of atmospheric air, the author appears to have recognised to the full the importance

[1] *Methods of Gas Analysis.* By Dr. Walther Hempel. Translated from the Second German Edition by L. M. Dennis. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

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of the subject in connection with sanitary matters, and has treated it at considerable length. The most recent and most reliable methods are given, among which may be mentioned those of Hesse and Pettersson, the latter of which will be specially acceptable to those who are working at air analysis, whether from a practical or theoretical point of view. Being published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., the volume, it scarcely needs to be said, is well got up and well printed, while the illustrations are so good as to leave nothing to be desired.

Mr. Massee may be complimented upon the freshness and boldness of treatment which distinguishes his volume on *The Evolution of Plant Life*.[1] The subject is one that possesses many attractions both for the botanical specialist and the cultivated reader generally, but it is one that requires careful handling if error is to be avoided. In this volume, however, the author has steered clear of rash and crude speculations, and in the main keeps within the limits of well-established facts, though on many points he carries his readers up to the most advanced outposts of the subject. Hence it may be studied with great profit by all who wish to know what the botanist has to say on the phenomena of plant life, as seen from an evolutionary point of view. It is not, nor does it pretend to be, a complete guide to what is known of the evolution of the vegetable kingdom, as the author restricts himself, for the most part, to the lower forms of plants, well known as Cryptogams. This, however, is no ground for regret, since it is in these, perhaps, that one sees better than elsewhere the wide range of evolutionary effort. At any rate, such forms are of themselves amply sufficient to show how resourceful Nature has been, in so fashioning the forms and structure of plants as to bring them into workable relationship with their environment, and at the same time enable them to ensure, in the majority of cases, the continuance of the kind or species to which they belong.

In his opening chapter, Mr. Massee recounts the general ideas of plant life, including the characteristics of living matter, the relation of plants to the environment, the structure of their cells and tissues, modes of reproduction, and so on. Only one point in the treatment of these matters may be referred to. In speaking of the vascular tissues of plants, he reverts to the old expression, "fibro-vascular bundle," which of late years has been avoided by the leading authorities on the anatomy of plants. Taking the vegetable kingdom as a whole, it is scarcely too much to say that the evolution of the vascular and mechanical systems have often been separated, both in space and time; and this being so, the union of the two systems under one expression obscures the fact

[1] *University Extension Series. The Evolution of Plant Life: Lower Forms.* By G. Massee. London: Methuen & Co.

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that they are to be regarded as adaptations to quite different factors of the environment. It is true that in the highest types of plants there is frequently a close association of the two systems, but even there it is far from being universal, and in the plants here dealt with, as well as in their extinct representatives, the vascular and mechanical tissues are very commonly separated.

Passing on to the various groups, large and small, which make up the Cryptogamic division of plants, the author briefly describes the structure and life history of the chief forms included in each, and does so in a manner which shows a just appreciation of the relative value of the facts at his disposal. He never loses sight of the evolutionary aspect of the subject, and in the main succeeds well in selecting the facts most suitable for his purpose. We say in the main, because we are of opinion that in one instance at least an important series of facts has been overlooked. We allude to those facts, so much investigated of late years, and which are now pretty well known, respecting the structure and functions of the nucleus of the plant cell. When it is remembered that the lowest forms of plants have no differentiated nucleus; that in somewhat higher forms it is constantly present; and that in many cases of sexual reproduction it carries over from generation to generation the specific characters of the type, it is obvious that this organ of the plant cell has been the subject of considerable evolutionary change. On this account we think greater prominence might have been given to it by the author, especially when discussing the reproductive processes of the vascular Cryptogams.

In various parts of the volume reference is made to the phylogeny of the different groups, and this is done so judiciously that we regret the author has not extended somewhat further his consideration of this branch of the subject. Mr. Bennett's views on the phylogeny of the Algæ are neatly summarised, and the Fungi, both in this and other respects, are dealt with as fully as the present state of knowledge will permit. This being so, it is to be regretted that there is no reference to Pringsheim's views as to the connection of the Muscineæ with the Algæ, through the Coleochæteæ, nor to those of Leitgeb which connect the vascular Cryptogams with the Hepaticæ. With most of the pedigrees put forward by the author, the majority of botanists will probably be disposed to agree; but the diagram illustrating the descent of the lower forms of plants from the *Flagellateæ* will, perhaps, excite criticism in some quarters. According to this diagram, the *Flagellateæ* form the parent stock, whence have diverged in different directions both the *Schizomycetes* and the *Mycetozoa*. Now, among the *Protozoa* the *Flagellateæ* are relatively highly differentiated organisms, and to the writer it seems more probable that the two groups named branched off at an earlier stage of the volutionary process than that represented by the *Flagellateæ*.

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## PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

We have to thank the Clarendon Press for two more volumes of Professor Max Müller's invaluable edition of the English translation of *Sacred Books of the East*. The present volumes are a further contribution by the Rev. James Legge to the *Sacred Books of China*,[1] containing the Texts of Tâoism. Mr. Legge's distinguished reputation as a Chinese scholar is a sufficient guarantee of the ability and faithfulness of his rendering of these difficult texts, while his impartiality inspires confidence that the representation of the teaching of Lâo-tsze and his followers will be fair and true to their spirit. In his preface Mr. Legge gives some account of previous workers in the same field, especially Mr. F. H. Balfour and Mr. H. A. Giles; from the latter he differs with regard to his opinion on the unauthenticity of the Tâo Teh King, but speaks in high terms of his version of the writings of Kwang-tsze. The introduction deals with the antiquity of Tâoism, the genuineness of the texts, the meaning of the name Tâo, the chief points of belief in Tâoism, and accounts of Lâo-tsze and Kwang-tsze given by Sze-mâ Khien. Of the three Religions, or more properly the three Teachings, current in China, Tâoism is by no means the least interesting, though since the incursion of Buddhism it must be regarded as degenerate and corrupt. In presenting us with the texts therefore Mr. Legge enables us to grasp it in its unadulterated form, and to realise the teaching which shared with Confucianism the direction of Chinese philosophy for several centuries.

In its essence Tâoism appears to be a kind of agnostic Quietism; as it does not recognise a personal God it can hardly be described as mysticism, to which it has a close resemblance. Mr. Balfour's rendering of Tâo by "Nature," does not meet with Mr. Legge's approval, and he prefers to leave the term untranslated. We may regard it as the something which is undefinable, though it bears some resemblance to the Will of Schopenhauer, or the Unconscious of Hartmann; its operation is evolutionary, and not creative, and some passages in the text might have been written by Haeckel. Tâoism teaches a passivity or inactivity, which may largely account for the unprogressiveness of the Chinese. Tâoism was in direct opposition to the teaching of Confucius. "The monitions of God, as given in the convictions of man's mind, supplied him (Confucius) with a Tâo or Path of Duty, very different from the Tâo or Mysterious Way of Lâo." Lâo-tsze taught that the original condition of mankind was a kind of paradisal state, in which there was no striving or restless activity, but in which men abandoned them-

[1] *The Sacred Books of China: The Texts of Tâoism.* Translated by James Legge. Two vols. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1891.

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selves without resistance to the guidance of the Tâo. He thought this golden age would be restored by the giving up of fruitless exertion. "If we could renounce our sageness and discard our wisdom, it would be better for our people a hundredfold. If we could renounce our benevolence and discard our righteousness, the people would again become filial and kindly. If we could renounce our artful contrivances and discard our (scheming for) gain, there would be no thieves and robbers."

There were naturally no elements of progress in this system; it has retrograded, and is at the present day hopelessly degenerate. And Mr. Legge concludes that by the spread of knowledge, which it has always opposed, its overthrow and disappearance cannot long be delayed. The political tendency of Tâoism is anti-liberal in the extreme; the chapter on "Keeping the People at Rest," in the Tâo Teh King, advocates the desirability of keeping the people in primitive simplicity and ignorance, in order to secure their restfulness and good order. This is summed up in the saying: "Fishes should not be taken from the deep; instruments for the profit of the State should not be shown to the people." It is, perhaps, natural that Tâoism, like Quietism, should have its peculiar virtues as well as its faults. Lâo recommended gentleness, economy, and humility: "It is the way of the Tâo to act without thinking of acting, to conduct affairs without feeling the trouble of them, to taste without discerning any flavour, to consider the small as great and the few as many, and *to recompense injury with kindness.*" Kwang-tsze enlarged upon the teachings of his master, and his writings here given to the English reader are contained in thirty-three books. They contain many curious anecdotes, which, however, cannot be regarded as historical, but either as parables or allegories. His general teaching is, that if men are let alone the tendencies of their nature will be at rest, and there will be no necessity for governing the world. Try to govern it, and the world will be full of trouble. In addition to the writings of Lâo and Kwang, these volumes contain the "Tractate of Actions and their Retributions." As appendix are given a number of further illustrations, or exposition of the teachings of Tâoism, the "Directory for a Day" being one of the most curious. The insight these writings afford into the mental condition of a people remote in time and distance is really delightful, and increases our gratitude to the translator, to whom we already owe the versions of Confucius, as well as to the projector and editor of this series.

The second edition of a collection of addresses delivered on Sunday afternoons in 1888, 1889, and 1891, at the South Place Institute, appears with the general title of *Religious Systems of the World.*[1] This edition covers a wider field than the first, as a number of new

[1] *Religious Systems of the World.* Addresses delivered at South Place Institute. Second edition. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

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articles upon topics not treated in the first series of lectures is included. The fact that in all possible cases the various Churches and denominations were represented by competent authorities actually belonging to them, gives a unique value to this volume. We so commonly have to be content with expositions by lecturers of the religion of other people that it is an exceptional advantage to meet on a common platform men who are willing and free to expound the views of their own particular denomination. Of course this was not possible in every case, or in nearly every case, but ancient and foreign systems of religion are described in the main by persons of unquestionable qualifications for the task allotted them. There are nearly sixty articles in all, and they are classed as pre-Christian and non-Christian—Christian, Theistic, and Philosophic. The range extends all the way from the religions of Egypt, Assyria, and India, to modern Theosophy, Evolutionism, and the Ethical movement. The style of the lectures was necessarily popular, but the facts and opinions may be generally accepted as trustworthy.

We have received from MM. Guillaumin & Co. a striking volume on *Religion*,[1] by G. De Molinari, the chief editor of the *Journal Des Économistes*. M. De Molinari is an authority on economical questions, and he presents some of the practical problems of religion in an exceptionally original light; his style is remarkably lucid, and his topic is in the main the relation of religion to the State. We hope to deal with this book more fully in our next issue, so must content ourselves at present with noticing its appearance.

The present volume of Dr. Archibald Duff's *History of Hebrew Religion*[2] deals with the period from the year 800 B.C. to the time of Josiah, 640 B.C., and we understand it is the author's intention to continue the history up to the Christian epoch. This work is intended to meet a growing want—the reconstruction of the history of the Hebrew religion in the light of modern criticism; not but what this has been done, principally by continental theologians, who, however, have received little welcome in this country except from the Unitarians. Dr. Duff is more likely to command the confidence of more orthodox bodies. Our author begins his actual study of the subject with the prophet Amos, regarding his times as the formative period of Hebrew theology; relegating the examination of the Pentateuch to a subsequent volume, in which we presume the actual relations of the Law and the Prophets will be made clear. The treatment of the book of Amos may be taken as an illustration of Dr. A. Duff's method. A brief reference to the literary history of the book is followed by a succinct analysis of its contents. The sketch of the man Amos and the scene of his preaching is very vivid and realistic,

[1] *Religion.* Par G. De Molinari. Paris: Guillaumin et Cie. 1892.

[2] *Old Testament Theology; or, the History of Hebrew Religion from the year* 800 B.C. By Archibald Duff, M.A., LL.D. London and Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1891.

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and the pages abound in word-pictures which remind us sometimes of Renan. The theology of the prophet is described as the Amos revelation, which the author defines as a "wide and keen conscience"; the inspiration of Amos lay in the intensity of his convictions, in his belief in God as the Righteous, and the new conception that not all Israel is Jehovah's people, but only the righteous portion of the nation. Dr. Duff unfortunately leaves the firm ground of historical exposition occasionally, and mixes up the Christ of the Creeds with the very different conceptions of the Semite preachers. Following Amos, the author deals systematically with the work of Hosea, Isaiah, and Micah, and his position with regard to the Pentateuch, to which we have referred, is indicated in a sentence or two which we cannot refrain from quoting, as it is one of the most unanswerable arguments against its early composition: "If it (the Pentateuch) had existed, and possessed anything like the authority which the post-Christian Jews gave it, the prophets, including Micah, would surely have invoked directly its powerful aid. Their failure to do this is evident. If these prophets, whom we have studied in their often hard work of persuasion, could have called in the words and authority and help of the 'Book of Moses,' why did they not do it? Since they do not, is it not certain that that book must be subsequent to such prophets?" The merits of Dr. Duff's book far outweighs its faults.

*Horæ Sabbaticæ*[1] is not, as many good people might erroneously surmise, a book for Sunday reading; Sir James Stephen uses the word Sabbath in its strictly literal sense, and the volume is a collection of articles contributed to the *Saturday Review*. As several of the articles have a theological interest, a notice of the work is not out of place in this section. The articles of interest to the theological readers are those upon Hooker, Laud, Chillingworth, and Jeremy Taylor. An examination of the principal works of these writers affords the author of the present articles an opportunity of contrasting the merits of past and present English theologians, resulting in a verdict very unfavourable to the latter. The boldness, the clearness of language, the precision of aim in the older writers are shown by Sir James Stephen to exhibit a marked contrast to the vagueness, the feebleness, the affectation, timidity, or obscurity of writers of the present day. The essays are necessarily short and slight in structure, but they are interesting reading, and introduce the reader to several neglected fields of inquiry. Other articles have a biographical or historical interest.

The popularity of Dr. Milligan's *Lectures on the Apocalypse*[2] is shown by the demand which has resulted in the publication of a

[1] *Horæ Sabbaticæ.* By Sir James Fitzjames Stephen. London: Macmillan. 1892.
[2] *Lectures on the Apocalypse.* By William Milligan, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

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third edition. The lectures are now published without the appendices, which are to appear in a separate volume. As these appendices discuss questions like that of the authorship of the Apocalypse, the present volume is limited to an exposition of the contents of the Book of Revelation; its authenticity and divine origin being assumed. From this point of view, Dr. Milligan's lectures are interesting and scholarly, but those who have doubts upon the subject will hardly meet with satisfaction.

Bishop Alexander's *Leading Ideas of the Gospels*[1] is an original and welcome effort to leave the beaten track. There is little that is commonplace in the book. That many of his views seem to us ideal, and to be due more to his own reflections than to the Gospels themselves, does not lessen the pleasure we received in reading the work. Bishop Alexander's theory is that each Evangelist aimed at presenting a special view of the life and ministry and teaching of Jesus, and that this aim was determined, at least to some extent, by the character of the Evangelist himself. This is well illustrated in his representation of Luke as a physiologist and psychologist. A consequence of this, the author thinks, is that Luke could not have confounded, as many people think the Evangelists have done, lunacy and suicidal mania, convulsive and epileptiform seizures, with demoniacal possession. That of course is a matter of opinion, and if Luke were indeed a physician and the author of the Gospel, we need not attribute to him a physiological and psychological knowledge equal to that of the best physicians of our own day. Doctors still differ on the nature of psychological disturbances. Amongst the notes we find a very interesting comparison of the language of Luke's Gospel with that of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

*Short Sermons*,[2] by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, are much pleasanter reading than most productions of the kind; there is little theology but much religion in them, while they seem to breathe an air of peace and beauty and love. Mr. Brooke does not repress his artistic and poetic temperament even when he preaches, and some of his discourses have more the manner of meditations. His style is full, sometimes almost exuberant, but never merely rhetorical. Mr. Stopford Brooke is known to have thrown in his lot with the Liberal churches; but the reader may occasionally come across phrases in these sermons which jar upon his rationalism, for Mr. Brooke in embracing the new does not appear altogether to have forsaken the old.

Besides the four new works noticed above, we have also received from Messrs. Macmillan & Co. two new editions of popular sermons

[1] *The Leading Ideas of the Gospels.* By William Alexander, D.D., D.C.L. New Edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

[2] *Short Sermons.* By the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke. London: Macmillan & Co 1892.

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*Eternal Hope*[1] consists of five sermons preached by Canon Farrar as long ago as the year 1877, and it is still in demand. The sermons created some sensation at the time, more, we think, than they deserved; but their effect upon popular theology has doubtless been beneficial. They were a bold protest against the once commonly held doctrine of physical torments in the next world, and also especially against the Protestant belief of the impossibility of repentance or salvation after death. Dr. Farrar very justly distinguished the purgatorial idea from the corruptions of the Roman Church, and though he refused to endorse the views of the Universalists, he has helped to modify the old dogmatism. The present volume is one of the cheap series of the Archdeacon's works now issuing.

The fourth volume of the reissue of Maurice's *Sermons*[2] is also to hand, in which the discourses maintain the high level of which we have already spoken. The sermon on National Celebrations is a fine illustration of the preacher's religious treatment of history.

We have also before us three pamphlets which suggest the question, Why are pamphleteers generally eccentric? These three compositions at least are eccentric enough. The first is a fourth part of M. Barrou's *La Foi et La Raison;*[3] the three parts previously published having already been commented upon by us, we have nothing more to say about this curious production. The present pamphlet appears to have been provoked by a criticism on the author's philosophy by Father Roure.

*Looking Inwards*[4] is described as a Dream of the Fog of Substitution dispersed by the Light of Intuition. Under the form of a long allegory, the author describes his progress from orthodoxy to a liberal idea of religion. There is a good deal of common sense wrapped up in the fable, but it is overlaid by the machinery. Orthodoxy is a raft, on which they were all rowing: "We went round and round a great circle; every year we passed a series of notice floats in the water, as Easter, Whitsuntide, Christmas; the same old routine, nobody better, nobody wiser, only getting older." That one sentence contains a good deal.

Mr. Middleton has committed his thoughts *On Life and Immortality*[5] to verse. The author says that, "If in any way this work should help to throw light on the all-absorbing problem of existence, or if it has worthily added a chaplet to our literature, I shall feel that I have not altogether lived in vain." We are afraid, if this is

[1] *Eternal Hope.* By the Rev. Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.
[2] *Sermons preached in Lincoln's Inn Chapel.* By Frederick Denison Maurice. New Edition, vol. iv. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.
[3] *La Foi et La Raison.* Par L. Barrou. Quatrième Fascicule. Paris. 1891.
[4] *Looking Inwards: A Dream.* London: W. Reeves.
[5] *Life and Immortality.* By Charles S. Middleton. London: Cooper & Attwood. 1891.

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all that saves his life from vanity, it has been thrown away. It is not literature, and though some of it bears traces of serious meditation, we are afraid it does not throw any new light upon the problem of life. Some of the verses are of considerable merit, especially the stanzas which describe the evolution and decay of creeds, but many are only commonplace. The author appears to be an evolutionist, and somewhat of a positivist.

We have also received the *Liverpool Unitarian Annual*,[1] which contains, besides a quantity of information, three able essays on Unitarianism, by the Revs. R. A. Armstrong, L. P. Jacks, and V. D. Davis.

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## SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES, AND TRAVELS.

"WHAT shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" With these grand words before us, we cross the threshold of the inquiry which Mr. Wagner[2] has instituted into the sphere and the promise of the young people who are to take the torch from us and pass it on to an unborn generation.

"And what are you going to do next?" asked an old divine of a young man who had just passed with credit through his university career. "Well, I must settle down into a profession," was the reply. "And what then?" "I must work hard at it, and make a good position." "True, and what then?" "Well, I suppose I shall marry." "And what then?" "Oh, I shall settle down, I suppose, and grow old in time." "And what then?" "Why—in course of time, no doubt, I shall die." "And—what *then?*" "Ay, there's the rub." No speculation, no philosophy, no religion, has lifted up the corner of that veil. But one thing is clear—a responsibility rests upon all to live nobly. That thought is the key-note of Mr. Wagner's charming essay. On the rising generations the future of the world depends; to make them lofty in purpose and earnest in action is to secure that future. For us who are in the full strength of manhood or womanhood, there is at the least one task left—to mould in shapely cast the lives of those who follow us. "For if those who are coming safe into harbour should carefully warn the vessels just setting out as to currents, pirates, and storms"—we quote the words of Cicero—"what should be my feeling, as now from the midst of violent tempests I near the land, towards this young man whose lot it will be to bear the brunt of the stormiest times which the commonwealth has ever known?"

To Mr. Wagner the period now within sight is full of great

[1] *The Liverpool Unitarian Annual.* Liverpool: F. & E. Gibbons. 1892.
[2] *Jeunesse.* Par C. Wagner. 2me edition. Paris: Libraire Fischbacher. 1892.

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possibilities. The young—our own children—are called to inherit an enormous responsibility. The world is throbbing with the anxieties of new and wondrous births, yet it is fettered by the chains of its own refined tyranny. A narrow specialism threatens all healthy developments. And our youth is infected with mistrust scepticism, selfishness.

This is too true. The want of reverence and earnestness is much more marked in young people nowadays than it was fifty years ago. Luxury comes too early, and work often too late. We wish we could dwell somewhat longer on Mr. Wagner's discussion of the life as it should be, "lucem in alto quaerentes uitam in profundis."

It is not often that a son becomes famous before his father; but there is no denying that Mr. Lockwood Kipling's book[1] was received with an interest which was largely bred of his son's reputation. However, the book stands alone; there is no question about that. It is distinctly one of the best products of 1891. It is scholarly and philosophical, and at the same time entertaining. The style is good, and we can see whence Mr. Rudyard Kipling gets some of his vigour. From the wild birds and monkeys we are taken to asses, oxen, horses and elephants; then more wild animals and reptiles. There is a capital chapter on the animal as it appears in Indian art, and another on the Supernatural, which rapidly glances at the fabulous creations of a superstitious people, and at their belief in the subjection of the fiercest animals to high and holy influences.

And here we touch that thought which is the key to Indian ideas of animal life—the belief in the transmigration of souls. Herein we find the meaning, as Mr. Kipling shows, of the mercifulness with which the Indian is credited. There is no real love of animals; there is simply a reluctance to take life. "A bull is more than a bull, he is a potential grandfather." In their daily treatment of animals the Queen's Indian subjects are grossly unmindful of the pains which they inflict, and in their very affection for their horses they make life miserable by their ignorant pampering and misfeeding.

The pride of the rajah in his stable is extraordinary, yet his chargers are deformed by their unnatural training. And in this matter the author directs a well-merited rebuke against English, chiefly London, horse-breakers, and that "outstretched flying-buttress attitude which is considered good form." We hope he exaggerates its frequency; we have not observed the great effort after it in Hyde Park of which he speaks. But we do not hesitate to agree that it is unnatural and dangerous to the animal; and we condemn it as we condemn every other artificial device to secure simple "carriage."

As instances of the interesting light which the book throws on

[1] *Beast and Man in India.* By John Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.



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Indian native life, let us merely refer to two passages—one recording the growing conviction that meat-eating has something to do with the physical superiority of the European; the other indicating the difficulty of persuading the native to exterminate the deadliest snakes. Page 348 may be commended to the Indian Government.

Of such things this book is full, and it is a mine of local proverbs and folk-lore as well. Either to the ethnologist, the zoologist, or the general reader we can heartily recommend it.

Any book which seriously pretends to wipe England out of the map of Europe demands some attention.[1] "L'avenir de l'Europe" has distinctly roused our interest. It is sent us as "un livre appelé à faire sensation dans le monde politique." If we could think for a moment that the division of Europe proposed by M. Vigoureux was "within the range of practical politics"—if even a serious attempt to realise his views was probable—we have no hesitation in saying that the sensation which the book should make would be tremendous.

The work is a direct appeal to Italy before all other Powers. M. Vigoureux is burning to detach Italy from the Triple Alliance and secure its friendship towards France. He urges that even where France has seemed neglectful of Italian interests she has always been their true friend, whereas Bismarck never hesitated to show his contempt for the country which he was using as a catspaw. It is argued that Italy's part in the Alliance will last only so long as it suits the stronger Powers, and then will come a partition and oppression.

Looking to the strong democratic sentiment in Italy, and the growing tendency in Spain and Portugal towards republicanism (in respect of which M. Vigoureux is right), the author sees at no distant date the prospect of a union of Latin Republics, with which Greece will be joined. The first and greatest step will be the alliance of Italy with France. At present their misunderstandings have been skilfully fomented by England and Germany.

In the background, to countenance the gradual formation of the new Latin Union, will be the all-absorbing power of Russia. The Teutonic races are marked down as enemies alike of the Slav and the Gaul. And as a result of the great coalition the map of the old world will be remodelled, and Russia will stretch from the Baltic to Burmah, while England and Germany will be absorbed as subordinate States into the Union, which is to be dominated by the French Republic; Africa is to be under the protectorate of the same Union; Canada is to be absorbed into the confederation of North America; while a similar confederation is to be formed by the old Spanish and Portuguese colonies in South America. Australia M. Vigoureux has not yet arranged for.

[1] *L'avenir de l'Europe.* Envisagé au double point de vue de la politique de sentiment et de la politique d'interêt. Par C. E. Vigoureux. Paris: Felix Alcan. 1891.

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We do not dwell on the inquiry which naturally presents itself as to the extent of M. Vigoureux's love of humanity and admiration of civilisation. In carrying out his redistribution of the Powers he has extinguished the two wisest and most thoughtful States which are known to the modern world. He has wilfully reduced to bondage the representatives of that race who formed, not only for themselves but for all Europe, the path to religious and political liberty. On altogether insufficient data, to gratify a private or, it may be, a semi-national hatred of Germany and England, M. Vigoureux maps out a future which has no relation to history or national life. Let us examine some of his data. Two examples will suffice.

He makes a list of the nominal strength of the armies of seventeen European Powers. At the head stand Russia and France: their paper armies are nearly as numerous as those of all the rest of Europe put together. But what of efficiency? What of endurance? What of wealth? What of that last and strongest weapon in the armoury: the resistance unto death of a free and masterful people? Who from this point of view has the strength?

From the amount of the metallic reserve in the Bank of France during 1889 he deduces the conclusion that France is the country best able to stand a prolonged war. He has not yet learnt that the bank reserve is but a small indication of England's wealth, and that the country is studded with great joint-stock banks, which are scarcely less powerful than the Bank of England itself.

But we might go on without ceasing to shatter the arguments on the probability of which the book is based. Truly, the book is sensational, because its conception is daring in the extreme, and its method is transparently propagandist. It will help us to review the present foreign relations of European Powers, and to forecast the possibilities of trouble. But we cannot give in our adhesion to M. Vigoureux's expectations.

Naturally we next take up a work which deals with the great fact which the above Frenchman in theory demolishes. *The Growth of German Unity*[1] is written in England, and chiefly for Englishmen. To all of us it will be interesting. We should be sorry to think that it would be necessary for many. We are not of those who have declined to recognise the greatness of Germany and predicted its disintegration as a certain result of Bismarck's retirement. We believe that few have seriously thought thus. German over-sensitiveness has attributed such feelings to England; but it is quite wrong. We hope that as years go by the petty jealousies of the German towards us will disappear. Nothing is more to our interest, and to that of the civilised world, than that the German nation should remain united, strong, and wise in its strength.

Mr. Krause seeks to prove that German unity is the embodiment

[1] *The Growth of German Unity:* an Historical and Critical Study. By Gustav Krause. London: David Nutt. 1892.

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of a great longing borne down to modern times on the wings of the ages. Around the name of the Hofenstaufen dynasty the Kaiser-sage entwined itself and grew into the national life. Through the miseries of the Thirty Years' War, and the cruel outrages of Louis XIV., the legend never died. And at last the Kaiser comes—another Frederick—at the head of a single State; against enormous odds he keeps Prussia safe, and emerges a hero; from this moment the nucleus of a great empire is formed. Jena could not crush it; indeed, it stimulated the nobler qualities and inspired the sterner minds of the nation: the results of the War of Freedom may have been disappointing; but when Napoleon was hurled back from Waterloo in 1815, the fulfilment of German unity was but a question of years.

Mr. Krause's sketch of the struggles of the national life, both in distant times and in the years which we have seen, receives a hearty welcome in our library.

We cannot help wondering whether Mr. Bradlaugh, if he had still lived, would have published this tenth edition of his *Impeachment of the House of Brunswick*[1]—he had latterly lost so much of the aggressive habits of twenty years ago. Yet he seems to have been revising it quite recently.

As a suggestive review of the events of the last century and a half, it has an historic interest: as an indictment of the follies which it seems impossible to separate from a royal dynasty it deserves the study of every English Liberal.

But we cannot help feeling that the book is an anachronism. We have no great admiration for monarchy, and Abe Lincoln or De Witt suggest our ideal of the head of a Commonwealth. But when urged to aid in getting rid of the House of Brunswick, we ask what the gain to the nation will be? The evil days through which the Guelphs have been on the throne were not attributable either to their wickedness or their incapacity. What harm they may have done is not likely to be repeated now. For all practical purposes they hold their position at the will of the nation. There is no need to labour that point. The question for us is, whether an hereditary royal family is not really a more convenient and economical method of securing a President than the machinery of triennial elections? The practical inquiry suggested by Mr. Bradlaugh's book is, whether we cannot properly cut down the cost of royalty as it stands on our annual account at present?

We have lately had a very profitable crop of text-books on economic subjects. Professor Bastable's little book[2] is well conceived. Its author writes with care, moderation, and discernment, and we

[1] *The Impeachment of the House of Brunswick.* By Charles Bradlaugh. Tenth edition. London: A. & H. Bradlaugh Bonner. 1891.

[2] *The Commerce of Nations.* By C. F. Bastable, LL.D. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.

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are conscious of listening to a man whose opinion is worth pondering. The ghost of Protection is not laid, and we cannot well spare any work which supplies us with nerve to withstand it. The Professor bases his sketch on history merely, as against the usual method of argument from principles. But he fails to attack what seems to us to be the real question arising for early consideration. We do not need to prove that it would be the best thing for the whole world to adopt free trade; even "fair traders" often admit that. But it is a question for the expert what England's best policy would be in the face of a hostile combination to exclude her from all foreign markets. This is a really practical problem in the commerce of nations.

Mr. Heylyn Hayter[1] is in the first rank of statisticians, and Victoria can claim to have a record of annual progress which surpasses any one work published respecting the United Kingdom. If the Imperial Institute is worth anything it will aim at some such general record. We specially commend the chapter on Accumulation, which includes Currency.

We come to two books of travels which deal with the society and events of a century ago.

Every one knows Mrs. Thrale, but, perhaps not every one recognises her under her second name of Mrs. Piozzi. Her Italian[2] letters are full of the quaint observation, the gay humour, the charming worldliness, which attracted Dr. Johnson. It is very funny to read how the Thrale contingent turned up their noses because she married an Italian who had taught music; and how her new husband's friends in Italy just felt uncomfortable because she had at one time been the wife of a brewer. Thus Snobbery has a different garment in different climes; and we are sorry to think that its dress is most offensive in England.

There is no question as to the pleasure with which we read the letters; so we do not stop to inquire the precise historical or sociological value of works of this class. Mrs. Piozzi did not travel through Italy as we do now in a summer holiday. She went on visits to friends, and had the *entrée* to the domestic life of typical Italian families. But we feel unable to improve on the summary of the little volume which will be found in its excellent introduction.

German works are apt to look unattractive, but we can assure the reader that in the diary[3] of Count von Schön he will find a great deal to interest as well as to instruct him. For the English reader

[1] *The Victorian Year-Book for* 1890-91. By Henry Heylyn Hayter, C.M.G. London: Trübner & Co. 1891.

[2] *Glimpses of Italian Society in the Eighteenth Century, from the "Journey" of Mrs. Piozzi.* With an Introduction by the Countess Cesaresco. London: Seeley & Co. 1891.

[3] *Studienreisen eines jungen Staatsmanns in England.* Beiträge und nachträge zu den Papieren des Theodor von Schön. Berlin: Leonhard Simion. 1891.

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it has special attractions, and a great deal of information as to the life of England a century ago, which appears to us, on the whole, very trustworthy. The Count made the most of his stay in our country, and courteously attributes to it the greater part of his knowledge of statecraft. The condition of its agriculture was one of his chief studies; and some of the details which he records are of real value, since they are often of a kind not likely to be noted by those to whom they were daily familiar.

We have no space to notice the constant matters of interest which our visitor brings before us. All over England and into Scotland he travels, and we are constantly pleased by the reference to places which we know and love. We find ourselves at Epsom and Newmarket. Clifton and Weymouth are in their glory. He pays a tribute to Grasmere, and minutely describes the wonders of Woolwich. It is, in fact, a real delight to an Englishman to stray through the pages of a work which proceeds on the principle that, "For most people in the world England is still a closed book."

M. de Rousiers[1] shows several times that he is impressed with the American's love of size and show, and he has adapted his work to their taste. It is a worthy review of the life of a great country—complete, well arranged, intelligent in criticism. And it is got up in the most attractive French style, if only it were bound so that its fine quarto pages would hold together. For the illustrations alone it is worth buying; we had almost said for that part of them which are copied from the cartoons of *The Judge*, *Texas Siftings*, and other American substitutes for *Punch*. M. de Rousiers has shown himself a man of acute observation. He graphically sketches the ups and downs of the pioneer; he takes you conscientiously through all the details of Armour's pig-killing establishment at Chicago; he loiters in the restaurant of the working-man, and catches the national interest in base-ball. His criticisms on dress are worthy of a Parisian; his sketch of American women and their manners is much fairer than those of Max O'Rell. There is not a side of Yankee life which he has not seen and appreciated. To the more academic shades of Boston and Harvard he has not penetrated. How truly he has caught the spirit of the American life is shown by a passage which we must take leave to quote:

"La vie Américaine . . . . ressemble beaucoup a une échelle, le long de laquelle tout un peuple grimpe, s'accroche, tombe et recommence son ascension après chaque chute, sans perdre le temps à geindre ou à délibérer sur la décision à prendre; à aucun échelon, personne ne songe à s'arrêter: on ne reste pas en place sur une échelle; on y monte, on ne s'y repose pas."

And the illustrations from photographs carry out the same idea of

[1] *La Vie Américaine. Ouvrage Illustré, &c.*, par Paul de Rousiers. Paris: Firmin Didot et Cie. 1892.

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hurry and scurry. The men are all on the run, or seem to be walking five miles an hour. If any persuasion of ours could introduce the work to the drawing-room tables of the wealthy, we should be much gratified.

We know of Mr. Norman as a clever and interesting individual, and we were quite prepared to pass a favourable judgment on his collection of studies of Japanese life.[1] We believe that some critics have held that the book owes too much to Captain Brinkley, but the author seems to us to acknowledge his indebtedness in a sufficiently handsome manner, and we see no reason for withholding the fullest credit for a capital sketch of Japanese life, and one of the most readable pieces of work we have lately had in our hands.

One thing is forced on our comprehension. Woman is in Japan the beginning and end of all things. Mr. Norman clearly fell a victim to the charms of the dancing girls; wherever you open the book a *geisha* smiles out on you. Laughing, wheedling, coquetting and dancing, the demure, seductive little person known as a woman "is the crown of Japan." And in connection with the women—whether noble ladies, dancing girls, or *yujos*—we realise a fact that we had not acquired before, that the Japanese mind is full of poetry, that in the commonest things of life they think in the language of nature and spring.

And in the concluding doubt of the book we agree. Is it, after all, so well that the Japanese should become "civilised"?—should adopt the follies of European life along with its learning and its tactics? We do not think it. For their own sakes we would not wish them to desert their ancient costume, their laughing and their dancing; for ours we should deplore it. Finding them as they have been, we are introduced into a new world; we are caught by a freshness of pleasure, a rare atmosphere of enjoyment. If they become as we are, there is just that amount more of the commonplace in the world—jejune mortality decked out in hats and bonnets: *Di superi defendant!*

Dark green and fertile, with roads that put to shame any other of the Lesser Antilles, we remember beautiful "La Martinique" a few years ago. Another year or two, and tropical growth and human enterprise will have blotted out all traces of last summer's disaster, whose horrors M. Monet records. The book[2] is sold for the benefit of the sufferers, and we wish it well. The history of nearly all the West Indian islands is full of earthquakes or hurricanes. M. Monet supplies us with a vivid account of one of the most terrible storms which have ever visited those lovely islands; and in the light of this work we shall read the past the better. Beyond this there is nothing very new in the work. As we put it down, a

[1] *The Real Japan.* By Henry Norman. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.
[2] *La Martinique.* Par Henri Monet. Paris: A. Savine, editeur.

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south-west gale is coming up the hill from over the Surrey country beyond, and we confess to a feeling of deep thankfulness that, though an elm or two in the avenue may go, we shall not suffer like Martinique.

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## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

IT is time that some serious attempt should be made to write a life of Boethius in the fuller light of recent research, and to estimate the influence that he exercised on the great thinkers of the Middle Ages; and, if for no other reason, the names of Alfred and Chaucer should be sufficient to give an Englishman a special interest in the attempt. Mr. Stewart's book on *Boethius*,[1] in spite of its merits, does little more than show what might have been done; it is an expansion of an Hulsean Prize Essay, and has the faults of most prize essays; it makes claim, on insufficient grounds, to an almost universal knowledge. The writer says (p. 239), "I confess I am appalled by the amount I have left unsaid;" but this feeling will hardly be shared by the reader. Mr. Stewart has indeed endeavoured to do more than the limits of his space permit. In two hundred and fifty pages he "glances at the controversy of Boethius," gives an historical account of the life of his hero, and of his relations with Theodoric, discusses and analyses with some minuteness the *De Consolatione* and the five theological works, attempts an account in more or less detail of sixteen translations of his author, and tackles "Boethius and the scholastic problem."

Mr. Stewart's historical account is not original and, where it differs from Mr. Hodgkin, is not convincing. On the other hand, his analyses are clear, and may serve as a useful introduction to those who are entirely ignorant of Boethius. His accounts of the various translations are unequal and disappointing; and no serious attempt is made to estimate the influence which *The Consolation* exercised on the thought and life of the Middle Ages. The really original and valuable part of Mr. Stewart's work is that which bears upon Chaucer, and his translation of, and indebtedness to Boethius. This is well worthy of expansion and fuller illustration; at present this piece of good work, set in the midst of much which could scarce have been congenial to him, runs the risk of not being fully appreciated. The historical aspects of his subject do not seem to have really interested Mr Stewart: probably he has not had an historical training; and certainly the expressions "Saxon Chronicle," "Charlemagne," "Scotus Erigena," and "bishop designate," could

[1] *Boethius.* An Essay by Hugh Fraser Stewart, M.A. London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

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hardly have been used by an historian, and would make Professor Freeman turn pale. But for the literary criticism the writer of this book has evidently a distinct liking and a distinct capacity. A word of praise is also due to his treatment of the theological tracts; and his conclusion as to the Christianity of the author of the *De Consolatione* is satisfactory, and indeed convincing.

Sir Philip Sidney is a good example of the honour in which a name is held, although little or nothing is known of the person who bore it. All look up to and respect Sidney, yet few could tell anything of his life, excepting, perhaps, his death. This general ignorance is due, no doubt, to the fact that no satisfactory short life of this representative of Elizabethan Court life has hitherto been obtainable. Mr. Fox Bourne has now, however, removed this excuse. He has, in the latest volume of the *Heroes of the Nations*[1] Series, told the tale of Sidney's life; and, as might be expected from the author of the *Memoir of Sir Philip Sidney*, the tale is well told. The earlier work naturally forms the basis of the present book, but to it have been added the results of more recent search and investigation, which have led to the modification of some views previously held by the author. Thus, for example, Sir Henry Sidney's *Psalter* has enabled Mr. Fox Bourne to deal fully with the early history of his hero's family and parentage. And we are led to believe that *Astrophel and Stella* contains little or nothing of autobiographic value; but that Sidney idealised Stella, and could hardly suddenly have felt intense affection for one whom he had known from childhood. If we literally accept the sentiments of the poet as the expression of his own genuine feeling towards Lady Penelope Devereux, we are led to the awkward conclusion that Sidney would not marry when he could have done so, and that his love did not become real until after Lord Rich had availed himself of Sidney's delay, and made Lady Penelope his wife. Mr. Fox Bourne's theory is strengthened by quotations from Spenser, which show most clearly that the imagination of the poet led him to entirely disregard the facts of Stella's life.

We are glad to see that Mr. Fox Bourne does full justice to Sir Henry Sidney's Irish administration, and dwells at length on the difficulties he had to contend with owing to jealousies and intrigues at Court. Probably the most useful part of this book is that which throws light on the life of an Elizabethan courtier. The petty spite and irritableness of the Queen, the quarrels of the contending parties, and, above all, the wearisome round of masques, pageants and shows, are all touched on. Into Sidney's literary work we cannot here inquire, but the subject is carefully dealt with by the writer. It is interesting to notice that Mr. Fox Bourne dates the writing of the

[1] *Sir Philip Sidney* (*Heroes of the Nations* Series). By H. R. Fox Bourne. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

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*Defense of Poesie* before that of the *Arcadia*. Sidney's literary patronage, his friendship with Spenser, Hakluyt, Camden and others are given place, and also his connection with the Areopagus and its chief member, Gabriel Harvey.

In conclusion, we may add that Mr. Fox Bourne's book presents Sidney's life to us in all its aspects. He tells of his colonisation schemes, of his opposition to the Duke of Anjou and France, and, as the central political idea of his life, of his hatred of Spain and Roman Catholicism. If therefore we regard the book as somewhat lacking in unity, we must lay the blame on the versatility of Sir Philip Sidney's character, rather than on the writer of his life.

It is not quite easy to see what will be the value to the general public of *The New Calendar of Great Men*,[1] edited by Mr. Frederic Harrison. The book contains short biographies of 558 persons, who were selected by Auguste Comte to form a Positivist calendar. As a result the notices of each name are very short—in fact, a mere outline of principal facts—with an attempt in a few words to sum up the "effective work of each, and his contribution to civilisation." The lives are for the most part carefully written, though many would disagree with the dogmatic assertions of the place that each man holds in the world's history. It is not easy in a few lines to state the exact importance in historic development of men like Charles the Great, Titian, or Brutus; and it is not therefore surprising that such summary verdicts should often appear inaccurate or prejudiced. But, as Mr. Frederic Harrison says in his preface, this book is not a biographical dictionary. As such, indeed, it might be useful were it more complete. It is difficult to see on what grounds some names have been omitted. Surely, for example, Napoleon did some "effective work," made some "contribution to civilisation." At least his internal reforms in France, and the social changes he brought about in Europe, might have entitled him to Positivist rank, even if his contributions to the art of war were not of sufficient merit to give him a place under the makers of "military civilisation." But, as this book is compiled for persons who have already chosen their saints, it is unfair to criticise. We can only repeat that, in spite of the evident care and trouble that has been spent on its preparation, the *New Calendar* will not be of great use to the world as a whole. It contains little that is new, or that is not to be found in any respectable biographical dictionary; it is, in short, little more than a collection of sketches of well-known lives, with the addition of somewhat too positive and dogmatic assertions of their meaning and importance.

So popular is the theory that ignorance of music directly tends to

[1] *The New Calendar of Great Men.* Edited by Frederic Harrison. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

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greater enjoyment, that any effort to dispel this fallacy deserves success, and should meet with hearty welcome. Mr. Statham,[1] in collecting some of his articles on music, and republishing them with additions in book form, has endeavoured to give a clear idea to the general reader of the musical theory as a whole, and of the share of the greatest composers in building it up and illustrating it. So far the book will be useful, forming in some sort a history of musical theory; but as its origin is mixed, it lacks unity of method and treatment. It would be well if the author had been content with this single aim, for a glance at his scheme will show how valuable such a work would be.

The first and longest essay is on Form and Design in Music. Mr. Statham first analyses the conception of music itself, separating it from mere acoustics, then from voice inflexions, and basing it upon the two physical necessities of rapidity and evenness of vibrations. He shows how music is not an imitation of anything in Nature, but is a distinct language, though it rests on those principles of truth and proportion which underlie all arts. Then follows a history of the Diatonic Scale, a conventional contrivance, but within natural limits; the final result, in fact, of "artificial compromises." All rules of form have thus been made by gradual consent, and cannot therefore be set aside as arbitrary or restrictive. The rest of the essay deals with different forms of composition, illustrated by numerous examples and observations, which are sound, though often obvious. The other essays, with one exception, treat of some great composers in turn; a short biographical sketch of each is given, together with a survey of his position in the history of music. The book ends with a chapter on the organ, which is perhaps the most valuable part of the book, for it contains information not easily obtained without special study. It is pleasant, too, to see the author's pride in his favourite instrument, even though it causes slight depreciation of some other instruments.

Unfortunately, Mr. Statham has not confined himself to this programme. Parts of it are ably carried out, especially the detailed treatment of scores and the comments on orchestral music; but the author frequently breaks through a course of criticism or description to express an opinion on some question often but very remotely connected with his subject; as, for example, when he comments upon Browning's poetry or Doré's pictures. In these cases Mr. Statham seems to have hastily brought these subjects within range in order to exercise a not very able power of sarcasm. In other instances, criticism often gives way to abuse, and especially in writing of Schubert and Lizst, both of whom are approached in a distinctly

[1] *My Thoughts on Music and Musicians.* By H. Heathcote Statham. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

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adverse spirit. Adverse criticism of this kind can have no permanent value. No doubt it is partly the outcome of a not unnatural revulsion from the unreasoning extremes of the new Romantic school of music, which depreciates constructive power as represented by Mozart. This has caused Mr. Statham to take up an attitude of defiance towards supposed present opinion, and in doing so he allows a certain pettiness to mar the result of much knowledge and thought, a pettiness unworthy of so great a subject.

The subject of the French Salons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries has been one which has exercised a peculiar fascination for English people. Why this has been so, it is not easy to say. No doubt the fact that English women, though they have tried, have never succeeded in imitating the Hôtel de Rambouillet, or in gaining the influence of a Madame Roland or a Madame de Staël, may in some way explain our interest in what we could never create for ourselves. Also the mixture of politeness and familiarity, which went so far to make the Salons an example of the most charming social manners, has appealed with irresistible force to the more reserved and more self-conscious Englishman. But, leaving aside the reason, the French Salons in itself is a subject full of interest, hence Mrs. Mason's *The Women of the French Salons*[1] can hardly lack readers. The book, which is handsomely got up, and well illustrated with portraits of well-known French women from the days of Louise Henriette, Duchesse d'Orléans, to those of Madame Necker and the Marquise de Montesson, tells the tale of the Salons from the setting up of the Hôtel de Rambouillet to their decline under the Empire and Restoration. Covering so large a subject, it is obvious that Mrs. Mason cannot do more than give in mere outline the lives of her heroines, and this she has done carefully and well; but further, she has made an attempt to estimate the influence for good or bad exerted by the Salons on the course of French history. This is the best part of the book; Mrs. Mason has seen the limitations of her subject. Thus she ascribes to the early Salons the improvement of the language, the refining of manners and the growth of politeness, as well as the invention of the modern art of conversation, all of which are characteristic of eighteenth century France; but the Salons are not held up before us as great schools of genius. No great seer issued from them; but, on the other hand, they taught intelligence and wit to the many, who would else have remained in deep ignorance.

Mrs. Mason has made use of the vast amount of material which bears on her subject. She has drawn, of course, from the

[1] *The Women of the French Salons.* By Amelia Gere Mason. New York: The Century Co. 1891.

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works of Cousin and Sainte-Beuve and others, but she has also drawn from the vast sources of memoirs, letters, and the like, which tell so clearly the greatness and littleness of their writers. Hence this book is a compilation; it contains material carefully selected and arranged in chronological order. It is an invaluable commentary on French history, but it should be read only as showing one side of the picture. Perhaps Mrs. Mason's greatest reward will be that the *Women of the French Salons* will persuade its readers to gain some acquaintance with other aspects and other parts of the history of the country to which she has so pleasantly introduced them.

It would be difficult in our limited space to do more than glance at the interesting book written by Mr. Lethaby, under the title of *Architecture, Mysticism and Myth*.[1] The author's object is to show that architecture, by which is meant not building but the idea that underlies it, has in all lands a common basis and a common elementary form; and further, that this form is derived from contemporary conceptions of the universe. Mr. Lethaby examines the early ideas as to the form of the world and skies, and finds them reproduced in early temples—whether as a cube or a dome. From the conception of the firmament being upheld by a tree, whose leaves are the skies and whose branches support the stars, we get the Chinese Buddha temples, dome-shaped, and surmounted by a pole, on which are horizontal rings representing spheres; and in turn the pagoda. We also get the almost universal jewel-tree, which became the candlestick or light-bearer, from the same source. Of the number seven much is said, and of its derivation from the seven planets.

This theory Mr. Lethaby has supported with a wealth of illustration. The four winds, the four guardians, the orientation of temples, the building of ceilings like the heavens and pavements like the sea, all these are used as arguments, and there is much to be said for the theory which they support. We cannot accept all that Mr. Lethaby says; but the book cannot be read without interest, and is full of suggestive and clever arrangement of facts. It is well printed, pleasantly and attractively got up.

We ought before now to have noticed a useful little book published some months ago. The *Histoire de la Civilisation Contemporaine*[2] is an attempt to sum up the growth of civilisation during our own age. The author, M. Ch. Seignobos, rightly takes as his starting-point the end of the reign of Louis XIV., when internal changes were taking place which only became apparent after 1789. We

[1] *Architecture, Mysticism and Myth.* By W. R. Lethaby. London: Percival & Co. 1891.

[2] *Histoire de la Civilisation Contemporaine.* Par Ch. Seignobos. Paris: G. Masson. 1890.

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are given therefore the history of Europe during the present and previous centuries. We can best explain M. Seignobos' system of dealing with his subject by noticing his conclusions. France during this century has taught equality of rights. She has given constitutional models to many European lands, Germamy, Spain, Italy and Belgium. Although economic progress is to be traced to England, France has closely followed and made use of English discovery. The characteristics of this contemporary civilisation are noticed; civilisation is no longer European, but world-wide; it is industrial, based upon the invention of machinery and the growth of capital, and resulting in the growth of luxury. Further, civilisation has become international, and individual liberty and public equality are as peculiar to it as are peace and order; in short, nothing of ancient civilisation remains but the family and private property. It will thus be seen how M. Seignobos treats his subject. The book is interesting and has perhaps only one fault, and that a natural one. Its author is inclined to give too prominent a place to France and French influence. This will lead many to disagree with some of his conclusions; but in spite of this his careful summary of facts will remain of great use and value.

Another French book, dealing with a part of the same subject, is M. J. B. Dumont's *Les Grands Travaux du Siècle*,[1] which is a record of great engineering feats and inventions, whether bridges, tunnels, steamboats, or any of the other works which have won for the century the title of "Le Siècle du fer." The early chapters tell the story of the growth of railways from the early years of this century to the Mont Cenis and Saint-Gothard tunnels, both of which are treated of at length. The Forth Bridge wins praise from M. Dumont; and a chapter is devoted to the proposal to build a bridge from Dover to Calais, which the author believes to be both possible and necessary. The Suez and Panama Canals are described, and the great Atlantic liners and ironclads compared. Other mechanical contrivances receive notice; electrical appliances, artesian wells, methods of building (under which is included a good account of the Eiffel Tower); systems of water supply for towns. All M. Dumont's descriptions are illustrated with excellent engravings; particularly good are those of the Forth Bridge and Eiffel Tower.

To all who are interested in mechanical and engineering progress M. Dumont's book will be useful. It is well arranged on chronological basis, and contains a fair and impartial account of the great works of different nations. M. Dumont is indeed too true an engineer to allow national feeling to interfere with his admiration for any real engineering triumph.

[1] *Les Grands Travaux du Siècle.* Par J. B. Dumont. Paris: Libraire Hachette et Cie. 1891.

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## BELLES LETTRES.

It strikes us that, in *The Art Teaching of John Ruskin*,[1] Mr. Collingwood has come as near to the achievement of the impossible as the nature of things admits. The task he has set himself is to weave out of Mr Ruskin's utterances, gathered from books, lectures, and living speech, a comprehensive and consistent theory of art. To us, such an attempt seems like trying to square the circle. But Mr. Collingwood evidently looks up to the great English Art critic not only with affectionate reverence, but with profound faith; and Faith, we know, can move mountains. So perhaps it can evolve consistency out of Mr. Ruskin's manifest and manifold inconsistencies, and reconcile his irreconcilable dicta. Mr. Collingwood has, as his preface informs us, confined himself to Mr. Ruskin's Art teaching, and therein he has done wisely; for, if he had embarked on the stormy sea of "Political Economy," &c., he must have suffered shipwreck. Another wise precaution on Mr. Collingwood's part is that he generally gives the opinions of the Sage of Coniston, not in the original words, but in his own. By this system, if we lose something in eloquence, we undoubtedly gain greatly in consistency. It is far easier for Mr. Collingwood to say, "Mr. Ruskin's" purport was to this or that effect, than to set down in black and white some passionate *outrecuidant* assertion which could be answered and refuted by another assertion no less positive and sweeping in an inverse sense, but proceeding from the same mouth. But though, nominally, the book deals only with Art, and especially Art teaching, it shows, to our thinking, too much disposition to mix up Art with ethics and religion. We have little faith in Art as a *moralisateur*—still less as an influential force in the spread of vital and abiding religious faith and practice. It is true that in its earlier stages, though not, perhaps, in its actual commencement, Art was developed and exercised, principally in the service of religion. But history will not bear out the assumption that the great epochs of Art coincide with corresponding epochs of moral excellence, or religious purity. This being our view, we naturally prefer those portions of Mr. Ruskin's teaching, as set forth by Mr. Collingwood, where he seems to treat of Art as an end in itself. Probably neither master nor disciple ever really does so regard it. To them it is something more than a phase of human life; it is one of the highest and most sacred modes of manifesting God to man. Inconceivable as such an idea is to us, we do not, we believe, misrepresent or overstate their standpoint, when we say that they hold, that no man can be a really good painter who is not also a good man—nay, more—a religious man. In some

[1] *The Art Teaching of John Ruskin.* By W. G. Collingwood, M.A. London: Percival & Co. 1891.

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of Mr. Collingwood's chapters, these theories are, however, so much in the background as to be hardly apparent, and, it need scarcely be said, it is these chapters that seem to us the best. In closely investigating the Art teaching of the greatest of living Art critics—and we believe no one will question Mr. Ruskin's right to that title—counsels of the highest value, both theoretical and practical, on the best methods of studying Nature, the best methods of drawing, of painting, and of modelling, cannot fail to be revealed. And, as a matter of fact, such secrets lie thick on Mr. Collingwood's pages "as leaves in Vallombrosa." We have no pretension to be Art critics; but we have been close observers of natural scenery throughout a lifetime, and we constantly recognise, with wonder and admiration, the accuracy and minuteness of Mr. Ruskin's observation, and the profundity of his insight. From time to time, in the passages where his own words are quoted, we are enlightened and charmed by the *traits de lumière* which, in a single phrase, he can shed on the interpretation of Nature by Art.

Under the title of *Some Aspects of the Greek Genius*[1] Mr. Butcher has collected and published, in a moderate-sized volume, the lectures delivered by him to the Greek Class at the Edinburgh University. Some lectures delivered before other audiences are included, as also an article on Sophocles, reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review*; but the staple of the volume consists of the University class lectures; and very admirable lectures they are, at once thoughtful and brilliant. As instruments of instruction to an advanced class of students, nothing more effective could be desired. But, though we fully recognise their intrinsic value, the justness and moderation of their tone, their solidity, their freedom from all empty verbiage, and the scholarship which they imply rather than display, we doubt whether they are destined to as complete a success in the form of essays as they have doubtless achieved as lectures. The cause of our uncertainty does not lie in the essays themselves, but in the new audience to which they now appeal. A great part—perhaps the greater part—of the volume can only be read with intelligent interest by those who have a certain conversance with the Greek language and literature; and yet, to derive anything like full profit or pleasure from Mr. Butcher's arguments and observations, his readers must be sufficiently docile and unopinionated to accept his teaching without cavil. How many readers of essays on *Belles Lettres* will be found to unite these two qualifications? In students, both are present, more or less, as a matter of course. Some acquaintance with Greek, and some interest in it, must be presupposed in a Greek class at a university; and few indeed, even among the most advanced and thoughtful students, will so far think for themselves as to form

[1] *Some Aspects of the Greek Genius.* By S. H. Butcher, M.A., Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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critical theories at variance with those of their professor. But with the reading public it is otherwise. Any man who still retains a smattering of Greek is apt to deem himself, *ipso facto*, a critical authority, whom it better becomes to sit in judgment on Mr. Butcher's performance than to accept his teaching. Indeed, it is much if such an amateur critic abstains from using Mr. Butcher's book as a *tremplin* on which to cut solemn and erudite capers in the form of a letter to a weekly literary journal. But the generality of essay readers have no wish nor pretension to criticise any conceivable "aspect of the Greek genius," and to them we fear a great part of the learned Professor's work will be *caviare*. A great part, but not all; for we would have it clearly understood that these remarks —perhaps unduly pessimistic—by no means apply without distinction to all the essays in the volume. The first, "What we Owe to Greece," may be read with full appreciation, and some edification to boot, by any reader of ordinary cultivation; and the next in order, "The Greek Idea of the State," is hardly, if at all, inferior to it in attractiveness for the average essay reader. Indeed, there is so much in the volume calculated to form pleasant and digestible mental food, for people possessing no tincture of classical learning, that we cannot help thinking that it would have been worth while to publish the lighter and more popular essays in a separate volume.

Another book on a kindred subject, or, to speak more precisely, on another branch of the same subject, is *A Guide to Greek Tragedy for English Readers*,[1] by Mr. Lewis Campbell, Greek Professor at the University of St. Andrew's. The objections we urged when speaking of Mr. Butcher's book—the paucity of really receptive readers—of course holds good in the present instance. Indeed, the difficulty is intensified; for if, as we all know is the case, modern poets, with one or two great exceptions, find no sale for their works nowadays, how can it be expected that English translations of Greek poetry will be bought and read? And if they are not, of what possible utility is Mr. Campbell's *Guide*? However, it is not our office to decide whether a given book is likely to have a wide, or a restricted, circulation, but, rather, to note its contents, and so far as in us lies, gauge its merits. We confess that we are not so favourably impressed with the work of the St. Andrew's Professor as with that of his Edinburgh *confrère*. Its utterances are not so weighty; there is more of word-spinning. A great deal of it is like superior newspaper work, having a sort of air of talking for talking's sake. Yet we are persuaded that Mr. Campbell is in earnest, and has his subject at heart. But in the present day, that "talkee talkee" manner is very prevalent. In newspaper writing it is unavoidable. A writer has to deliver his daily tale of bricks, and not, perhaps, once in a month is any "straw given unto him." Every one reads

[1] *A Guide to Greek Tragedy for English Readers.* By Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D. Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrews. London: Percival & Co. 1891.



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newspapers, and most literary men write, or have written, for them. And so the trick of word-spinning spreads. We cannot, manifestly, give anything approaching to a detailed analysis of the *Guide to Greek Tragedy*, but, taking the opening chapter as a sample, we will say a few words about it. Its title is, "What is Tragedy?"—not, in our opinion, a very fruitful or practically useful inquiry, though Aristotle, Milton, Dryden, and Scott are cited as expert witnesses in the case. Scott's testimony is, virtually, that "distance lends enchantment to the view," and he puts it charmingly, giving a description of a Highland funeral seen from afar. Mr. Campbell then proceeds to inquire why it is that tragedy gives pleasure. We are tempted to reply that, to us, it does *not* give pleasure. But, of course, such an appeal to the individual taste—perhaps exceptional—of any one man, is neither a sufficient, nor a pertinent, answer. Still, we are convinced that if tragedy really affected the generality of people as it is designed to affect them, few indeed would read it, or see it enacted, a second time. For our own part, we have read *The Bride of Lammermoor* far less often than any other of the Waverley Novels —not more than twice or three times—and, beautiful as it is, we hope never to read it again. So, too, with Shakespeare, we have read the comedies ten times for once that we have read the tragedies. *Hamlet* must be excepted, for in it, the tragical element is all but swallowed up, and lost in the lustre of the many-sided genius that is revealed. *Romeo and Juliet*, too, is an exceptional tragedy, for not only is it the most beautiful love story in the world, but the double suicide at the end is, perhaps, the least tragical *dénouement* conceivable, of an inextricable knot. We suspect that the secret of tragedy's giving pleasure to some, and only cruel pain to others, is that, while it affects one man like having a tooth drawn, to others—to most, perhaps—it is but as the pleasant sting caused by the vigorous use of a hard hair-brush. It may bring tears to one's eyes, but it stimulates and refreshes. We are fully conscious of the sorry figure made by this homely and trivial illustration amidst Professor Campbell's learned disquisitions on the psychological causes of the popularity of tragedy, but it clearly conveys our meaning.

We have for some little time had on our table the *Letters of Marie Bashkirtseff*,[1] and have again and again dipped into the well-printed pages of Messrs. Cassell's handsome volume, in the vain hope of reconciling the high expectation raised by the youthful fame of the writer, as an artist of great promise, and of rare accomplishments, all prematurely cut short by death, with the slight impression which the letters themselves have made upon us. However, truth will out. We think them good letters—nice, pleasant, letters as need be. But we are much mistaken if there are not scores of letters, just as

[1] *Letters of Marie Bashkirtseff.* Translated by Mary J. Serrans. With Portraits. London: Cassell & Co.

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bright and pleasant, which yet never have, nor will, come under any eye but those for which they were first written.

From Messrs. Putnam's "Nickerbocker Nugget Series" we have a most elegant little 12mo edition of *Stories from the Arabian Nights.*[1] Of the physical perfection of these little volumes it would be difficult to speak too highly. But we do not greatly favour "Selections." One man's taste differs so widely from another's, that, in any selection, one's favourite tales are sure to be those omitted. And, then, some of the new stories "translated from the Arabic" do not strike us as being especially interesting. "The City of Brass" is, we think, one of them; for we do not remember it in Galland's nine volume edition of 1806, from which we have mainly derived our long familiarity with *Les Mille et une Nuits.* In the preface to the present Selections, Mr. Lane Poole truly observes that the great central theme of the *Arabian Nights* is not supernaturalism, but human love, with the adventures and intrigues to which it leads. Yet "The City of Brass" which, even if he has not introduced, he has chosen for insertion, has no love story in it, nor, indeed, any other human interest. It is made up of pompous didactic sentences, applicable only to Mahometans (when they are read aloud the hearers invariably "weep till they become insensible"), and endlessly repeated inventories of the impossible riches heaped up in the deserted "City of Brass." If this is one of the boasted "additions," it might advantageously have been left in the original Arabic.

A new work by Mr. Thomas Hardy is always *un vrai régal.* He may, and too often does, harrow our sensibilities with piteous stories, but, at least, he never vexes one's soul with obnoxious theories, nor poses as the exponent of new views of life, or freshly invented types of humanity. His personages are creatures of flesh and blood like ourselves—not *pantins*, personifying theories. *Tess*[2] is a piteously tragic story; but most beautiful and touching. The background on which the events stand out is Mr. Hardy's favourite West of England scenery, and Tess, notwithstanding her authentic high descent, is of the peasant class, which Mr. Hardy treats so well. The gradual but profound, changes in their condition and *manière d'être*, which the march of modern progress has wrought among the dwellers in this remote district, since some of the earlier pictures of it by the same writer were penned, are clearly and effectively set forth. Unhappily, they are more akin to what is known in geology as "degradation," than to any upward movement. The character of Tess is one of the most beautiful creations that Mr. Hardy has ever given to fictive literature. We cannot go more closely into it with-

[1] *Stories from the Arabian Nights.* Selected from Lane's Version, with additions newly translated from the Arabic. By Stanley Lane Poole. In three volumes. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[2] *Tess of the D'Urbervilles: a Pure Woman.* Faithfully presented by Thomas Hardy. In three volumes. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

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out disclosing her sad story, which we sedulously avoid. Her parents—especially her mother—are very skilfully presented. They, as it were, account for Tess. She inherits something of the qualities and of the defects, of both; but with a difference; in her case, an ineffable difference. Her husband, of an entirely different class, educated in quite other traditions from hers, is also the inevitable outcome of his parents; again, with that individual difference which each new link in the long chain of heredity presents. On the surface, Angel Clare (the name has, evidently, been suggested by "the prenzie Angelo") seems to be a direct reaction from his parents; but he cannot escape from the atmosphere in which he was born and reared, struggle as he may; and he does struggle, for he is *doctrinaire* to the core, and tries hard to make his conduct and sentiments to square with his theories. Ah! those theories; they are the bane of his life, and, still more, of Tess's life. He obeys them when he should listen only to the voice of pity and natural affection; and they make him cruel. For nothing is so cruel as a theory.

It is perhaps hardly fair to Mr. Pinkerton to read him immediately after Mr. Hardy. But so it fell out in our case—and "what a falling off was there!" However, in *A New Saint's Tragedy*[1] Mr. Pinkerton is almost as far below the level of his own best as a "saint," new or old, is inferior to a true woman. Every previous work of his, that has come under our notice, we have judged very favourably. But *John Newbold's Ordeal* and *The Spanish Poignard* were both old-world stories, in which local colour went for a great deal, and Mr. Pinkerton applied it very skilfully. But now, when he brings us what purports to be a novel of contemporary English life, his style and treatment have either undergone a lamentable change, or they are no longer in keeping with his theme. The former hypothesis is, we fancy, the true one; for there is a flippancy, at once heavy and fantastic, of which we recollect no trace in his former works. From time to time it almost seems as if he had been trying to assume some of the solemn extravagances and antic mannerisms of Mr. George Meredith. His people, his scenes, and his incidents, are all unnatural, without being in the least ideal. The very names of the characters are *baroques* and wilfully absurd. And as for his heroine, after the sweet womanly Tess, we take badly to the loftily abstracted damsel with her head "in the clouds, living in a world of her own, which is but a fool's paradise." We picture her, like "Cap'en Bunsby," "always with a eye on Greenland." She is utterly wanting in the "one touch of nature," and we feel capable of accepting philosophically any "Tragedy" in which she is the victim.

*The Penance of Portia James*[2] came out originally as a *feuilleton* in the *World*. It was then so little to our taste that we never read

[1] *A New Saint's Tragedy.* A Novel. By Thomas A. Pinkerton. In two volumes. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

[2] *The Penance of Portia James.* By Tasma. London: Heinemann. 1891.

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a second number of it; and now, when it reappears in volume form, under the auspices of Mr. Heinemann, the inspection of the completed web has but confirmed the impression we received from the sample. The fault is in the very grain of the texture. We think it is an attempted air of life-long conversance with "Society," and a complete knowledge of what the French call "le hig life," which we find so distasteful. It is a *genre* that requires to be very well done, by one "to the manner born," to be even tolerable. The least suspicion of "shoddy" makes it absolutely nauseous. But we will not further discuss the subject—nor the book. To many readers Tasma's *pseudo-mondanité* will be as good as the real thing, or even better—just as many ladies nowadays prefer machine-made lace to real Valenciennes. It is, no doubt, more showy and elaborate.

All through the first chapter we thought Mrs. Burnett's book[1] charming, and though the charm "had a dying fall," it lasted quite through a quarter of the volume. After that, though children, and especially boys, are, as every mother knows, an enchanting theme, we began to wonder how many more children Mrs. Burnett had known, and even to feel *blasé* about the pretty sayings and doings of "Boy" and "The Socialist," who, to the best of our belief, are the authoress's own children.

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## POETRY.

It is a somewhat delicate and difficult task for a foreign critic to review French poetry. He cannot but feel that, here, his hand is less sure than in the dissection of prose. But his task is singularly lightened and simplified when he clearly sees his way to a favourable verdict. Praise, if it is but unfeigned, even though it be clumsy and *inepte*, cannot be offensive. Camille Bruno does not now come before us for the first time. We have already spoken, in terms of high admiration, in The Westminster Review, of her excellent novel *Un Grand Amour*, so it is with double pleasure that we now find ourselves able to accord hearty commendation to her volume of poems, *Les Vivantes*. We trace in it the same clearly defined thought, the same command of simple, vigorous, and apt, language, that we admired in *Un Grand Amour*. There is none of the vagueness—as if the thought were inchoate or blurred in transcription—which makes most modern poetry so difficult to understand, and, we may add, to read. Camille Bruno always knows what she wants to say, and says it, *sans aller par quatre chemins*. We may be wrong—very possibly we are—but to us it seems that her prose is

[1] *Children I have Known: and Giovanni and the Other.* By Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, &c. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1892.

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even more poetic than her poetry. It is no reproach to her to say so; for it is true of all writers whose natural medium of expression is prose narrative. Many people hold that there is more true poetry in *The Antiquary*, or *Guy Mannering*, than in any of Sir Walter Scott's poems. Such is not our own opinion. But we entertain no doubt that the *Spanish Gipsy*, though a fine piece of poetical workmanship, is infinitely more prosaic than numberless passages that might be cited, almost at random, from *Adam Bede* or *Silas Marner*. We have read every page of *Les Vivantes* with pleasure; but among the bits that have especially charmed us are *Mélancolia*, where each stanza, but the last, ends with the line, *T'en souvient-il?*; *La Rivière*, which overflows with poetic thoughts and images; and parts of *Le Philtre*, especially the closing stanza—

"Oui, j'ai versé la mort, par qui l'homme repose
Paisable nuit et jour
Avais-tu donc pensé découvrir autre chose
Pour guérir l'amour?"

Mr. Douglas Sladen, who is already known in the ranks of literature, both as a compiler and as an original poet, has edited a thoroughly enjoyable, readable, and valuable book in his *Younger American Poets*.[1] The task, though by no means easy as regards selection, must have been a pleasant one. The freshness and originality of American poetry are seen at their best in Mr. Sladen's volume. Old favourites are met with, such, for instance, as Will Carleton, and new ones are introduced to the reader's notice, as, for example, Will Wallace Harvey, whose *Adonais* makes us wish that the editor had given us more of so sweet a singer. An excellent Introduction and a couple of Appendices furnish indications of the character of the authors treated, that serve to add considerably to the student's power to appreciate them, and the short biographical notes at the heading of each selection are just what is necessary and no more.

We do not know why the *Devil's Visit*[2] is published anonymously, unless it is that the author is afraid of being recognised in such company. The merit, however, of the production, which is a clever satire upon present people and manners, is quite sufficient for the writer to avow himself. American in its boldness and vigour, having here and there a flavour of the *Biglow Papers*, except that dialect and slang are wanting, or nearly so, the rattling short eight-feet lines hammer out opinions which verge continually upon the commonplace, and continually tend to escape from it by some cleverer touch or more successful rhyme. The book has decidedly less poetry than philosophy in it, if poetry be taken in its true

[1] *Younger American Poets.* Edited by Douglas Sladen, B.A. London: Griffith, Farren, Okeden & Welsh. 1891.

[2] *The Devil's Visit.* A Poem for the Times. New York: Excelsior Publishing House. 1892.

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sense. But those to whom often enough the duller effusions of the muse give a distaste for literature in verse, may be assured that they will find both amusement and profit in a passing attention given to the *Devil's Visit*.

In Mr. Frederick Tennyson's *Daphne and other Poems*,[1] the old Greek myths are once more drawn into requisition to express modern readings of the riddle of life. Musical and regular as is the author's verse, broad and generous as is his thought, we confess to find the volume somewhat tedious. For one thing, the names and fames of Pygmalion, Ariadne, Hesperia, Atlantis, and the rest, which, in the strains of the "idle singer of an empty day," retain all their old-world charm, are wrenched too far away from their mythical setting, and the didactic intention becomes too manifest. More than this, Mr. Tennyson seems not to know how to dominate his material. In reading his verse, now we are reminded of Dante, now of the modern Broad Church pulpit; but no distinct personality is apparent. Again, the lines are too smooth, even to rivalling Pope's elegant monotony. Such a contribution bears witness to Mr. Tennyson's scholarship and poetic temperament, but reveals at the same time some at least of the causes that have prevented him from attaining the success accorded to his brother bards.

Mr. Robert D. Windes' *Osbulbaha and other Poems*[2] does not please us at all. The author seems to have taken Walt Whitman for his master, and, on the whole, not to have improved on him. His matter is tolerably good prose, and, with but very little exception, nothing besides. In the *Stray Verses*, which complete the volume, there are gleams of better things. But even here is more of the harsh than of the musical, more of the original than of art.

*Homer in Chios*,[3] which bears also the epithet of an epopée, but which has very little real claim to such a title, is an attempt to celebrate the mystic union of the Old and New World poesy. The marriage takes place between Praxilla, daughter of Homer, and Hesperian, a very etherealised "Uncle Sam." By an airy anachronism, not at all disturbing to Yankee equanimity, King David, the Psalmist, is present at the ceremony, and with the united blessing of the Homer and the Israelite king the pair start off on the honeymoon. The author has called Mnemosyne and her offspring, the Nine Muses, to preside over his ten books, and, to tell the truth, has in his well-wrought lines of anapaests and dactyls, written a poem which is not without force and elegance.

[1] *Daphne and other Poems.* By Frederick Tennyson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

[2] *Osbulbaha and other Poems.* By Robert D. Windes. New Orleans: Published by the Author. 1891.

[3] *Homer in Chios.* An Epopée. By Denton J. Snider. St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Co. 1891.

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# THE DRAMA.

"CERTAINLY a play full of quotations," some one remarked of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, but apparently under the impression that the quotations had been extracted from the Bible, or other authoritative volumes, and inserted into the text. It is a puzzling drama, and though perhaps it has been, and is still, more studied and more frequently produced on the stage than any other of Shakespeare's works, and certainly it has a most familiar ring to those who assist at the representation, yet it has that in common with the above-mentioned book of books, that the words may be twisted and turned in ceaseless controversy, and supply an endless variety of opinions. Hackneyed, but not understood. The question is still, how far was the mind of the prince unhinged? He was a romantic gentleman, and romantic gentlemen are nearly always in dangerously close proximity to the magic circle; but then there was so much method in his madness. He was gloomy and morbid. He grieved for his father, and had misgivings that foul play had been the cause of his sudden decease. He had seen a ghost—which, by the way, was no uncommon experience in those days—but until the ghost's story had been enacted before the "murderous, damned" king, and had resulted in his majesty's confusion and flight from the festive hall, Hamlet was by no means sure that the unearthly spirit, whose hour was almost come when to sulphurous and tormenting flames he had to render himself, was not telling him a pack of lies. The weight of opinion seems to favour the view, however, that the madness was real, at least at times, but followed by lucid intervals; and Shakespeare, who has attempted so successfully the delineation of character in insanity, displays a wonderful special knowledge of the diseased brain—the cunning and wit, and even the fixity of a single dominant idea, which often exist together with disabled intelligence.

In this case so much lies in the interpretation that no actor can be styled "great" until he has tackled the part and come off in the eyes of the public with success. This homage we may with fairness render to Mr. Tree. It goes without saying that his impersonation of the prince would be intelligent and refined. It would be a highly cultivated rendering of a character which, though so often attempted, still allows of much originality in its conception by an experienced actor. If there were anything

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wanting, it was power—that intellectual intensity which is necessary to hold and to psychologise an audience during protracted spaces of time. Mr. Tree realised it at times, but Hamlet is almost always with us throughout the play, and he is always Hamlet. Consequently the strain is prodigious. Such a passage occurs in the scene of the players in Act iii., the chief feature of the play. Hamlet explains to the king, in a burst of eloquence and pathos, the plot of that which is being enacted before them, whilst Horatio keeps his eyes intently fixed on the king's face, noting his growing alarm. "He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonsago. The story is extant, and written in very choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonsago's wife." Hamlet crosses the stage, and approaches the throne of the king, who can stand the recital of his own deeds and the threatening attitude of the prince no longer, and rushes from the scene. In this passage Mr. Tree is perfection. Also in the ending passages of the soliloquy :—

> "The spirit that I have seen
> May be the devil; the devil hath power
> To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
> Out of my weakness and my melancholy
> (As he is very potent with such spirits),
> Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
> More relative than this. The play's the thing,
> Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

This latter quotation occurs before the great scene of the third act, and so possibly we ought to have treated it first, but we place the episodes in order of merit, as, in our opinion, they were acted by Mr. Tree. The soliloquy is long, and it was only towards the close that we were sensible of the thrill of eloquence wherein the speaker has psychologised his audience. In these last lines the actor has lost himself completely in the character of the romantic prince. The depth of meaning is well within his grasp. His whole soul, his whole mind, his whole self, are thrown into the speech, and the words are living words that portray the torturing doubt, the longing for certainty, the delight at having hit upon an expedient that will lead to the discovery of the truth, and the determination for revenge if suspicion should be realised. The face of the actor is a study as it becomes lurid and ghastly in the light of the fire, for darkness encumbers the hall as the curtain falls. Decidedly in this case the Haymarket Theatre can rival the Lyceum.

Much might be improved upon in the scene of the queen's closet. Mr. Tree is perhaps exhausted by his previous efforts, but there is a certain slowness and lack of brilliance which fails to maintain the interest. Yet much is expected, for the scene immediately follows upon that of the guilty king's prayer, in which Mr. Macklin is at his best.



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The choice of Mr. Macklin for the part of Claudius was a very happy one. His mien was dignified and majestic; his voice sonorous and rich; a noble villain—every inch a king! He regretted the murder by which he was enabled to attain the summit of his ambition, was studiously kind to his nephew, was desirous of ruling well, and was very naturally anxious to let bygones be bygones: "May one be pardoned and retain the offence"?—by which we understand the profits—is the keynote of his future existence. Dr. Johnson, commenting on the phrase, remarks, "The king kept the crown from the rightful heir," which tempts one to inquire how Claudius succeeded in getting the crown at all without murdering the rightful heir as well. Be this as it may—and we have not space to discuss the subject—Mr. Macklin's rendering is exactly according to our own reading; that is to say, that the king was by no means without manly feeling and not altogether odious.

We never could quite see that Ophelia had adequate reason for taking leave of her senses on account of the death of her fatuous father, Polonius. There is therefore much meaning, and we cannot adequately praise Mr. Tree's idea, of returning to the grave and kissing the soil which was to cover the mortal remains of his beloved one. There is otherwise little in the play denoting passionate affection between the two. In the single scene between them with dialogue of any length, Hamlet tells Ophelia he does not love her, and that she had better get to a nunnery; but in a fitful, mad way the dramatist no doubt intended it to be understood he loved ardently none the less, and this is well expressed in the gesture, and it was by Hamlet Ophelia's father was slain.

A weekly reviler has found fault with Mr. George Henschel's music on the ground that it is too ambitious, and that it absorbs the attention of the public instead of assisting the interest in the play. We cannot agree with this. The obtrusiveness of the incidental music is rather due to the ambition of the orchestra, or at least the zeal of the conductor, than to the composer, and is probably to be accounted for by the fact that the instrumentalists do not quite appreciate their new position, which, Wagner-like, is below the stage. It necessitates louder playing in order to fill the house; but then to what degree? All the important numbers, save the Danish march, a composition excellent in every way, are entr'actes, and therefore can only detract from the interest of the smokeroom or the drop curtain. They form together a suite weird and fantastic in form, mad as Ophelia, melancholy as the Prince of Denmark. Hamlet has his *motif* heard again and again, most wonderful from its simplicity, and anything but obtrusive in character. Certainly we must agree with the *Saturday Review*, that, because Horatio speaks of angels wafting the prince to his eternal rest, is no reason for a choir of them to sing out of tune to

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end the play, and we recommend that the angels be silenced—or, better, superseded with a simple return to the *leit-motive*.

*Hamlet*, as produced at the Haymarket Theatre, is an artistic success. Expense has not been spared to render the scenic effect adequate, and yet there is no over-lavishness in upholstery, intended, as in some cases, to make up for the shortcomings of the *dramatis personæ*. Mr. Tree shows an earnest endeavour to give Shakespeare's *chef-d'œuvre* according to what he conceives to be the ideas of the author. The conceptions of the principal characters will no doubt be discussed, amended, and commentaries written upon them until the crack of doom, for who will ever account for the actions of strange intellects? Yet at the Haymarket there is progress made beyond previous representations of the drama, and though faults and imperfections may exist, we think that the public cannot but judge that the efforts of the company are worthy of the work they have undertaken to represent.

There is nothing specially significant about Messrs. William Terriss and Henry Neville's play, *The Great Metropolis*, unless it be the inapplicability of the title. Certainly the audience at the Princess's Theatre were warmly demonstrative, but where sailors are concerned the public cannot help but cheer. Jack Holt, a lad, owing to a misunderstanding with his stepmother, runs away to sea, and after twelve years of hardships and escapes, returns, to be recognised only by Walter Mowbray, the villain who in his absence has become heir to Jack's father's property. However, by the ejaculation of some words of warning remembered by his father he establishes his identity in the old man's mind. Mr. Holt goes to his writing-table, and opening it is shot by a pistol—a device of his own to guard his valuables from robbers who may be tempted to open the desk, and are unaware of the trap. Immediately the villain returns to the charge, accuses Jack of being an impostor and the murderer of the old man. He is acquitted of the accusation of murder; but how to establish his identity? He must send to the Cape for one Matthew Quin, with whom he lodged. Pony Simple, the successful rival of Mowbray in the affections of Clara Maitland, finds the money, and "Dook," a faithful servant of Jack's, is despatched to the Cape for this purpose. Jack himself seeks employment among the lifeboat men of the coast; consequently all adjourn to the coast. Jack becomes enamoured of Captain Carr's (the light-house keeper's) daughter. But Jack had a sister, Gertrude, who has been seduced by, and has become the mistress of, Walter Mowbray. This lady, seeing that Mowbray has lost all affection for her, drowns herself. But Jack has made an appointment to meet, at the boat-house on the river, Fantine, his sister's maid, who had also known of him during his travels. Walter Mowbray pushes off with another boat, intending to insure himself of the property by

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the murder of the rightful owner. The two have a desperate encounter, in the middle of which the dead body of Gertrude floats past them—a thrilling episode! Finally, "Dook" returns from the Cape, is saved from the wreck of his ship, which takes place in a storm—another thrilling episode—the identity of the hero is established, and there is nothing left for Walter Mowbray to do but to shoot himself.

Such is a brief outline of the plot of *The Great Metropolis*, all the interest of which appertains to the sea! It is rich in stirring incident, and the parts are well sustained; but this is the most we can say for it. There is comedy also introduced to amuse, in the shape of Benjamin Bert, an auctioneer (Mr. Fuller Mellish), who is also a lover of the poets and of good whisky. The comedy was not particularly original or amusing, nor was any of the dialogue especially brilliant. If, however, it is a drama that won't do anybody much good to witness, it will at least do no harm. The moral was highly elevating, and drove the pit and gallery into paroxysms of virtue. Mr. Abingdon was a very earnest villain, whilst Mr. Henry Neville was not so tiresome as paragons of perfection usually are. Mr. Herbert Basing was successful as Pony Simple, and Miss Waud did as much as possible for the *rôle* of Fantine, a French maid, which might have been interesting had it not stopped short in the middle. In short, the acting and stage effects were worthy of a better cause. We regret that the Princess's Theatre, which was doing excellent work a short time ago by mounting a really good style of drama for the masses, should have lowered its standard. We hope for better things next time.

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# MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PENSION SCHEME:

## A FRIENDLY SOCIETY VIEW OF IT.

THE plan of State-aided insurance sketched by Mr. Chamberlain in a recent issue of the *National Review*, demands more than a passing notice, not only from the tax-paying public, but from all who have the welfare of the nation at heart. It is only one out of many prescriptions for the cure of pauperism, which have been offered to the public by impulsive philanthropists and empirical faddists with a turn for statistics, and it differs only in detail from some of its prototypes. The political position of its sponsor (rather than its author) has, however, secured for it a degree of publicity which it could otherwise hardly hope to have attained, and hence it monopolises public attention for the time being, to the exclusion of such pioneer schemes as those of Canon Blackley, Rev. W. Moore-Ede, and others. The fact that Mr. Chamberlain has published his ideas at such a suspicious juncture in the career of the Government with which he is so closely associated, and that they have since been spontaneously taken up by influential members of the Tory party, including the Prime Minister himself, induces the fear that precipitate legislation may be attempted. The superficially attractive nature of the proposal would, in that case, facilitate its passage into law, and the nation might thus have to learn by costly experience what it ought to learn by reflection.

The grounds upon which Mr. Chamberlain, like his predecessors, bases his arguments for State-insurance, are, first, the extent to which old age pauperism prevails in this country; and, secondly, the indifference exhibited by the great mass of the population towards the facilities which are at present open to them for providing pensions for themselves. That the ratio of pauperism in England and Wales is very high for so wealthy a community no one will venture to deny, but, as a matter of fact, it is lower now than it has been at any period since 1854. The percentage of pauperism to population for each quinquennial period from 1855 to 1889, is as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 1855–9 | 4·7 per cent. |
| 1860–4 | 4·7 ,, |
| 1865–9 | 4·5 ,, |
| 1870–4 | 4·2 ,, |
| 1875–9 | 3·1 ,, |
| 1880–4 | 3·0 ,, |
| 1885–9 | 2·8 |



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This shows a decrease of about 40 per cent. in thirty years. It is true that the cost per head has gone up in even greater proportion during the same period, but this fact points rather to the necessity of a better system of administering the poor-laws than to the necessity of providing a substitute for them.

The figures for old-age pauperism are supplied by Mr. Burt's return, which purports to show the number of persons over sixty years of age who were in receipt of poor-law relief on August 1, 1890. The number of such persons is stated to be 286,867, and they have been further classified into five age-groups as follows:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Over | 60 | and under | 65 | ... | 41,180 |
| „ | 65 | „ | 70 | ... | 62,240 |
| „ | 70 | „ | 75 | ... | 77,708 |
| „ | 75 | „ | 80 | ... | 60,879 |
| „ | 80 | ... ... | ... | ... | 44,860 |
| | | | Total | | 286,867 |

This return cannot be accurate, at least as far as the older ages are concerned, for according to a calculation based upon the census of 1881 there were not 44,860 persons over eighty years of age living in the country at the time the return was made out. The number was something like 42,630. How far the other figures are exaggerated it is impossible to say, but the well-known disposition of paupers to over-state their ages in order to procure certain comforts and relaxations which would be denied to persons of younger age, must seriously affect the value of any return based on their statements alone.

The picture is, therefore, not so dark as has been represented, but it is far from reassuring. How is such a complex problem to be solved? Let us look at the fundamental facts. We have in this country a huge industrial population, some well-paid and able to make provision for old age, others unable, under the most favourable circumstances, to do so; some again thrifty, but all with the strongest inducement to be otherwise, such inducement consisting of public-houses where they may spend their wages, and workhouses to receive them after they have spent them. It is through a maze of economic, fiscal, and social conditions such as these, acting and reacting upon each other, that he who would find the true remedy must be content to travel. Mr. Chamberlain, however, has saved us the trouble, by his discovery of the royal road to thrift. A bait of fifteen pounds sterling offered to a working man at the end of forty years' time would, in his opinion, induce that working man to make the sacrifice necessary to place him above want in his old age. Now assuming, for the sake of argument, that this proposal became successful in the sense desired by its promoters, how much nearer should we be to the removal of the causes which produce pauperism? Every scheme

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which aims only at relieving the worst aspects of the evil gives a new lease of life to the conditions which breed the evil. Pauperism is a tree with many roots. The state of the licensing laws, the want of improved relations between capital and labour, the inequalities of taxation, the conditions of land tenure, and, last but not least, the maladministration of the poor-laws themselves, are all fruitful sources of pauperism. How much more so would they be under a scheme which indemnified them against the consequences of their mischievous operation?

If Mr. Chamberlain's specific is not a radical cure, neither can it claim to be a palliative. It would have to reach two classes of the population—those who are thriftless, and those who have no scope left them for thrift. With regard to the former class it is a pity some further information has not been furnished, showing how they could be caught in the net. No instances have been shown of the readiness of the improvident class to become provident under such inducements, and hence we must be content with Mr. Chamberlain's sanguine belief that they will do so. How do the facts stand on the other side? Three and a half million members of collecting friendly societies, spurred to thrift by a huge army of weekly collectors, attest the folly of the supposition that such people will make any spontaneous efforts in their own behalf. So weak is their sense of self-reliance that the prospect of saving the collector's commission will not tempt them to take their money direct to the societies' offices; and were the collectors to cease their operations they would nearly all lapse as a matter of course. The evils of lapsing Mr. Chamberlain would remedy by means of a special provision, whereby no policy would lapse within five years of cessation of payments. This may be thought to be a generous concession, but there is not a man of any experience in industrial insurance who does not know that it would prove a curse and not a blessing to the classes for whom it is intended. They would be sure to take full advantage of the liberality of any such provision, and every concession to their immediate inclinations would be at the expense of their ultimate and paramount interests. A great change will have to take place in the social and moral habits of our working population before they are ripe for any such system as this.

But what about that large section of the struggling poor who have not the means to save even if they had the will? Mr. Chamberlain, doubtless, had them in his mind when he wrote these words:

"To provide at twenty-five for an annuity of 5*s.* a week at sixty-five would cost in the Post Office £44 16*s.* for males and £51 18*s.* 11*d.* for females. The annual premium payable from twenty-five to sixty-five for the same pension would be £1 16*s.* 10*d.* and £2 0*s.* 1*d.* respectively. How can a labourer with 10*s.* a week or a woman with less provide these sums?"

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Why not? If they can save £5 at twenty-five, and £1 each year afterwards until they reach sixty-five, under a scheme which was specially framed to meet their requirements, I cannot see what exceptional difficulties they would have in complying with the Post Office terms. The plain fact is that this unfortunate class, comprising some of the hardest workers in the community, such as the agricultural labourers, and town labourers in casual employment, are entirely outside the scope of any scheme which expects them to contribute to their own support out of their present resources. They are able, by means of friendly societies and local clubs, to pay the penny a week which insures their funeral expenses, but any further provision is out of the question. Without some radical improvement in their position it is little short of a mockery to suggest to them patent methods of saving themselves from a workhouse system, which is the logical outcome of the economic conditions under which they live.

It seems then that Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, assuming them to be sound in principle, would completely fail in their object. But that is not all. They would, if they benefited anybody, benefit only a class of far-seeing speculators, who would find in the State subsidy higher interest and better security than they could obtain elsewhere. And this higher interest, coming as it would out of the earnings of those for whose ostensible benefit the scheme was invented, would plunge them in deeper destitution than before.

Mr. Chamberlain rightly says that "the industrious poor have really some claim on the society that they have served, and on the State as its representative." Precisely; but does not the duty rather lie in the direction of a proper adjustment of the relations between class and class than in the application of temporary remedies to supply the want of such a proper adjustment? If the obligation to support aged and deserving people rests with the community, the obligation presses strongest on those who have derived most benefit —viz., the employers; and instead of its being discharged in the shape of poor-law relief, or State subsidies, why may it not partake of the nature of higher wages during the period of the worker's usefulness? All forms of State support are founded on erroneous conceptions of the relations between the State and the individual. It is the duty of every man to make provision for himself and for those dependent on him; and of the State to see that no obstacles hinder his doing so. Where the State does more, or the individual less, there is nothing but disaster in store for both. It is cruel folly to make pauperism attractive, or to rob it of any of its inherent terrors. There is much force in that blunt saying of Malthus that, "Hard as it may appear in individual instances, dependent poverty ought to be held disgraceful." Can we wonder at the dissatisfaction which has attended the operation of our present poor-laws, which teach the

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lesson that the difference between thrift and extravagance is merely a matter of taste. With the ratepayer it is a case of "heads you win, tails I lose." England is, I believe, the only nation which gives every man a legal claim to support in the event of destitution. The dangers of such exceptional liberality, which have been pointed out to her by every economist since the time of Malthus, are being steadily realised through the dear school of experience. In countries such as Germany, France, and Austria, where no such legal provision exists, we do not hear of any greater destitution than in England, even though the rate of wages be lower.

Now, putting aside altogether such empirical remedies as those of Mr. Chamberlain, which appear to be worse than useless, the improvement of the condition of the industrious poor can be effected in three principal ways, and in these the State can only play a limited part.

The first requisite is, that the poor-laws shall be more carefully administered. Much can be done in this direction without any aid from legislation. Outdoor relief ought to be discouraged. The less popular it becomes the more humiliating it will be considered in future; and experience has proved that there are thousands of people who would on no account enter the workhouse, but who think it no humiliation whatever to accept parish relief outside the workhouse.

The second requisite is, that the relations between capital and labour shall be so altered as to permit of the labourer reaping a larger reward for his services than he has hitherto been able to do. The aim ought to be to make labour less dependent on capital, instead of being as at present almost entirely at its mercy. Many people suppose that this can only be done by legislative interference with the law of supply and demand, and suggest a fixed minimum wage and a fixed maximum day's work as the true remedy. But, before embarking on such a perilous undertaking, our political reformers would do well to address themselves to the task of breaking down the artificial barriers by which industry is denied access to the resources of the country. By removing the taxes on industry, and unlocking the vast stores of wealth which lie buried in uncultivated lands, and by placing the transfer of land on the same footing as that of other kinds of property, the demand for labour would be enormously increased, and a higher standard of wages and comfort would be the result.

It may be reasonably assumed that the present Royal Commission on Labour, comprising as it does so many men specially conversant with the subject, will not dissolve without alighting upon some useful recommendations which may serve as the basis for future legislative proposals. Legislation, however, except in so far as it contributes to the greater freedom of the people, ought to be viewed with suspicion.

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Legislation may be necessary now in order to counteract the effects of bad legislation in the past; but that is a very different thing to creating statutory prices, statutory rates of wages, statutory working hours, or statutory pensions. A more hopeless picture of national degradation than such conditions would present can scarcely be imagined.

The third great factor in bringing about the desired change is the encouragement of private enterprise, individual and co-operative. The savings banks are doing excellent work, and so are the Industrial Insurance Companies and Friendly Societies. With regard to these latter institutions, which represent one of the most laudable and popular forms of British industrial enterprise, much has been said and written by the advocates of State insurance, to show their inability to cope with the problem of old-age pauperism. Mr. Chamberlain quotes a recent return, which states that 14,808 indoor paupers in England and Wales on March 31, 1891, had been members of benefit societies. Now, considering that the total membership of all the registered societies of England is more than 7,500,000, this can hardly be said to be an alarming proportion. If the societies conducted their operations on the lines of his scheme, I am afraid the proportion would be much greater. Friendly Societies may do much, but they are not answerable for the shortcomings of our economic and social system. Drink and want of employment must always occasion more or less lapsing, and the utmost that can be expected is to reduce the evil to a minimum. This is already the case, for not only does the society (in its own interest) cling to its members while there is the least chance of retaining them, but in many cases, when they are irrecoverably lost and have no legal claim to benefit, substantial grants are made to their representatives in case of death. A glance at the balance-sheet of any of the large societies will show that large sums of money are annually expended under this head.

It must be admitted that a great amount of individual hardship has been inflicted in the past upon the members of societies which had become insolvent. Such instances may, however, be expected to become rarer year by year, for the spirit of cautious inquiry engendered by that and other causes, together with the more general distribution of accurate information as to their investments, will most likely enable the members to know their true position in time to ally themselves with sound institutions on terms nearly, if not quite, as advantageous as those of their original contracts.

No scheme of deferred annuities as yet proposed appears to have found much favour with the masses, owing no doubt to causes which I have already endeavoured to indicate. Persons who save money do not like to lose absolute control over it, hence the encouraging success of the savings banks, and the absolute barrenness of the

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annuity schemes, which are nearly all framed upon the basis of the payments not being returned under any circumstances. But considering that insurance for death has become almost universal, and that provision for old age is in need of some stimulating influence to recommend it to the insuring public, it ought not to be difficult for the leading societies to try the experiment of popularising the one through the other by means of new tables, which should provide either for death or for a pension after sixty-five, whichever should happen first. At all events, if the friendly societies, with their superior organisation and unique means of reaching the people, find it impossible to make such a scheme succeed, there is not much hope that any other agency will be found equal to the task.

It is chiefly to these three influences working conjointly that we must look for all rational progress in the direction of greater comfort and security for the masses. We must put them in the position of being able to save if they will, and then teach them that they can only reap as they have sown. We must teach them to walk erect in the path of independence and self-reliance instead of making them lame and then presenting them with a crutch. We all admit that Esau was wrong in selling his birthright for a mess of pottage, but we ought to be all the more careful not to barter our own for five shillings a week at sixty-five.

On the whole it will be seen that the dependent condition of our aged poor, though a serious matter, is not of such a calamitous nature as to warrant the abandonment of every sound principle of State policy in the effort to improve it. It is in no sense a political problem. To treat it as such is both fallacious and mischievous. It is a miscellaneous accumulation of the errors arising out of many political problems which have only been partially solved, and the proposal to dispose of these in a summary and short-sighted fashion without reference to their origin, is quite in keeping with the statesmanship of certain sects of latter-day politicians. What the subject now stands in need of is the formation of a healthy public opinion, and light from every quarter ought to be welcomed. To have aroused public interest in a matter which so intimately concerns the national welfare is no small service. And this credit may fairly be claimed by those who have within the last few years indirectly hastened the solution of the question, even though that solution should ultimately be found to lie in a direction contrary to that which they indicate.

THOMAS SCANLON.

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# THE LADY AND THE LAW.*

"I CAN scarcely believe that if the House of Commons was as much aware as every lawyer is aware of the state of the law of England as regards women, even still, after the very recent humane improvements in it, it would hesitate to say it was more worthy of a barbarian than of a civilised State. If that be so, I do not think the wisdom of Parliament will be darkened, nor the justice of Parliament slackened, because those who appeal to that wisdom are entitled to be heard by reason of the possession of something like political power, when they ask for justice. I believe fully that, after a certain number of years, the law, which I regard in many respects as wholly indefensible, will be altered. As it is, I believe the sense of justice on the part of men, if they are once aroused to it, and convinced of the injustice, will in time bring about the reform needed; but I believe this reform will not be brought about so fast as it would be if we put into the hands of those who suffer from this injustice some share of political power. Therefore, sir, while I admit I do not question the justice of Parliament, or the right intentions of honourable members, I submit that the constitutional means of remedying injustice is by influencing Members of Parliament in a constitutional way."

This is the opinion of the Lord Chief Justice of England, delivered by him in the House of Commons, and emphasised further by his sending the extract quoted to the Secretary of the Central National Society for Women's Suffrage, with a letter empowering the society to make what use they wish of it.

It may be useful to bring before the public eye a few of the crying points of injustice in that law of England which Lord Coleridge characterises as "more worthy of a barbarian than a civilised State"; although it would, of course, be impossible to give an exhaustive account of the many ways in which exclusively male legislation presses hardly upon women in the limits of such an article as this, yet enough may be brought forward to show the weight of Lord Coleridge's plea that women should be enabled to give force to their demands for speedy redress by the possession of the Parliamentary vote.

Let us begin with what men are never tired of defining as the one paramount function and duty of women—motherhood

* The Author submitted this paper to the Lord Chief Justice, who kindly expressed his agreement with the reforms suggested in the following terms:—

1 SUSSEX SQUARE, HYDE PARK, W., *29th February*, 1892.

DEAR MADAM—I have read your paper through carefully and with much interest, and it appears to me to state clearly and ably the various points on which a change in the present state of the law in respect of women is chiefly to be desired.

I am, dear Madam, your very faithful servant, COLERIDGE.

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—and see how a mother's interests, wishes, and what one would suppose to be inalienable rights, are protected by laws in the making of which they have no voice.

Much was done for the mother by the Custody of Infants Act of 1886, but in passing through the Houses of Parliament the Bill was mutilated and rendered imperfect. It by no means establishes equality between the parents. Indeed, the then Lord Chancellor (Lord Selborne) very justly pointed out on the second reading that "the small amount of consideration now given by law to the mother with regard to her children was in principle wholly wrong, *as she had natural rights in her children not less than those of the father.*"

Those natural rights, however, received their first legal recognition when this Bill became law in 1886, when by clause 5 the Court is directed to have regard to the welfare of the infant, and to the conduct of the parents, *and to the wishes as well of the mother as of the father.*

The "wishes" of the mother had been hitherto held of so little legal weight that a father was able to refuse a young girl, whom he had not himself seen for more than a year, and at the most critical period of her early womanhood, the solace of a few weeks' intercourse with a blameless and beloved mother. Three judges censured his conduct, but were obliged to find him within his right: "By nature and nurture married mothers in these three kingdoms were, during the lifetime of their husbands, held by law to have nothing whatever to do with their own children, to whom the father could deny them access at his pleasure, being allowed in Scotland to take an infant from its mother's breast, provided a wet-nurse was secured for its wants."

As the Bill stands, the father can appoint a guardian or guardians to act after his death jointly with the mother, however faultless she may be; whereas the mother can only provisionally appoint such a guardian or guardians to act jointly with the father after her death; and the Court, after her death, will only confirm such an appointment in case it is clearly shown that the father is, *for any cause whatever*, unfit to be the sole guardian of his child.

How small is the mother's power with this proviso may be demonstrated by pointing out that the adulterous life of the father does not disqualify him from claiming the custody of the children during the wife's lifetime, provided he does not bring them in contact with his mistress; the Lord Chancellor in the debate on the third reading of the Bill said: "There might be circumstances not of the gross character to which reference had been made, and not involving moral unfitness on the part of the father, which might make it highly desirable and almost necessary for the welfare of the infant that a guardian should be associated with him. Suppose there was a father not a profligate or drunkard, but impecunious, hiding here and there to avoid his creditors and unable out of his own means to provide for

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his children. In the present state of the law with regard to the property of married women the case was much more likely to occur than before. The mother might have to provide out of her own means for the maintenance of the children, and at her death might dispose of those means for that purpose, and desire to appoint a guardian to act with the father. He was not at all sure that the Court would say that such a case came under the meaning of 'unfit.'" Moreover, the Bill was held to leave untouched the "well-settled principle, that the children should be brought up in the religion of their father."

Yet the father who is invested with such enormous powers is allowed, if he pleases, to will every farthing that he possesses away from his children, and to leave them helpless and destitute for the community to maintain. We have it on the authority of Chief Justice Cockburn, as an established fact, "that, except under the Poor Laws, there is no legal obligation on the part of the father to maintain his child, unless, indeed, the neglect to do so should bring the case under the criminal laws." Even under the Poor Laws the liability ceases when the child reaches the age of sixteen.

Let us now take the case of the unmarried mother. Whether married or unmarried, a mother is bound to maintain her children. If no contract of marriage has been signed, the mother has discretionary power, within twelve months of the child's birth, to institute proceedings against the father on her own behalf in a court of summary jurisdiction; and if her evidence is corroborated by further testimony "in some material particular"—often cases are dismissed on the ground that there are no witnesses to the act!—she can recover from him a sum varying from sixpence to five shillings a week during the time that she is herself liable in law for the maintenance of her child; not a penny more, however rich the father may be; and this is for *herself*—he has *no* legal obligations whatever to the child. If the mother dies, his liability ceases. Nor is the case altered if he voluntarily admits the paternity, and brings up the child; he can repudiate it when he chooses. The magnitude of this freedom from responsibility, and the recklessness it induces in men, may be gauged by the fact that some 50,000 illegitimate children are born annually in the United Kingdom. The death-rate amongst illegitimate children is far above that of those born in wedlock. Newsholme in his *Vital Statistics* gives the following figures, which afford some idea of the extent of the difference: "In the years 1871–75, the mean mortality of infants in twelve urban districts was—for legitimate children, 192 per 1000 legitimate births; for illegitimate children, 380 per 1000 illegitimate births. In Glasgow, during 1873–75, the annual deaths of legitimate infants to every 1000 legitimate births were 152; of illegitimate infants to every 1000 illegitimate births, 286."

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The mothers on whom this sole responsibility is cast may be but a day over sixteen years of age—the law does not protect them beyond it; though they would be held minors in regard to any property belonging to them until they are twenty-one, they are able to "consent" to their own degradation, and the parents and guardians of a girl over sixteen have no remedy against her seducer.

We will now glance at the legal hardships of the wife. It is to be hoped that the decision in the Clitheroe case (1891) has purged from the law of England, once and for all, the reproach of upholding a slavery as absolute as any that ever was inflicted on the negro race by giving the husband right of property in the person of his wife—a property so absolute that, a few years before that decision, a husband who had subjected his wife to force, and by so doing communicated a loathsome disease to her, was accounted by the judges as acting within his rights. Yet although in 1891 it was decided that a husband had no right to use violence of any kind on his wife's person, nor to imprison her, and that such rights had never existed, the popular view is, undoubtedly, that both chastisement and imprisonment are the natural prerogative of the husband; and the sentences given for violent assaults by husbands on their wives at police and sessional courts are evidently guided by such a theory of the marriage relationship. Cases might be quoted by scores in which the killing of wives is brought in as manslaughter, and punished by a few years' (or even months') imprisonment.

The Matrimonial Causes Act of 1878 made it possible for a wife, whose husband had been convicted of an aggravated assault upon her, to obtain at Petty Sessions an order which has the full effect of a judicial separation; but she can only secure under it the custody of her children under ten years of age. A separation order is usually accompanied by an order for maintenance of the children whose custody the wife still retains. The Maintenance in case of Desertion Act of 1886 allows a deserted wife to summon her husband for alimony, and authorises magistrates to appoint a sum (in no case to exceed 40*s.*) to be paid weekly by a man for the support of his family. This is the extent of the liability of the husband and father for the maintenance of his wife and family, though his income may be thousands annually—just sufficient to keep them off the parish, and no more; for the Act directs the Court, in adjusting the amount to be paid by the husband, to make allowance for the wife's earnings.

Such is the legal value of the promise made by the husband at the altar: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." Moreover, a wife who has property is equally bound to maintain her husband. The Married Women's Property Act of 1882 has, however, made it no longer possible for the bridegroom to say to his bride on returning from church: "What's mine is my own; what is yours is mine." Yet, much as that Act did for women—being the deathblow to the

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old status of *coverture*, by which the individuality of the wife was entirely merged in that of the husband, and she became his "chattel" —it has limitations which need correction. The law needs reform as to the contracting power of married women, for as it at present stands many people are afraid to do business with a married woman. The clause which provides that no criminal proceedings shall be taken by any wife against her husband while they are living together concerning any property claimed by her, nor while they are living apart as or concerning any act done by the husband while they were living together, is often a great hardship. It results, that if a drunken husband sells furniture bought by or belonging to the wife, she can only proceed against the agents who carried it away.

The greatest wrong of all which the law inflicts upon wives is the maintenance of the Divorce Act of 1857 (to Scotland's honour, be it said, not sanctioned over the Border), which enables a man to obtain divorce by proving simple adultery, but refuses the like relief to the wife of an adulterous husband, unless she can prove in addition that her husband treated her with *legal* cruelty, or has deserted her for a term of two years, virtually condoning adultery as permissible to men; and which further insults and degrades the wife by treating her as the property of the husband, whom it enables to claim money compensation for the loss of his goods from the co-respondent.

In 1887 Mr. Justice Butt pronounced a decree of judicial separation in a case in which, after a married life of eleven days, the husband left his wife, coolly informing her that he intended to return to a woman with whom he had lived previously. This case illustrates clearly the cruelty of the law. Here is an innocent woman tied for life to a man who had broken his vows in the most insulting manner, she being left in the anomalous position of being neither maid, wife, nor widow. If she had waited two years in the hope of establishing desertion, she would all that time have been at the mercy of the husband, who could, if it pleased him, have claimed conjugal rights.

Again, the cruelty which must be added to adultery to entitle a wife to a divorce must show "danger to life and limb." Considerable brutality and refined mental torture will yet escape this definition.

Another instance in which the law presses hardly on women is in the distribution of intestate estates. The ramifications of the injustice are too numerous to mention in detail, but a few of the most glaring will show their nature.

In the case of personal property: if the intestate die leaving *wife only, no blood relations*—half to wife, half to Crown;[1] *wife, no*

[1] An important alteration in favour of the widow came into operation in September 1890, whereby the real and personal estate of an intestate leaving a widow, *but no issue*, passes absolutely to the widow as far as the first £500 in value is concerned. If under £500, she takes the whole; if above, she takes £500 in addition to what she was entitled to under the law previously in force.

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*near relations*—half to wife, rest to next of kin in equal degree to intestate, or their legal representatives; *wife and children*—one-third to wife, the rest to children and issue of dead children; *wife and father*—half to wife, half to father.

If, however, it is the wife who dies, leaving *husband and children*—all to husband. The Crown claims no share in this instance; it is the widow only that it mulcts. Neither have the wife's next of kin, her father or mother, or sisters or brothers, any claim—nor even the children she has risked death to bring into the world; while the widower into whose hands it falls has the right to will every penny of it away from them if he chooses.

In the case of real property, if intestate die leaving *wife only, no blood relations*—one-third to wife for life, rest to Crown, copyholds to the lord of the manor; *husband and children*—husband for life, afterwards to eldest son or only child; *mother, brothers and sisters*—all to eldest brother; *brother and wife*—one-third to wife for life, rest to brother; *father's father and mother's mother*—all to father's father.

These contrasts will show the spirit of the law.

The root of all these evils may be confidently asserted to be the civil disabilities of women, which have grown up by custom, but have only been legally enforced for a few years.

Dr. Pankhurst, addressing the Women's Franchise League in December 1891, said: "It was not till 1868 that there had ever been in this country any declaration, either by Parliament or the Law Courts, that women could not sit in Parliament. A decision in the Court of Common Pleas in that year held that women were not entitled to sit in Parliament—firstly, on the disability of sex; and secondly, on the disability of being married."

The civil position of women by the law of this country is on a par with criminals, paupers and lunatics; and that men do not regard their interests as their own is very abundantly shown by the samples of our laws given above.

Some 656,000 women are engaged in our textile trades alone; but a single line in a Factory Act could snatch the bread from thousands of working women at a stroke. Men are continually interfering with the labour of women, making arbitrary regulations often entailing great hardships, and putting female labour at a disadvantage against male labour, which is free from like restrictions. It may be advantageous for the community that women should be prevented by law from engaging in unfit labour, such as working in mines; but if they are turned out of heavy trades, compensatory measures should be passed forbidding men to engage in light trades, for which women are better suited, otherwise it is simply taking the bread out of women's mouths and forcing them on the streets.

The small range of occupations open to them makes the competi-

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tion so fierce that they must, perforce, work fifteen or sixteen hours a day. Barmaids, for instance, of whom there are 80,000 in England and Wales, average an attendance of 100 hours a week for wages of about 10*s.* a week; and this when men are agitating for an eight-hours day!

If women had their due share in choosing the Parliamentary representatives there would be a much greater probability of their interests being considered; flagrantly unjust measures—such as those for the State regulation of vice, which but lately disgraced our statutes, are still in force in certain of our colonies, and may at any time be re-enforced by a male Legislature chosen by an exclusively male electorate—would be impossible.

Again, legislation for those who cannot give force to their own wishes is often quite mistaken and disastrous in its consequences to them, when meant most kindly; while matters that much need regulation are neglected.

As an instance of such neglect we may take the non-registration of midwives. Physicians, surgeons, and chemists have long been compelled to prove their competency by holding diplomas. In 1878 Parliament enacted in the interest of the public that no one should practise or assume the title of *dentist* without holding a diploma which guaranteed his efficiency. In 1883 the same action was taken with regard to veterinary surgeons. No protection is accorded to English mothers, who are without any assured means of ascertaining that the midwives they employ are in any way qualified for the responsible duties they undertake. It is estimated that seven births out of ten are attended by midwives only.

The disqualification of women for civil posts and offices of public utility—such, for instance, as County Councillors—is immeasurably hurtful to the community, which, in matters affecting public health and morality, is thus deprived of the help of those best able to advise them.

The denial of the privileges of citizenship could only be justified by exemption from its burdens, but the tax-gatherer calls as regularly on the unrepresented female householder as on the represented male. In a country where there is no conscription it cannot be said that women are privileged by not being called upon to serve in the army and navy. If even they were exempted by sex from a service compulsory on men, the function of motherhood might well be claimed as a balance; if the soldier and sailor risk their lives to defend the nation, the mother risks hers to give it existence.

The greatest of all wrongs inflicted on women by the law of England is the denial of the Parliamentary vote; this rectified, all other hardships would right themselves by the simple action of their enfranchisement.

MATILDA M. BLAKE.

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# AN ECONOMIST ON CHURCH AND STATE.[1]

THERE is always a great advantage in having the opportunity of learning how an educated and thoughtful layman regards the great religious and theological problems of the day. Theologians, to whatever school they may belong, find it difficult to get out of a certain groove. By their training and their pursuits they are predisposed to regard religious questions from a comparatively narrow point of view. This is as true, in a sense, of liberal, as it is of conservative, theologians. They may do their best to widen the track, or to make the track more passable, but they seldom leave the track altogether, so, to a certain extent, it may be said that theologians only write for theologians, and their influence over the lay world is restricted, and the spread of liberal ideas, if cast in a theological mould, is discouragingly slow.

It is for this reason we are disposed to give a cordial welcome to a volume on *Religion* by M. G. de Molinari, the chief editor of the *Journal des Économistes*, and a writer who has achieved some well-earned distinction as a political economist. He is the author of numerous works on political economy, and his volume on *La Morale Économique* (1888) contains an exposition of the views of the new school. In the appendix to the present volume the author reprints the Report made to the Academy by M. Léon Say on that work, and, though M. Say is not altogether in agreement with M. de Molinari, he treats his views with much consideration. M. de Molinari contends against the Utilitarian theory that the moral law has for its base the interest, properly understood, of the human species, and not, as the school of Bentham assert, the interest only of the individual. The conclusion of M. de Molinari, as summed up by M. Léon Say, is that economic morality comes to the aid of religious morality by demonstrating that which has hitherto been affirmed and imposed by way of authority on the belief of the faithful; that is, that all disobedience to the moral law is injurious to the race, and, by reaction, to the individual. M. de Molinari is a thorough Liberal, and a sound Free Trader, and has at heart the best interests of France. We have referred, though only briefly, to his economic position, because it will be found to have an important bearing upon his views of religion.

[1] *Religion.* Par G. de Molinari. Paris: Guillaumin et Cie. 1892.

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The principal thesis of the present volume is that the separation of Church and State should be made in the best interests of religion itself. He thinks that the opinions of both the Radicals and the Clericals in France are wrong on the subject: the Radicals demand the separation of Church and State in the hope that it would result in the disappearance of religion, and the Clericals resist the separation because they fear the same thing. M. de Molinari argues that if religion were placed under a *régime* of independence and liberty it would exercise a more beneficial and efficacious action on the conduct of individuals and the direction of human affairs. To those who fear that if the Church were placed on an independent footing it would regain the baneful domination it exercised in former times, he answers, that he does not regard that as possible, as the domination which at one time it possessed, so greatly to the injury of Christendom, was due to its alliance with the State, and that merely to allow liberty of worship would not restore the Church to its former position of power.

Before placing before our readers M. de Molinari's theory of Church and State it will be advisable to notice briefly his conception of religion and the part he believes it is destined to play in the future. In passing, it may be interesting to mention his views of Positivism regarded as a religion, or substitute for the old religions. His objections may be regarded as of a popular nature, but they are difficult to reply to. To do M. de Molinari justice, it is better to leave the passage in which he gives expression to his sentiments in his own words:

"Ainsi, par exemple, l'immense majorité des hommes adorent un Dieu, *cause*, origine de toutes choses. M. Auguste Comte ne veut pas entendre parler de ce Dieu-là, parce qu'il n'admet point que l'humanité se préoccupe des causes. L'humanité! voilà le Grand-Être à qui doivent s'adresser désormais nos adorations. Or, de bonne foi, nous serait-il bien possible d'adorer l'humanité? Encore si c'était un être abstrait, un mythe! mais l'humanité n'a rien d'abstrait ni de mythique. C'est tout bonnement une collection d'êtres réels, en chair et on os, qu'on voit s'agiter, geindre et bourdonner incessamment pour satisfaire aux communes nécessités de la vie. Des laboureurs, des vignerons, des charpentiers, des rouliers, des épiciers, des portiers, des hommes politiques, des gendarmes, des argousins, des voleurs, des blanchisseuses, des couturières, des vivandières, des filles publiques, etc. etc., voilà l'humanité! Certes, j'aime beaucoup tout ce monde-là, quoi qu'il soit bien un peu mêlé; j'échange volontiers mes services contre les siens, pour parler le langage de notre ami Bastiat; je suis disposé même à lui en rendre quelques-uns *gratis;* mais, en vérité, je ne me sens aucune envie de l'adorer."

In place of this abstract humanity of Comte, M. de Molinari affirms that his soul seeks an ideal, an eternal type of the good and beautiful, before which he can kneel, towards which he can aspire. But the writer goes beyond this, and pleads for a Theistic religion, a belief in God to whom we owe allegiance, a belief which can exercise a powerful influence over our conduct. This he believes to

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be necessary for the improvement of mankind. What we need, he contends, is something which shall have a moral influence, and which shall also provide a moral force. For the enlightenment of the conscience he admits that science and political economy are necessary, but they cannot supply the moral force which shall compel to right action, to self-government, and the proper direction of human affairs. This force, which shall enable men to act for a remote or general good, instead of merely for immediate gratification or self-interest, he believes can alone come from religion. After describing the present crisis in morals and government he concludes by saying:

"This crisis, one of the most serious that humanity has crossed, can only be ended by some progress which shall ameliorate at once the government of societies and self-government. But this progress has for its necessary agents science and religion—science, which illuminates the conscience in making it acquainted with the rules useful for the government of others and of itself; religion, which arms it with the moral force indispensable to apply these rules, or to follow them. But, supposing even that civilised societies can hereafter dispense with its help to maintain order in their bosom and to accomplish the reform necessary to assure it, has religion no other part to play? no other mission to fulfil? Can we hope that there will be no more in the future creatures unfavoured by nature or ill-treated by fortune, infirm, miserable, who feel the need of being consoled for the evils of the present life by the hope of a future one? . . . . Finally, supposing that the earth, after having been a vale of tears, becomes an Eden, will man be any the more disposed to content himself with terrestrial existence and happiness? Because life shall be better, will he be the more easily consoled to lose it? Because science shall extend for him the bounds of the universe, because it shows him an infinite prospect, because it makes him suspect the existence of worlds superior in grandeur and beauty to his own, will he resign himself all the better to the mediocrity of his lot, which is limited to a point of space and time? In gathering the fruit of the tree of knowledge, following the legend of the terrestrial paradise, has the first man condemned his posterity to enjoyments which remain for him the most deceitful of mirages? The well-being, always limited, that science can procure for human creatures in their fleeting life, will it suffice to compensate for the bitterness of the privation of infinite good which it presents to them without giving them the hope of possession? Is it not manifest that this hope, in default of which science can only provide pessimism, can be given by religion alone?"

This religion, which may perhaps be not improperly described as Evolutionary Theism, which seems likely to be the religion of the immediate future, M. de Molinari contends will play as considerable part in the future as other religions have done in the past. But it can only fulfil its mission efficaciously on condition that it is put in a position of independence and liberty—in other words, the Church must be separated from the State. And this brings us to the most interesting and important teaching of the book before us.

It is here that the special knowledge of the writer is of service to him, and in his account of the relations of Church and State we are struck by the frequent use of terms borrowed from the



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vocabulary of economics, and the light they throw upon the subject. This branch of the subject, be it understood, is organised religion, and not M. de Molinari's or any other particular form of religious belief. The topic is treated from an historical point of view, and its development made plain.

The writer does not think it necessary to go back as far as the authropologists, and trace the rise of the religious sentiment in anthropism or animism, but commences with fetichism or idolatry.

Assuming that early man imagined the incarnation of an immaterial power in an idol, it was necessary to render it favourable, either to obtain the good which it was in its power to accord, or to avoid the evil which it was in its power to inflict. He addressed his prayers to the idols in which were incarnate the spirits in possession of a power superior to his own, and if his prayers did not suffice, he added offerings appropriate to their nature or their appetites. But this did not necessarily imply the establishment of a cult. There still exist in our own day backward tribes who do not possess any cult, nor support any priest, though they are able to maintain amongst themselves the existence of the religious sentiment. The explanation of this fact is very simple, and it is furnished by political economy. It resides in the insufficiency of the production and of the industry of backward peoples. They are too poor to support a clergy, they have no priests for the same reason that they have no painters and no musicians. It is only as a people improve in primitive industry, by the invention of arms, &c., by which they can economise part of their time necessary for the production of articles indispensable to the physical life, that they can then find leisure to satisfy less urgent wants. The division of labour then arises, and the specialisation of certain functions. A cult commences commonly by the appearance of a sorcerer, who fills at once the functions of priest, physician, legislator, judge, and even artist. "The sorcerer is ignorant, no doubt, but his ignorance is less than that of his *clientèle*." He acquires, by observation and experience, knowledge which they do not possess, and this knowledge tends to accumulate with a practice often hereditary. His services are coarse, but they meet a felt want. Religious progress has been the consequence of economic progress, which has permitted primitive tribes to multiply and to increase their means of subsistence. Like all other progress, religious progress is accomplished when there has been a "demand." As people have improved they have demanded from "the descendants of the sorcerer" a religion less gross. This religion they conceived and invented, and, using the material of the primitive worship which they had received as an inheritance, they transformed it after the model they had under their eyes, that of the political and economical organism which was created under the influence of the regular cultivation of the soil.

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This religious concept is characterised by the appropriation of the state or the city to its gods—followed by the division of labour or specialisation of attributes and of functions of the divinities. A divine hierarchy or government in harmony with the state of society, visibly calculated on the economic and political organisation of the societies of the second age, gods and men alike being governed by "interest." The gods aid the people in their task of defending or aggrandising their State; they make the fields fertile, and they watch over its well-being. But they do not render these services gratis. They demand obedience, entire submission to their orders, and the payment of tribute; besides particular services from each individual. When the people disobey their orders, or neglect to pay tribute, they punish them by letting loose upon them storms, epidemics, and other plagues; or they recompense the zeal with which they acquit themselves of their duties. In a word, the gods conduct themselves with regard to their people as a proprietor with regard to his servitors. That is the fact of divine appropriation, and it is based upon a human model.

Such was the religious conception of humanity of the second age; it was that of a divine government modelled on the human government of the state or the city, with gods who were only distinguished from men by their superior power. The "descendants of the sorcerers" could offer nothing better, and if they had attempted to do so it would not have been acceptable to the peoples. The representatives of the gods then became the legislators—in default of the intelligence and moral force which demand the comprehension and observation of rules or of laws political, moral, economic, hygienic, necessary for the conservation of society, the religious sentiment intervened. Thus arose the numerous religious injunctions or taboos of which all ancient religious systems are full. It was necessary that the law should not be too manifestly in opposition with the confused sentiment of the generality and the common interest, otherwise the sorcerer risked being compromised and supplanted by a more pliable interpreter of the will of the spirits. When the accord existed, the law was accepted, it became immutable, and it was the better observed as the religious faith, the belief in the existence of spirits and in their sovereign power was more profound and general. Every one watched that it was obeyed, and denounced if necessary those who infringed it, for every act of disobedience of the law was an injury to the spirit who had enacted it, and this injury exposed the whole tribe to an inevitable punishment. This is a view that has already been expressed by English writers like Mr. Bagehot and Professor Robertson Smith, the most familiar instance being the laws in the Pentateuch, many of which at least may be explained on this principle. Carried further, we are led to see that the worship of the gods of other states or cities was tantamount to treason and

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punished as such ; it was equivalent to going over to the enemy. In time the sacerdotal class became the *savants*, and their science, arts, inventions, and laws were attributed to inspiration, to a divine "revelation." In their new condition the divinities of the state or of the city were multiplied, specialised, formed into a hierarchy, and constituted a divine government. But this proprietary government of the state and of the people, drawing from this proprietorship a revenue under the form of offerings and sacrifices, had an "interest" in maintaining it. Consequently, what did the divinities do ? They revealed the rules and the practices necessary for the conservation of the state and of the people. Every time that the need of a rule, political, moral, economic, hygienic, made itself felt, they communicated it to the descendants of the sorcerer, multiplied on their side by reason of the extension of the market open to their services.

It is not necessary to follow the writer further on this line, but from these beginnings we see the rise of a dominant sacerdotal class, the possessors of wealth and privilege—in a word, of a monopoly which they jealously guarded. This was more or less characteristic of all religions till the rise of Christianity. M. de Molinari thinks that original Christianity, among other differences from preceding religions, exhibited an economic difference. The motive of the gods of paganism was their own interest—the motive of the God of Christians, on the contrary, was the love of men and their interest and not his own. "En un mot, le paganisme était une religion chère, le christianisme était une religion à bon marché."

The conquest of Christianity over paganism, however, was followed by a revival of the old theory, and a reconstruction of the sacerdotal system. The Papal hierarchy re-established the old domination of the political state, and secured for itself the old monopolies. It acquired power and wealth, and thus the Church became interested in the aggrandisement and protection of its material possessions, and lost sight of the spiritual interests of the people. In all the monarchies which succeeded the conquest of barbarism Christianity became the religion of the State ; and this title invested it with a monopoly more absolute than it had in the Roman Empire. This monopoly the Christian clergy was excited to preserve intact, by two interests equally powerful, the one moral, the other material. The moral interest was that of God himself, who would not suffer the proximity of a false worship, provided by a demon. The material interest was that of preserving the goods, and even the existence of the Church. For the advent of a new religion had always been followed by the expropriation of the ancient cult, by the expulsion or the massacre of its ministers. But if idolatry and paganism had ceased to be feared, it was otherwise with schisms. As it commonly happens in such circumstances, victorious Christianity was itself divided ; there formed in its bosom opposition

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parties, analogous to political parties. When one of these parties, or dissentient schisms, triumphed, it took the place of the vanquished orthodoxy, and did not fail to seize the spoils of the orthodox clergy. It is thus we explain the extraordinary violence of religious struggles; it was that the objective of the struggle did not consist only in the realisation of a programme, often little different from that of the party in possession of the religious monopoly of the State, but more in the conquest of the situation, and the means of existence of the *personnel* who enjoyed the monopoly. The successful party practically enjoyed this monopoly from the fifth to the sixteenth century, and the monopoly produced its ordinary effects—relaxation and corruption. The manners of the clergy were corrupted from century to century, and they showed less and less zeal in the fulfilment of their professional duties. This state of things finally produced the violent reaction which ended in the Reformation. Passing by details, we find subsequently the relalations of Church and State were reversed. The alliance was continued, but the State became the protector of the Church, while formerly the Church was the protector of the State. The Church called in the aid of the secular power, moved by the same old motive—the protection of its monopoly. In different countries the degrees with which this protection has been effectual differ, as they have differed in the same countries at different times. M. de Molinari contends, with reason, that it has always been injurious to religion. When the protection has been most effectual the Church has been most corrupt and the clergy most lax; where the monopoly has been threatened, or to some extent limited, by the existence by its side of competing (voluntary) forms of worship, the Church has been purer, and the clergy have been compelled to be more zealous. His conclusion is that purely voluntary religion would be infinitely more influential than any State assisted or protected form. The Church, in its own interest, and in the interest of religion, should desire a position of independence and liberty. We cannot conclude this article better than by presenting to the reader M. de Molinari's contrast of the different value of the "protected" and the "voluntary" forms of worship.

"In the present state of things, religious culture still leaves immense surfaces fallow. There are very few men who are naturally and completely Atheists, who have not the germ of religious sentiment, amongst whom this germ cannot be developed by a culture appropriate to their mental condition. But, everywhere in the countries where the clergy have been subventioned by the State, or where the clergy form a particular category of functionaries, we can prove how much this culture is neglected. Having an assured minimum of the means of existence, the clergy do not make the necessary efforts to augment the number of their flock, or to lead the indifferent to a regular practice of the cult. In countries where this practice is rendered obligatory, it commonly degenerates into a barren formalism."

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On the other hand, he says:

"Competition acts at once as a propeller and a regulator. It compels those who have submitted to it to adopt the most efficacious modes of procedure, the most perfect instruments, to reduce the cost and to improve the quality of their products or their services, under pain of being excluded from the market; and it is due to this energetic stimulant that the countries where this industrial or commercial liberty is most complete surpass all others in activity and wealth. At the same time, competition acts as a regulator of production and profits. . . . . The most elevated branches of human activity, religious culture, letters, fine arts, &c., are ruled by this natural law as much as the lowest branches of natural production. The salutary effects of religious competition on the zeal and the conduct of ministers of religion can be proved in every time and every country, just as much as the laxity and corruption which a monopoly always produces.

"In England, for example, where the Anglican Church has preserved the monstrous privilege of imposing the tithe on the members of Dissenting bodies, it enjoys revenues all out of proportion to the necessary compensation for its services. But even in this case the regulating action of competition makes itself felt. The sacrifices that the English people impose upon themselves in favour of the Established Church, the riches with which they have endowed it, the tithe which they consent to pay it, have acted as a premium on the multiplication of competing sects. In the measure that they have multiplied themselves, and that their *clientèle* has augmented, these sects have raised an increasing part of the revenues of the Established Church, and when that shall be deprived of its privilege —which cannot be long delayed—the flagrant and abusive inequality of its situation in the presence of its competitors will little by little be effaced.

"Property and liberty appear, then, as the conditions of religious progress as much as of the progress of industries which provide for the material wants of men. The right of acquiring and preserving real and personal estate, and of disposing of it without hindrance, procures for the clergy security and independence, with the means of improving and extending the services of worship. The liberty to choose between forms of worship excites competition, and determines a double progress, a constant emulation of activity between the competing forms of worship, and an adaptation of their services as complete as possible to the scale of the intellectual development of their *clientèle*."

We can recommend those who would like to see the case for Disestablishment stated in its widest bearings, and in a forcible and original manner, to read M. de Molinari's book for themselves.

WALTER LLOYD.

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# A STUDY OF MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD.

MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD is acknowledged by Mr. Andrew Lang to be the "most versatile and various" of modern novelists. He is an American, though born on Italian soil, and educated, it would appear, mainly in Europe, having been a student during nearly ten years at the four Universities of Cambridge, Carlsruhe, Heidelberg, and Rome. A scholar, a linguist, and a wanderer over three continents, he has gathered much experience of society, and of very diverse types of men and women in different countries, and he is, further, a practised writer, having brought his pen under control by journalism even before his first sudden and brilliant success in fiction. But his strength lies less in his stores of accumulated knowledge than in the vividness and picturesque quality of his imagination, and in his astonishing literary tact. He has great adaptability and suppleness of mind, and, whether dealing with life in modern Rome or at the Court of Darius Hystaspes at Shushan, in the wilds of Northern India or in the fashionable quarter of New York, in the Black Forest or in a lonely parish of rural England, he is equally facile and free of touch. His work is distinguished by its international interest and cosmopolitan tone: Italians, Germans, Russians, Orientals, Americans, Englishmen, Poles, Hebrews, and ancient Persians, nobles, students, peasants, princesses, burghers, adventurers—all figure in his pages with appropriate characterisation, and are studied with finish and skill. He can paint every-day life, and be prosaically realistic; but he also ventures boldly into the vague realms of Eastern mysticism and romance, or of modern hypnotic experiment. A master of narrative style, he throws a subtle charm over all he touches. In one of his very latest books, *The Three Fates*, the difficulties of the early career of a young author are described so earnestly that it is hardly possible to avoid suspecting an autobiographical intention. Such indications may be very misleading, but there can be little doubt that the experience related is to some extent real. At all events, the author's comments on George Winton Wood's qualifications furnish hints which may contribute towards an understanding of some of his own mental processes, for it is said that the young man's "true talent lay in his ready power of assimilating unfamiliar knowledge by a process of intuition which escapes methodical learners," that his "solid acquirement was the

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power of using his own language," though "what made him write was neither the pride of syntax nor the certainty of being right in his observations," but simply the artist's pressing need of utterance.

Mr. Crawford is a prolific writer, having produced eighteen novels in about ten years, two of which, *Marzio's Crucifix* and *Zoroaster*,[1] were written in French as well as in English. He has evidently a natural eloquence and facility which probably enables him to write quickly, his sentences requiring little revision, though they do occasionally show some want of care and severity. His periods are, however, pointed and brilliant, and have much grace of rhythm. Mr. Crawford's vision is not intense and concentrated; rather his outlook on the world is wide, ranging, highly generalised, and rendered by a series of pictures. He uses, as it were, a magic lantern, with a great variety of slides, on which he discourses with the ease and authority, but without the pedantry and egotism, of the returned traveller. While possessing the art to show his knowledge to the best advantage, he is free from petty vanity; his pre-occupation is not to display his cleverness, but to please and interest. His books have consequently a quality which in an individual would be recognised as good breeding, for they evince consideration and respect for the reader. Their tone inspires the same sense of gratitude as is aroused by the demeanour of a man of exceptional experience and known ability, who, instead of availing himself of his gifts and acquirements to crush his companions under a sense of inferiority, does not seek to dazzle and impose, but uses his powers to be simply agreeable, taking pains to discover common subjects of interest, and comparing conclusions with a courteous assumption that they must be of equal authority though differing pleasantly through the accident of a dissimilar career. Such a man instructs without patronising, charms without display, is full of information but never pedantic, urbane without sacrifice of sincerity.

Any critical estimate of Mr. Crawford's work depends more even than usual upon the cast of mind of the reader. An exact literal-minded person, with little feeling for art or susceptibility to charm of presentment, would pronounce much of it to be improbable and extravagant, or, at most, barely plausible. Mr. Crawford is a romantic writer, and to appreciate him a critic must have retained something of the child and the dreamer, and possess sufficient elasticity of mind to bridge over chasms, disregard anachronisms, and abandon himself confidently to the guidance of the author's imagination. All fiction is based on convention, and this is hardly more than is asked of us by any poetical writer. Improbability is a light charge—in fact almost a merit in these days, and Mr. Crawford's most fantastic flights have always an imaginative

[1] *Zoroaster* is now appearing in Italian as a serial in *La Rassegna Nazionale.*

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fitness and consistency. His airy structures are solidly founded on an extended acquaintance with the world and its inhabitants, for despite his romantic tendencies he can and has produced first-rate work as a painter of manners and character.

Mr. Crawford's mind has not developed along any one path. His power and mastery of his craft have no doubt increased with exercise; but his books, though so diverse, are yet fairly even in quality, and the best among them are scattered throughout his years of production. *Mr. Isaacs*, his first novel, was the result of an experience of life in India, while editor of a paper at Allahabad. The mysterious personality of the central figure has been said to be modelled on that of a Mr. Jacobs, the Persian jewel merchant who has lately been brought into general notice by his dispute with the Nizam of the Deccan concerning the price of the great Empress diamond. This book is a brilliant sketch, full of promise, and at the time of its appearance excited much interest in the new writer. The strange fascination of the hero, a creation at once so unreal and so forcible; "the vital light in his eyes blazing with the splendour of a godlike nature," the judicious use of the mysterious background afforded by native life and worship, the suggestion of all-pervading occult forces, the vague outlines of the shadowy adept, Ram Lal, already show a peculiar artistic capacity. The following sketch of a valley in the lower Himalayas is an example, taken somewhat at random, of the author's graphic manner in description:

"The gulf that divides you from the distant mountain seems like a huge bite taken bodily out of the world by some voracious god; far away rise snow-peaks such as were not dreamt of in your Swiss tour; the bottomless valley at your feet is misty and gloomy with blackness, streaked with mist, while the peaks above shoot gladly to the sun and catch his broadside rays, like majestic white standards. Between you, as you stand leaning cautiously against the hill behind you, and the wonderful background far away in front, floats a strange vision, scarcely moving, but yet not still. A great gold shield sails steadily in vast circles, sending back the sunlight in every tint of burnished glow. The golden eagle of the Himalayas hangs in mid-air, a sheet of polished metal to the eye, pausing sometimes in the full blaze of reflection, as ages ago the sun and the moon stood still in the valley of Ajalon, too magnificent for description, as he is too dazzling to look at."

Mr. Crawford's second novel, *Dr. Claudius*, is to some extent an attempt to repeat his first success in giving a portrait of a picturesque half-ideal individuality, though the conditions are entirely changed, and by no means so favourable. A learned Heidelberg Phil.D., however sentimental and golden-bearded, is a less attractive conception than a graceful and pure-blooded Iranian adventurer, whose glowing eyes outshine his jewels; and, moreover, the plot is jerky, showing evident changes of intention, which cause the interest to

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shift and waver. The opening is reminiscent of the Faust legend, and the treatment of some of the many abstract discussions exhibits a curious compromise between German metaphysics and American hair-splitting and logical subtleties. Nevertheless, though the book is less happily inspired than its predecessor, it still shows a more conscious and deliberate mastery, some of the observations being so shrewd and well said, that they might almost take rank as aphorisms. For example:

"Women like to be understood before they speak, and the grosser intellect of man seldom more than half understands them, after they have spoken."

*To Leeward* again reveals a firmer grasp of character and a further growth of power. Mr. Crawford is never monotonous, for he is an artist ever striving towards an ideal. The book is most cleverly written, the dialogue lively and even witty, the touch sharp yet light, the descriptive passages (such as the sail to Castellamare and the launch of the ironclad, or Leonora's flight with Julius Batiscombe) admirably vivid, though without over-elaboration. Leonora Carnethy, the Marchesa Carantoni, has a more complicated and unprincipled nature than most of the author's women. The types he prefers are very simple; loyal, open, frank, and with little complexity of motive, but in this book he departs from his usual practice and tells a tale of seduction in itself disagreeable, and presupposing an unsympathetic heroine. Mr. Crawford is, however, always pure and wholesome in tone, and he treats the situations with tact and reserve, admitting nothing overtly unpleasant, apart from the inherent distastefulness of the tale and the curious want of moral equilibrium displayed by the principal characters, which, as some one has remarked, can only be accounted for on the theory that nothing is of any consequence. There is no didactic intention in this work, no struggles with insoluble problems, although their existence is frankly recognised, and the author is obviously on the side of the angels. Mr. Crawford writes on a high intellectual level, and shows great freedom from prejudice and considerable dramatic power; but he is not always deeply serious. His aims are purely artistic, and such lessons as he inculcates are not directly conveyed.

A strain of delicate humour runs through *A Roman Singer*, giving a tender grace to the narrative. It is the story of how Nino Cardegna, an Italian peasant boy, brought up and educated by the charity of an old and impoverished nobleman, became the greatest tenor of his day, and married a young German countess. The tale is told in a simple, graphic way, in the words of Nino's fond adopted parent, then plain Professor Cornelio Grandi, deprived of his patrimony and last of his race, consoling himself for his lost fortune by quaintly grumbling at the harmless extravagances

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of his faithful old housekeeper, Mariuccia, "who has always been poor, and does not therefore understand the principles of economy." The old man constantly betrays his love for and pride in his boy Nino, whom he, nevertheless, with a conservative patrician instinct, cannot forget to have been a peasant's son. The book has a certainty and oneness of intention, a well-sustained power under its rather artificial form, which give it reality and force; the story is worked out and amplified by a thousand delicate strokes, and is instinct with a faint, sweet pathos and poetry. The delightful simplicity and emotional natures of the chief characters, their romantic and chivalrous impulses, and the vivid sketches of Italian life, falling so naturally into the course of the story, help to render it a most finished artistic achievement. That a novelist should write to please is the first article of Mr. Crawford's creed, and what he offers is a most refined delight, a pleasure adapted to cultivated minds. His ease does not spring from slovenliness, but from practice and mastery, from the steady glow of his picturesque imagination and the accumulated stores of his active intelligence. The touches of local colour are well distributed, introduced with a sparing hand, and carried through the picture with a sure feeling for effect. Old Cornelio Grandi, by his graceful garrulity and lovable disposition, recalls Dr. Primrose. Hedwig, it is true, is a rather colourless "angel" after the German manner, and Nino is just the ideal hero—simple, loyal, and passionate. The plot has its weak points, but these may well be forgotten in the supreme charm of the narrative. It is a romance of true love—highly improbable, of course, but tender and idyllic.

Mr. Crawford now leads us through a series of surprises, and produces three novels in succession, each as unlike the other as it seems possible for one brain to conceive. In *An American Politician*, the book which follows *A Roman Singer* in date of publication, he suddenly takes up the method, the tone, the style even of Mr. Henry James, and records his protest against the corruption and party spirit, the loaves and fishes morality, of American politics, with all the gravity and decorum of an American citizen. We turn up the title-page to make sure of the author's name, and read on, more puzzled than before. But Mr. Crawford soon betrays himself, for he writes with greater detachment, with more of the point of view of a stranger observing a foreign country, than his older and more peculiarly American contemporary. He belongs to that tribe of nomad Americans who dwell in their tents among European nations, and he cannot assume the tone of a genuine stay-at-home Bostonian, for he is too widely travelled and open-minded. Touches of a humour that is not all American creep into his portraits of his countrymen and women, and he soon tires of imitating Mr. James's elaborate pyschological subtleties, and reverts to his own more picturesque methods. But the book is weakened by the constraint he has put

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upon himself in the attempt to make use of an unnatural mode of expression, and its interest and quality suffer heavily. His Bostonians are by no means equal to those of his great model, though they explain their own pyschical phenomena, and probe into the ulterior meanings of actions and expressions in the orthodox Jamesonian fashion. They dissect their common friends with the same freedom, and indulge in the same enigmatical hints of deep signification in apparently simple phrases; they are equally self-conscious, and given to discussing themselves, their personal and national characteristics, and they aim at smartness and an oracular style. Even Josephine Thorn, the heroine, who is introduced as an athletic English girl fresh from home, catches the infection, and begins to hunt after definitions and run down meanings. She is talking to the hero, John Harrington:

"'But you said you liked people,' she persisted. 'How awfully inconsistent you are!'

"'Excuse me; I think not. I meant that I liked people, and having to do with them—with men and women—better than I like things.'

"'What are things?' inquired Josephine sarcastically. 'You are not very clear in your way of expressing yourself.'"

John Harrington, as beseems a rising politician, gathers himself together under this tremendous "heckling," and puts forward an answer to this searching question, though he does not get further than the lame explanation that he means by "things" the "study of the inanimate part of creation." However, after a time he succeeds in subduing Miss Josephine, and leaves her with a high opinion of his powers, for he is represented as a man of great force, an idealist in politics and social questions, and a crusader against the supremacy of party spirit.

"'I am never tired of men and women,' he said. 'Has it ever struck you, Miss Thorn, that the study of men and women means the study of government, and that a knowledge of men and women may give the power to influence the destiny of mankind?'

"'I never thought of it like that,' said Josephine very quietly. She was surprised at his manner, and suddenly felt he was no ordinary man."

This is weak, though dialogue with Mr. Crawford is generally a strong point. The next surprise is of a much pleasanter nature. The conception of *Zoroaster* is not wanting in courage, for it is a sketch of ancient Persian life at the Court of Darius the King; while in the early chapters the figure of the aged Prophet Daniel is introduced, and his death-scene described. Much preliminary study has been required for this novel, but the result shows no trace of pedantry or obtrusive antiquarian lore. The Court at Shushan is handled with the same light modernising treatment which Mr. Crawford applies to all he touches, though with such singular tact that he never brings down upon himself the charge of falsification. There

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is sufficient of Eastern imagery and Hebrew poetical expression to colour the picture, without an awkward insistance on archaisms of thought and phrase. The mounting of the story merely affords a splendid opportunity for the exercise of the author's great descriptive talent, and the strangely magnificent scenes pass swiftly, yet vividly, before us. The narrative is not encumbered by overmuch detail, but moves freely, sustained by the writer's strong imaginative vision, carrying the burden of study easily, if a little loosely and negligently. *Zoroaster* is a drama of love and passion, with an old Persian background. Great names are introduced to heighten the effect; but, unlike many novels of the kind dealing with a remote historical period, it has a thrilling interest. The beautiful monster Atossa is a startling conception; so bold and unshaken in peril, so consistently wicked, without compunction, or even the knowledge of remorse, yet ever smiling, happy, and full of the joy of life. The woman who had "kissed three kings," "the child of kings, the wife of kings, and the mother of kings," her courage at least was worthy of her line. The book has a succession of dramatic scenes and dazzling pictures which render it one of the most powerful and brilliant of its author's works.

Again the scene changes with amazing completeness and dexterity, and we are next taken to help with the Christmas decorations in the church of a secluded English village; from familiar intercourse with kings and prophets, to a formal and select society, consisting of the vicar, Mr. Ambrose, his wife, the squire, and the doctor, though, by the way, the last was a Freethinker, and not admitted to the vicarage tea-parties. *A Tale of a Lonely Parish* is a well-told story, running easily off the reel, without hitch or break, the Englishness of the picture presented, and its truth of feeling, giving one more proof of the quick impressionable nature and rapid artistic perceptions of the writer. The interest turns on the sufferings inherent to the position of the blameless wife of a convicted forger of good social standing. The characters are ordinary and slightly studied. Mary Goddard is a commonplace nice woman; John Short, a typical hard-reading undergraduate of the poor ambitious variety; the vicar and Mrs. Ambrose, a benevolent country clergyman and his practical wife; Squire Juxon, merely sedate and honest-hearted. The whole is, however, seen through an artistic medium which softens and heightens, adding grace, blotting out crudities, and lending distance and pictorial effect. Mr. Crawford's books have a most refreshing quality; their charm operates without demanding an effort on the part of the reader, but also without exciting any feeling of condescension, or an uneasy sense that time is being trifled away over matter that amuses and nothing more. His books are works of art, and time is not wasted in reading them, for he educates insensibly by his knowledge of the world, his keen appreciation of what is

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picturesque and striking in many lands, by his tone of urbanity and self-restraint, by his wit and elegance.

Though coming next in date of publication, *Saracinesca* may be considered later, with *Sant' Ilario* and *Don Orsino*, which together compose an important study of society in Rome from 1865 to the present time. To proceed, therefore: *Marzio's Crucifix*, published in 1887, is a singularly successful effort, for, after all, Mr. Crawford's Italian sketches are the best in his portfolio. It is a remark of his own that what an author needs is not so much genius as knowledge of the subject, and Italy being Mr. Crawford's adopted home, he sympathises with Italian sentiment and life, as with that of no other country. The character of Marzio Pandolfi, the Freethinking silver chiseller, who spends his life in making crucifixes and chalices for the priests and the worship he hates and despises, is extremely well studied. His nervous, passionate nature, his artistic temperament, mad ranting talk, fits of fury, and wild anarchical political creed, his jealousy and concentrated hatred of his brother, the good priest, Don Paolo, his grumbling exasperated vanity, and yet single-hearted devotion to his art, are painted with surprising force and insight:

"His 'constant mental irritation was on the border-line of frenzy. . . . . There is a sort of nervous irritability which acts as a stimulant upon the faculties, and makes them work faster.' . . . . 'Marzio hated the Church, the priests, and every one who was to use the beautiful things over which he spent so much time and labour. Had he been indifferent, a careless good-natured sceptic, he would have been a bad artist. As it was, the very violence of his hatred lent spirit and vigour to his eye and hand. He was willing to work upon the figure, perfecting every detail of expression, until he fancied he could feel and see the silver limbs of the dead Christ suffering upon the cross under the diabolical skill of his long fingers. The monstrous horror of the thought made him work marvels; and the fancied realisation of an idea that would startle even a hardened unbeliever, lent a feverish impulse to the strange man's genius.'

"Marzio was 'one of the last of those workers in metals who once sent their masterpieces from Rome to the great cathedrals of the world, one of the last of the artistic descendants of Caradosso, of Benvenuto Cellini, of Claude Ballin, and of all their successors; one of those men of rare talent who unite the imagination of the artist with the executive skill of the practised workman.'"

In politics the energy of Marzio's feeling rendered him a fanatical Socialist. He suffered from the "mental disease of the Italians —the worship of the fetish—of words, was alternately weak and despotic, cunning in small things, and foolish in ideas." Mr. Crawford continues with a jesting seriousness:

"There is a scale in the meaning of the word 'Socialist'; in France it means about the same thing as a communist, when one uses plain language. In England, a Socialist is equal to a French conservative republican; in America it means a thief; in Germany it means an ingenious individual of restricted financial resources, who generally fails to blow up some important

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personage with wet dynamite; in Italy a Socialist is an anarchist pure and simple, who wishes to destroy everything for the sake of dividing a wealth which does not exist at all."

This portrait of Marzio, with the account of his great temptation and contemplated crime, is an interesting piece of psychology. The description of his workshop and implements, of his punches, chisels, and red modelling-wax, is given with those loving, precise touches, which would only occur to a man who is himself an artist, and accustomed to the handling of tools for the embodiment of his creations. Marzio's wife also, Maria Luisa, is, in her way, an excellent sketch of the Italian housewife of the higher artisan class, "in her traditional skirt and white cotton jacket." The flavour of the Italian idiom is present in the dialogue, but is not so strong as to injure the style, or make the book read like a translation. It is, indeed, most remarkable that Mr. Crawford should have so well preserved the purity of his English, while living habitually on the Continent and using a foreign language; as it is also surprising that a writer with so much facility should yet escape being diffuse.

In *Paul Patoff* Mr. Crawford embodies some of the experiences of a visit to Turkey, and sketches Constantinople and the Bosphorus. He modestly declares that "this book is a tale, and nothing else. I might almost call it a yarn, though the word would look strange on a printed page."

*With the Immortals* is a *jeu d'esprit* something after the manner of Mr. Mallock's *New Republic*, though, instead of the perhaps more appropriate device of a country-house party, Mr. Crawford has conjured up the spiritual presences of his favourite heroes to carry on sparkling discussions of such varied matters as love and religion, wit and humour, realism and romance, happiness, Cæsar Borgia, socialism, symmetry and Savonarola. The book is charming, poetical, suggestive, and crammed with paradox, aphorisms, and shafts of wit; but in spite of the consummate tact with which the thing is done, the mere doing of it betrays an American want of reverence, a slight lack of the sense of proportion. Illustrious dead men of the calibre of Julius Cæsar, of Heine, Chopin, Pascal, Dr. Johnson, and Leonardo da Vinci, have left too imposing memories, the lightly serious, discursive talk does not harmonise with their cold hands and shadowy forms. The conditions of their present existence are wisely left undefined; but they all talk very much alike, and are evidently terribly *désœuvrés*, being apparently reduced to pass their days in watching and gossiping about the doings of mortals. They have kept well abreast of the times; they talk about "idealists," "romantists," and "scientists." Chopin absents himself from the *séances* for a night to hear an opera at Bayreuth; Cæsar discusses the unification of Italy, and deprecates over-taxation. Mr. Crawford is, probably, just as alive to these incongruities as we are; they

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are part of his fun, and his quick intuitions prevent him from going too far, or taking anything that could be resented as an actual liberty. He is in a playfully serious mood. The apparition of Françoise de Foix to Francis I. on the terrace of the Castello del Gaudio is a beautiful Dantesque vision, and with such an ideal in his mind it is hardly surprising that, on another occasion, the King should remark gravely:

"There were no American women in my day, but I have seen something of them since, without being able to understand them. They are not very like women."

This book contains many subtle thoughts pointedly expressed. The following test of character is almost as good (though not so easily practicable) as that proposed by Goethe—viz., to notice what a man finds ridiculous:

"The only way to judge of a man is to find out what has been the happiest hour in his life, and then judge of the circumstances which made up his momentary happiness."

Diana had

"more than once reflected on the impossibility of ever convincing any one who first stated a firm belief, and then refused to argue about it on the ground of ignorance."

"Man is like the needle of a compass, and woman is the magnet. When she is away his attention never swerves from his selfish interests, as the needle points to the north. But if woman comes near, he whirls round like a feather in a storm."

The dissertation on wit and humour has some novel suggestions on a hackneyed subject, and the following appears to be the definition ultimately reached:

"Real wit must necessarily be directed against some person or something, and only exhibits itself in attack or in answer. Humour invents the absurd, and laughs at it. Wit sees the absurd in the flesh, and holds it up to ridicule. The one laughs at itself; the other bites its enemy, and laughs at his discomfiture:

"Humour is parade, wit is warfare."

The tragedy of *Greifenstein* contains some poweful and dramatic scenes, though it is a little disconnected in general effect. Mr. Crawford says the story is a true one, and that he merely submits to the judgment of humanity a strange case which actually occurred. Clara von Greifenstein, the "actress without a public," with her faded hair, straw-coloured silks, and strange forced laugh, is a curious figure, in some degree a pendant to that of the old Duca d'Astrardente in *Saracinesca*. There are some good descriptions of German student life in this book, notably the graphic and spirited duelling scene in the Palmer-Garten.

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*A Cigarette Maker's Romance* is one of Mr. Crawford's most purely delightful works, at once very unreal and very fascinating. It deals with a strange imaginary case of periodical delusion, which, however, is by no means of a nature to destroy interest in the sufferer. Count Skariatine's madness is of the kind that pushes noble sentiment to extremes. He has neither the humour nor the pugnacity of a Don Quixote; but, in his slenderer, feebler way, he has a soul equally full of honour and tenderness. His history is related with infinite charm and handled with exceeding delicacy, though the picturesque group of cigarette-makers at work in the dingy back shop of the manufactory of Christian Fischelowitz is painted with a vivid realism. There is no faltering of intention, none of the slight changes of purpose and little inconsistencies Mr. Crawford now and then permits himself; the romantic key is well sustained throughout. It is a very perfect little tale, quiet in tone, yet full of contrast and colour; quaintly amusing, although so sweet and pathetic.

*The Story of Khaled* is even more frankly imaginative, and very beautiful in sentiment. Mr. Crawford has a sensitive chameleon-like style which reflects every shade of feeling or vagary of his imagination, and he is particularly successful in catching the tone of Eastern romance, and modifying it with his own peculiar gentle humour. Khaled is one of the good Genii, who obtains leave to have his name inscribed in the Book of the Living, and is promised a soul if he can gain the love of his wife, Zehowah. The book tells with what difficulty this was at length accomplished. He begins bravely: "By Allah!" he cries, "can it be so hard to get a woman's love?" But presently he changes his tone.

"Truly," he says, "it is less easy than is supposed. For the heart of a woman who does not love is like a desert when the wind blows over it, and there are neither tracks nor landmarks. And I am wandering in the desert, like a man seeking lost camels. . . . . What is a beautiful woman without love?" he asks. "She is like a garden in which there are all kinds of rare flowers, and much grass, and deep shade, but in which a man cannot live because nothing grows there which he can eat when he is hungry."

The docile but puzzled Zehowah expostulates with her unreasonable lord:

"Surely there was never such a man as you!" she cries. "You are as one who has bought a white mare, and though she is fleet and good to look at, and obedient to his voice and knee, yet he is discontented because she cannot speak to him, and he would fain have her black instead of white, and if possible would teach her to sing like a Persian nightingale."

The fusing power of Mr. Crawford's imagination can give a plausible air to his wildest flights of fancy; but nevertheless in *The Witch of Prague*, as one of his critics has complained, we feel a



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little "as if we were ballooning without compass or ballast-bag in the most fantastic spheres of the imagination." The interest is derived from the hypnotic power possessed by the "witch," Unorna. It is a most difficult story to tell, hovering, as it often does, on the border line of the ridiculous; but Mr. Crawford's alert sense of humour on the whole prevents him from falling into any of the pitfalls with which his path is beset.

Despite its title, *The Three Fates* is a realistic tale of everyday life in New York, and has an atmosphere uncharged with magic or mysticism. It is perhaps the best of Mr. Crawford's American studies. Some passages in the history of the struggles of a young author we have already noted to have an autobiographical ring. Totty Trimm's homily on the management of men is so good that part of it deserves to be quoted:

"Men are very easily bored, my dear. A man likes to have everything done for him in the most perfect way, but it spoils his enjoyment to feel it is done specially for him and for nobody else. If you are afraid he will catch cold, do not run after him with his hat, as if he were an invalid. That is only an example, Mamie. . . . Men have an immense body of tradition to sustain, and they do it by keeping up appearances as well as they can. All men are supposed to be brave, strong, honourable, enduring, generous. They are supposed never to feel hot when we do, nor to catch cold when we should. It is a part of their stage character never to be afraid of anything, and many of them are far more timid than we are. . . . It is not true that if you run away men will follow you. They are too lazy for that. You must come to them, but not too often. What they most want is amusement, and between their amusements to be allowed to do exactly what their high and mighty intellects suggest to them, without comment. Never *ask* a man where he has been, what he has seen, or what he has heard. If he has anything to tell, he will tell you. Always ask his opinion." . . .

The trilogy of novels, *Saracinesca, Sant' Ilario,* and *Don Orsino* have been reserved for the last place, as they together constitute a serious attempt to give, on a large canvas, a panorama of society in Rome from 1865, when the city was in a great measure its old self, to the present day, when "the sepulchre of Old Rome is the new capital of United Italy." Mr. Crawford expressly disclaims any political preoccupation. "Especially," he says in the epilogue to *Saracinesca*, "I ask indulgence in matters political. I am not writing the history of political events, but the history of a Roman family during times of great uncertainty and agitation." These three books are a drama in three acts, and tell the story of two, almost of three generations. They each suffer from the peculiar artistic disadvantages of works that are not complete in themselves, but require to be read with an introduction or sequel. *Don Orsino* treats of the present generation, and promises well, but is still appearing as a serial in two magazines, and has not yet been concluded or separately published. *Sant' Ilario* is too frankly a con-

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tinuation, and is injured by repetitions, and even by a certain long-windedness, while it is felt to be wanting in a strong central interest. The first of the series, *Saracinesca*, is, however, fairly independent and complete, though even this is rather broken into two parts by the death of old Astrardente, which snaps the leading thread of interest, leaving the subplot to fill the remaining chapters, after Corona and Giovanni are set free to indulge their feelings. The machinations of Del Ferice and Donna Tullia, which then come to the front, are unlikely and a little tedious; the character of Donna Tullia herself losing its sharpness of outline as she falls under the influence of her confederate. In fact, the whole plot against the *Saracinesca*, including the forgeries of the librarian, Arnoldo Meschni, in *Sant' Ilario*, is of minor interest, and not particularly well invented. The real excellence of these books lies in the drawing of the characters, the dialogue, and the dramatic quality of special scenes, for in these respects the power shown (especially in *Saracinesca*) is so considerable as to raise Mr. Crawford to almost the highest level as a psychological novelist and a painter of manners and character. He is thoroughly possessed by his subject, and writes from a rich treasure of actual observation, which gives force and the accent of truth to his pen, even in dealing with a period anterior to his own experience. In 1865 Rome was filled with French soldiers and Papal Zouaves, and the Holy Father himself drove through the streets in his state coach, or descended to walk amongst his people on the Pincio. A graphic picture of the political and social condition of the city during a stormy and changeful time is laid before us, and we are told how the minds of good Italian Catholics and patriots were torn and bewildered between a conflicting devotion to their Church and to their country, and are made to understand the position of the Roman nobles, the condition of popular feeling, the state of parties, and the various shades of the prevailing opinions. Cardinal Antonelli is brought on the stage, an impressive Machivellian figure, far from unloveable, if unpopular; skirmishes, battles, explosions, and popular tumults are vividly sketched, as well as the outward aspects of the Eternal City, so rapidly changing and becoming modernised by the rage for building speculations which followed in the wake of the great political convulsions:

"For," says Mr. Crawford in *Don Orsino*, "Old Rome is dead, never to be Old Rome again. The last breath has been breathed, the aged eyes are closed for ever; corruption has done its work, and the grand skeleton lies bleaching upon seven hills, half covered with the piecemeal stucco of a modern architectural body."

The story has to do with patricians, with the Roman nobles, "a class peculiar and unique in the world":

"Speaking broadly, there is no one at once so thoroughly Roman and so

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thoroughly non-Roman as the Roman noble. This is no paradox or play upon words. Roman nobles are Roman by education and tradition; by blood they are almost cosmopolitans. The practice of intermarrying with the great families of the rest of Europe is so general as to be almost a rule . . . . This great intermixture of races may account for the strangely un-Italian types that are found among them, for the undying vitality which seems to animate races already a thousand years old, and above all for the very remarkable cosmopolitanism which pervades Roman society; yet they acquire from earliest years the unmistakeable outward manner of Romans—the broad Roman speech, and a sort of clannish and federative spirit which has not its like in the same class anywhere in Europe."

Roman society, properly so called, it is explained, is still to a great extent patriarchal and feudal, though a larger and freer national life, and the infiltration of modern ideas, are fast undermining the cast-iron fabric. Until quite recently it consisted of individual family groups, the opinions of any great house being inseparably associated with its very name. The description of Casa Montevarchi in *Sant' Ilario*, and of the patriarchal life within its walls under the rigid and economical rule of the old Principe, gives a most interesting glimpse into the "inscrutable mysteries of a Roman household":

"At a rough estimate, the Montevarchi household comprised over a hundred persons, all living under the absolute and despotic authority of the head of the house. From his will and pleasure depended every act of every member." The establishment was ordered with an apparent magnificence, combined with the most miserly economy in details. The princess "never had a scudo in her pocket, had to obtain permission and money to purchase the smallest necessaries, and if she wanted a cup of coffee or some bread and butter out of hours, it was charged to her daily account. Her husband's youngest brother, who had no money of his own, could not get even a lemonade in his father's house without his father's consent."

It must not be imagined, however, that Mr. Crawford wishes to convey an unpleasant or adverse impression of the Roman aristocracy. On the contrary, his picture of society in Rome represents it as polished, dignified, well-disposed, and open-minded, though his artistic instinct impels him to heighten and emphasise the more picturesque features. The Italian mind, according to his observations, is perplexing by its very simplicity; it is an error, he says, to suppose Italians "to live perpetually in a highly complicated state of mind." The Italian lie is very transparent:

"Two Italians who lie systematically will frequently believe each other, to their own ruin, with child-like faith. In a country where a lie easily finds credence, lying is not likely to be elevated to the rank of a fine art."

The Italian is a good lover and a good hater, "for, being simple, he reflects little, and often acts with violence." His great aim is to please and to render life agreeable; so much so, declares Mr. Crawford, that though the members of society in Rome may meet each

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other as often as twice a week during the season, there may be much gossip, but there is little scandal. As may be inferred, a study of this society contains many imposing and well-drawn figures. Corona, the noble, stately, and pure-minded woman; Giovanni Saracinesca, and his father, the old prince, two strong, dark, fierce men, closely bound together by the ties of race and affection; the old Duca d'Astrardente, the "decayed *roué* and worn-out dandy," with his marvellous wig and jaunty air, who "knew the world very thoroughly, and in the thoroughness of his knowledge was able to see that the world is not all bad"; the fantastic artist, Anastase Gonache, who, despite his Republican sympathies, obeys the voice of the Church, and, after an interview with Cardinal Antonelli, enlists in the Papal Zouaves, and divides himself between the pursuit of his art and the pastime of hunting brigands and escaped spies in the Samnite Hills; Arnoldo Meschini, the learned forger, the old Prince Montevarchi, and a multitude of other picturesque and little-known types, which in these books, and especially in the earlier part of *Saracinesca*, are calculated to give a higher idea of the quality of Mr. Crawford's power than can be gathered from any other of his works.

It is not easy to make good illustrative quotations from this author's books. His manner is essentially narrative and discursive, rather lucid in exposition than weighty or epigrammatic, and offering few readily detachable gems of thought and expression. The workmanship is excellent, ornate, and finely chiselled, but the design is not thickly encrusted with rare jewels. His style has personal quality, and he possesses the gift of throwing a romantic halo round his personages, while their speech remains crisp, bright, and suggestive, developing character without strain or undue effort at wit. A polished man of the world, urbane, tolerant and genial, though of such marked originality, his ready appreciativeness commands sympathy, and renders his pages delightful reading, free as they are from all jarring notes and faults of taste in manner or matter. Without slavish submission to the merely conventional, his work is pure and without taint of vulgarity or coarseness, showing a grasp of life as a whole, with an instinctive avoidance of the mean or repulsive. Mr. Crawford must take a high rank among modern novelists, for if he does not cut quite to the quick in his dissection of the human heart, his great breadth of view, keen intuitions, and artistic feeling invest his observations with a peculiar interest and value.

JANETTA NEWTON ROBINSON.

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# THE TRUE AIM OF EDUCATION.[1]

In the controversy at present raging around the vital question of education, the neglect to take into account a factor of considerable importance has, in the opinion of many competent judges, vitiated most of the arguments advanced on either side. In fact, some go even further, and allege that the *raison d'être* of the controversy would speedily disappear if we could only habituate ourselves to looking at the question from a point of view which as yet has been almost entirely ignored by the combatants—viz., the national or ethnical.

I am not aware of any English writers upon pedagogy who have made a prominent feature in their work of that object of education, which should be its main end—the progress of the race. I believe that to the late M. Guyau must be awarded the honour of having been the first to lay special stress upon this point, and of having brought face to face the two essential terms of the problem—the race and the individual. The title of "Education et Hérédité" may be misleading, and it will be as well to point out that the discussion as to the relative effect of education and heredity upon the future of an individual occurs but incidentally—or, at any rate, is not the main feature of the valuable sociological study to which I allude. It is the "new heredity," and not the old, that is in the mind of the writer. How far can education modify the contemporary race to the ultimate benefit of posterity? "It is time," says Herbert Spencer, "that the benefits which our sheep and oxen are deriving from the investigations of the laboratory should be participated in by our children." Education must be based upon moral and physiological laws. We must by means of education create hereditary faculties that will be physically and intellectually valuable to the coming race. "The true education is that which, instead of sterilising the brains by exhausting their strength, makes them more and more fertile by the development of varied capacities in the midst of varied environments."

The problem so clearly laid down in the brilliant speculations of M. Guyau has been taken up by M. Fouillée, on the weight of whose

[1] *Education and Heredity:* Contemporary Science Series. (Walter Scott.) *L'Enseignement au point de vue national*, par Alfred Fouillée. 1891. (Hachette.)

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opinion in the matter it is impertinence in me to comment. He has dealt with it from a more restricted point of view than his predecessor, and has confined his attention to details connected with instruction from the purely *national* standpoint. In particular he dwells with considerable emphasis upon the part played in the struggle for existence by *selection*. And here he points out a danger into which a careless extension of the doctrine of natural selection into a new field may lead the investigator. The laws laid down as regulating the animal world are too hastily assumed to be closely analogous to those at work in the social organism. The metamorphoses which selection must undergo when applied to intellectual and moral life are not sufficiently considered. Social selection and natural selection are by no means necessarily identical, and the analogies and points of difference between the two principles are clearly laid down by M. Fouillée. His preliminary thesis deals with the true power and the true limits of education; the question of the method by which education produces a selection of thoughts in the brain—*i.e.*, psychological selection; and lastly, social selection and the conditions under which the progress of the whole race can be secured. In his consideration of the necessary reforms to be effected in our present system of education, M. Fouillée claims that the main difference between the old and the new *régime* must be in the attention paid to organisation. As power, with the progress of civilisation, is everywhere on the side of system, organisation, and co-ordination, we must avoid the great danger besetting a democracy—to wit, the disintegration of society into individuals who are bent on their own interests, and in whom the idea of social bonds or duties is evanescent, if not extinct. In education the increase of subjects of knowledge will force us by their very complexity and number to make a firm stand against anarchy and disorganisation. Unity and harmony are wanted; and the necessary means will be found "in the study of man and society, of the laws of the universe, of morals, ethics, æsthetics,—in a word, of philosophy." I am mainly concerned in these pages with the prominence given by MM. Guyau and Fouillée to morals in the school course, and shall confine my remarks to their doctrine of the value of morals as an organising power, and the rank of that subject in the hierarchy of the curriculum.

In the widest sense of the term, education comprises the whole action of the physical and social environment. The action and reaction of our faculties and the environment super-add to man's animal nature a second nature, which is what we call morality. "Man has created his own moral laws by the higher powers acquired in the course of evolution by education, partly spontaneous, partly forced, partly individual, partly collective. It is clear that heredity plays with education a part in the genesis of the moral instinct." It

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is equally clear that the part of heredity is minimised in the realm of moral order. Gentleness may be inborn, but it is not morality so-called. It would be difficult to maintain that man is born virtuous. The intellect conceives an ideal end; it becomes conscious of a power of realisation, and eventually the complete realisation of the ideal becomes a law and a duty. Now education has enormous power in this direction, and is, therefore, the great "moralising or demoralising agent."

Now, according to Guyau, the tendency to the greatest internal intensity and the greatest expansion is inherent in life. As soon as the direction of the internal intensity is towards the higher and psychic activities, the tendency becomes moral. Education can give this direction. Again, when the tendency to maximum external expansion is shown by the manifestation of sympathy, affection, &c., the tendency is of a moral character. Here education plays an important part, and in both cases it may be powerfully aided by heredity. To the idea of the most intensive and expansive life he then links the idea of obligation. "Obligation is a power which is conscious of its own superiority, and is opposed to all that is inferior to it or incompatible with it, and is thus translated into *duty*." This tendency to maximum intensity or expansion is accumulated by both education and heredity. Education finds in the infant a pre-existing natural loyalty, and by the force of acquired habits it strengthens the law it finds. Good habits must increase moral power. As soon as life is sufficiently complex to create a struggle between opposing impulses, we may find the genesis of moral consciousness and an *obsession* of the most deeply rooted instinct. As soon as the individual is conscious of the existence of a series of higher and lower motives and impulses, the idea of duty springs into being, for "duty is the consciousness of a certain internal power, of a nature superior to all other powers." The better class of impulses are the idea-forces—*i.e.*, those that upon consideration appear to be higher and better in so far as they represent a wider area of life. But the wider area of life is the environment. Hence duty is social and universal, it is "a profound sense of solidarity." The individual organisation is a society composed of a series of cells, each with its own psychical concomitants. Life is thus identical with social life, the deliberate choice of the higher and the better being the intra-organic solidarity of the cells. Hence there is a profound analogy between the individual and social concepts of morality. This gives us a guiding rule in our moral training of children. Societies will only obey a law that is just and reasonable. Accustom the child to making for himself a law, a duty, an obligation, but let the law be recognised as just and reasonable, and then we can count on spontaneity, and autonomy will become obedience. But the child must act as the real legislator, his justice, like that of

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the Roman law, must be *constans et perpetua*. Moral education is the modification of instincts or hereditary habits.

To proceed to the application. The fundamental principle of moral education is the "correlation between the internal intensity of life and its expansion towards others," or, in a happy phrase, *moral fecundity*. The best way of preserving the intensity is by maintaining the harmony of tendencies. The highest activity is that exercised with a view to others. Egoism is a contraction of the sphere of activity, and ends in impoverishing and starving activity. Generosity is a sentiment at the bottom of all morality, and with this sentiment the mind of the young must be saturated. M. Guyau contests the statement so often heard, that morals divorced from religion will lack the final sanction which is so powerful an influence in the latter. It is, indeed, difficult to see how the idea of punishment after death can be a more powerful influence than the joy of doing good for its own sake. Moreover, it is probable that the latter ideal may have been in the past less potent for good because held in but poor esteem. The higher an ideal is placed the more powerful its stimulus. Our object is to train the young to see the beauty of virtue, and not the present or ultimate benefits to be reaped from devotion to it. This consideration brings us to the question of moral discipline, in which Guyau criticises Rousseau's doctrine, developed by Spencer under the name of *natural reactions*, and realised in the experiments of Tolstoi at Yasnaïa Poliana. The fundamental objection is that not only are the reactions inadequate for the purpose, but they are not of a moral character. The object of discipline should be to "form the moral judgment, to bring to light, maintain, and develop inner sanctions, pleasure and displeasure of the consciousness, and satisfaction and dissatisfaction with the self." The conclusion drawn from Tolstoi's experiments is that: discipline, where necessary, must not be carried so far as rigid formalism; let personal influence have full play; when it fails, let the children be taught that all society is subject to law, by sanctions that carry with them their own reasons and motives.

M. Fouillée takes up the question, discusses it in detail, and concludes by making suggestions of great practical utility. When the reader realises that the new system advocated by M. Fouillée has been practically adopted throughout Italy—a country not often in advance of its neighbours in matters connected with pedagogy—the importance of the problem will be seen to have been materially increased. It is to be hoped that the powerful arguments of M. Fouillée will be carefully weighed and tested.

The whole tendency of modern educational reforms is in the one direction: adaptation to the requirements of the community. It is clear, according to M. Fouillée, that classical education must give a prominent place to morals, to social and economic science, if it

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does not wish to leave the field to a formidable rival. There is at present a general feeling of dissatisfaction in France arising from the spectacle of a widespread antinomy of ideas between the various classes of society and the various political parties. To those who are striving for unity and harmony in instruction this has long been an ominous sign of the evil influence of the old system. From the schoolmaster's standpoint the outlook is no less unsatisfactory; the instructor rarely is merged in the educator, realism is rapidly growing among the young, "passivity" is the characteristic of the mind of the modern schoolboy, and finally specialisation is begun at too early an age. In M. Fouillée's opinion these evils may be successfully met by the extension of moral and social science throughout the curriculum, and for the following reasons. The new subjects will afford a form of instruction of maximum general utility, and an education of the most *disinterested* character. The scope of these sciences is universal, therefore their utility as instruction is universal. Psychology, logic, law, ethics, political and social economy are useful to the literary and to the scientific career alike; they consider the relations of man to humanity. We are told it is a crying scandal that a boy should leave school knowing nothing of his relation to the external world of nature. Surely it is at least an equal scandal that he should be ignorant of his relation to human society. Further, from the point of view of *education*, these sciences encourage what is rarely found in these days—reflection. As the industrial arts and our knowledge of nature advance, as the attractions of positive theology decrease, the more important it becomes to carry back the modern mind to the inner life. The moral and social sciences, moreover, are neither purely formal nor purely material, and thus they escape the Scylla and Charybdis of modern instruction—the neglect of reality for form, and the neglect of form for reality. Moral science will not encourage mental passivity; for the pupil is forced to form his own opinions, and is answerable for the process by which he arrives at his results. He must weigh the pros and cons, he must answer objections, and thus his wits are sharpened by the discussion of the greatest moral and social problems. The natural sciences can afford no such exercise of the intellectual powers. They do not, like the moral sciences, simultaneously furnish knowledge and intellectual exercise to the pupil. A conscious reflective method, continues M. Fouillée, is the best form of mental gymnastics. Nor need the mass of detail be a reason for delay. Philosophical studies alone can exhibit the part in its relation to the whole. The end is unity, the method is unification. The essential processes of the method are processes of concentration: (1) inward observation, bringing back the mind upon itself; (2) speculation, which is essentially constructive and generalising in character. Observation grasps the facts,

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speculation finds the ideas that link the facts together. In addition to this advantage, over-specialisation is obviated from the simple consideration of the interdependency of the different sciences. "Imagine a moralist, a logician, a cosmologist, who is not a psychologist, or even a psychologist who is neither a moralist, a logician, nor a cosmologist!"

Under proper organisation no additions need be made to the curriculum, thus adding volume to the cry of intellectual overwork, for these sciences are a simplification and co-ordination of the various subjects of knowledge. As Guyau puts it: if the study of general principles is of value to higher minds, it must be still more so to those who are incapable of effort. A mind of average calibre can retain a certain number of details, but cannot lay down the main lines of the general system to which they belong. If the curriculum is overloaded, make your reductions on the technical, and not on the general, side of science.

Philosophy, reducing truths to their principles and carrying them on to their conclusions, engraves them simultaneously in the reason and the memory.

What, then, are the moral sciences which may be placed in the curriculum? When and in what order are they to be taught? To these questions M. Fouillée makes answer to this effect:

The most essential is morality, because instruction and education are here blended. Literature and history alone are insufficient to inculcate morality, because if *every* idea is a suggestion, we know that suggestions, good and bad, will be provided even by the most Bowdlerised course in those subjects. When, in addition, we have the substitution of the life of the boarding-school for the life of the family, it is not likely that Horace and Virgil alone will suffice for morals. We want a moral atmosphere. To obtain this we must create an organised body of suggestions; and we must see that these suggestions are arranged in the minds of the young in perfectly distinct, and therefore readily comparable, categories. In the primary schools we find a course of morals, but in the boys' *lycées* the subject is never mentioned until the course of philosophy is begun.

For the doubtful chance of the spontaneous generation of morality from a training in literature and history, we must substitute a definite doctrine of life, a scientific training in morals. The metaphysical side may be neglected until the pupil begins philosophy; the positive and scientific side may be attacked at the earliest stage. The scientific side comprises: (1) What Guyau calls "the most intensive and extensive life for the individual and society"; the laws of individual conservation and progress; the laws of social conservation and progress; the conditions of life in common—subordination of individual to the group in which he is a unit, and to the nation.

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(2) The æsthetics of manners—*i.e.*, the discussion of good from the point of view, not merely of utility and social necessity, but of beauty. Then the general philosophy of manners could be attacked at the last period in the school career. Virtue can thus be taught, for there is in the moral good a private and public utility, an æsthetic beauty, and a philosophical rationality. How, asks M. Fouillée, can a child be an egoist, when he knows his debt to his family and his country, and when he compares the debt with the assets; when he has acquired a clear and keen sense of national and international solidarity? Morality, studied in this way, will raise the young mind to a consideration of universal aims, to a reflective consciousness of his national function—whether literary or scientific—and will also induce him to dwell upon the relations between that function and the good of the country and humanity. To take a leaf from the book of the Jesuits, we must ensure constant action upon the sentiments and ideas of a deeper and wider study of moral principles and their applications. There will be no collision between the priest and the master, because we can inculcate morality with perhaps best effect from the civic and patriotic point of view. Patriotic ideas have proved easy of transmission in the primary schools. The official reports show that it is almost necessary to moderate, rather than to arouse, national enthusiasm in the children. This, and more, can be done in the *lycées*. Internal discipline and moral education as forms of civic life can arouse no objection. Life at school should be the citizen's life in miniature. Respect for school rules is the beginning of respect for the laws of the nation, and a preparation for military discipline. Idleness will be monstrous ingratitude and treason to the fatherland.

I hope that the above will not be found an inadequate exposition of the leading ideas of MM. Fouillée and Guyau, whom I have followed as closely as is compatible with brevity. I can see no reason why those schoolmasters in England who have a free hand should not attempt to attain this lofty ideal in our secondary schools. Mr. Arnold Forster has done much for our primary schools by such a reading-book as that entitled *The Citizen Reader*. Mr. Raleigh has done great service by his excellent volume on *Elementary Politics*. How long will secondary schools have to wait for a similar "primer" on morals?

W. J. Greenstreet, M.A.

M. Fouillée appends the following sketch of such a course as he suggests. With a few alterations it is identical with that in force at the present moment in the primary schools in France:—

I. *The Country, the Nation.*—What is a nation? a totality of individuals? The true and false in the theory of the social contract,

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and the theory of the social organism. Solidarity of generations. The national spirit: how constituted. France.

II. *The Individual.*—What he should be in the interests of the country. Good and bad qualities of the French, and French children in particular. Private virtues necessary to the citizen: veracity, courage, temperance, &c. Social effects of private vices; their effect upon the nation at large.

III. *The Family.*—Its necessity for the country; its essential function in the national organism. How constituted from the moral and civic standpoints. The family spirit; its good and bad qualities in France. Authority in the family. Family duties: parents and children, brothers and sisters; servants.

IV. *School.*—Its place in the country. Duties of the scholar towards his masters and schoolfellows. Apprenticeship to civic and military virtues. Idleness, being ingratitude to the fatherland, is dishonourable. The national and patriotic character of classics. Why we learn French, Greek, and Latin literature. Why we learn science, history, and philosophy. The literary and scientific greatness of France. Her intellectual ascendency.

V. *Mutual Relations of Citizens.*—Mutual rights and duties. Respect for the human being and the common fatherland. Slavery. Serfage. Part played by France in their abolition. The respect for honour among citizens. Defamation and calumny. Excesses of the press. Mutual respect among citizens for their beliefs and opinions. Religious and philosophical liberty: religious, philosophical, and political tolerance. Religious and anti-religious fanaticism; political fanaticism and party hatred: their danger from the patriotic point of view. France must be united. Respect for property among human beings. The principle of property. Its necessity from the social, national, and international standpoints. Property in France. Justice and fraternity. Different forms of charity. Devotion.

VI. *The State and the Laws.*—Foundations of public authority. The French State. National sovereignty in the right and in the wrong sense. The Government: its different forms; their advantages and dangers. Good and bad points of the French from a political standpoint. Political instability and its dangers. The revolutionary spirit. The army. The soldier. Compulsory service; military discipline. Military courage in France. Our good and bad qualities in victory and defeat. Duties of the citizen to the State. Obedience to the laws; taxes; the franchise, &c. Rights of the citizen. Individual liberty; liberty of conscience, work, organisation. Duties and rights of government Dangers of despotism and anarchy. True and false liberty. True and false equality. Advantages and abuses of the spirit of equality in France. Increasing gravity and difficulty of social questions in this age.

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VII. *International Relations.*—International duties and rights. International solidarity. Reason why every question should be always looked at from the international point of view. Humanity. How love of country and love for humanity are to be reconciled. True and false patriotism. True and false humanitarianism.

VIII. *The Universe.*—The universal fatherland. Universal sympathy. Love of nature. Duties towards inferior beings. Man a citizen of the world.

IX. *The Ideal Society of Minds.*—Belief in a spiritual fatherland and a divine city. Kant's "régne des fins." Importance of these beliefs from this point of view of private and public morality. Respect due from the State and from individuals to these beliefs in their different forms; natural or moral religion (Kant); positive religions. Sanctions of morality, conscience, society. Basis of penalty. Beliefs relative to a supreme sanction. Limits of positive science: the unknowable. Modesty of the savant. Metaphysical and moral basis of all belief in an invisible world and in the final triumph of morality in the universe.

To this would be added the usual course of civic instruction, common law, and political economy now given in every French primary school.

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# SACRIFICING THE FIRST-BORN:

## ENGLAND AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

"TOUJOURS *l'audace*" is the controversial maxim of all Frenchmen, of whatever school, since Danton the Terrible laid down the law. Though many of them may eschew the prophet, they all follow his gospel. No better illustration of this teaching could be asked for than the French methods employed in the late controversy with England over the Newfoundland fishery, which controversy, although for the present at a lull, is liable to break out at any moment into a tempest. It behoves Englishmen, therefore, to make themselves masters of the whole story of the Newfoundland difficulty, and to be thus prepared to deal with it intelligently whenever the crisis comes. To begin with, it must be understood by Englishmen that the great bulk of Frenchmen do not care two straws about Newfoundland itself, but do care a great deal about other sore subjects of controversy with England's empire elsewhere, and so seize on any available grievance like Newfoundland to manifest international ill-will whenever the Gallic cock desires to give the English lion a prod with his angry spurs. There is nothing surprising in this method. Nations, like individuals, have a nasty habit of keeping the real grievance in the background, and making a great to-do about some side issue where the contestants are both very much in the mist, and so can fight with great safety. Though enough physical mists surround Newfoundland, its chosen epithet for centuries being the land of fogs, there is still no real reason why any political mists should envelop it, so far as Englishmen are concerned. Every verse in the great epic of Newfoundland should be fresh in every Englishman's brain, for it is that epic which marks his race's march to world-wide empire and glories unequalled in the record of mankind.

At the present moment we are awaiting the issue of a commission of arbitration on the famous lobster question, which was to have sat in Brussels the past winter, according to the Anglo-French agreement of March 11, 1891, but has been deferred until the French Chamber of Deputies assents, the Senate already having done so. This does not settle the general subject, however, while at the seat of the controversy, Newfoundland being the home of ice as well as fogs, the hottest pursuers of even the bitterest grievances have to congeal for the long winter months, but the coming summer is sure to see them burning afresh. It can be well assumed that the Newfound-

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landers will never accept the result of any arbitration which does not give them control of the island, their whole island, and to show Englishmen that it is their duty to back up the hardy islanders in this claim is the main purpose of my present summary of the historical side of the question. It must never be forgotten how much we owe to these ocean sentinels, who guard the outposts of our civilisation, being such important factors in our food supply and our general commerce, without which the whole fabric of our society vanishes into the ether. The terrible calamity of the first of March in the present year, when so many of the brave Newfoundlanders went down in one fell swoop, reminds us of the dangers of their daily existence—an existence mainly for the comfort of us who sit safely at warm fire-sides and enjoy the richest shelters of *terra firma*.

To know our own duty, first hear what our adversary has to say, and his case has not been more boldly stated than by one who has had the honour of speaking in the capacity of a Foreign Minister for France. I refer to M. Emile Flourens,[1] who, some eighteen months since made a slashing plea for the French case, and in which plea we can see their weakness and our own strength. M. Flourens's contribution ("Newfoundland and the French," part ii., in *New Review*, July 1890) to the discussion is a masterpiece of "Keep all you've got and take all you can." Nevertheless, in the article I have alluded to the hollowness of the preposterous French claims are so evident upon the slightest analysis that we can well understand the reckless action of mere French subordinates and citizens over sea, when the head at home is so loosely screwed on.

Although for two centuries the French and French-Canadian ideas in regard to what has been from the first an English island have been utterly inadmissible by any patriotic Englishman, it is only during the very recent years that the present really audacious pleas have been heard of. It sounds strangely to-day, in the light of recent incidents, to quote from a French visitor in Newfoundland of only forty years ago, as to the universally accepted limit of French rights in any industry on the so-called French shore:

[1] M. Flourens is a doughty champion of the French invaders. He is old in council, if not in years. He should bring to bear on the subject the scientific mind of a distinguished father, and the fruits of intimate association with the greatest French economist of the day, who happened to be his father-in-law. Moreover, M. Emile Flourens should be not only scientific but high-minded. The brother of a great popular hero (whose worth was acknowledged and whose death was deplored, even by both sides, in the lamentable fratricide of 1871) should not stoop to "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." Most important of all, it must be remembered that M. Flourens has spoken as the voice of France to foreign nations. Although the stale cry of "Who is Flourens?" was as usual raised by jealous rivals when M. Goblet found a new Foreign Minister for his Cabinet at the end of 1886, the choice was justified by the result. M. Flourens is credited with the best stroke of French diplomacy in the last few years, that by which the much-cherished Russian alliance was made possible, and his voice in the Chamber of Deputies never lacks a clear ring and a telling effect. It is the unwritten law of diplomacy that the views of an ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs are listened to as almost semi-official. M. Flourens has also been chief advocate of the ultra-patriotic party in this Newfoundland business. It is natural to accept his plan as the base which France has to offer us.

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"These barks are also called 'plan,' and every day you hear in Newfoundland 'to make plan,' to signify the action of peeling the fir trees. The inhabitants of Newfoundland have the exclusive right to bark the trees on the spot. The French can only do it to those brought to their habitations."—(C. J. A. Carpon, *Voyage à Terre Neuve.* Caen, 1852.)

In fact, this now famous phrase "French shore" is very much abused in both English and French mouths. The French are never tired of repeating it in its English form, as a sort of *primâ facie* evidence of their own rights. In an interesting series of articles on Newfoundland in the leading French daily last year I should think the phrase cropped up at least a hundred times (see the *Temps* newspaper for June 25, July 21, Aug. 12, 13, 15, and 31, Sept. 30, and Oct. 13). In these articles, too, are vamped up half-truths as to ancient French possession, especially relating to blots in English history known as the reigns of Charles II. and his deposed brother. Frenchmen must understand that no Englishman will for a moment accept as a precedent anything in those two reigns affecting the relations of France and England. It is only in modern times that we have absolute proof of what was only too well supposed before, that these two miserable royal puppets were simply the secret pensioners of Louis XIV. Their house was chased from the English throne because the English people repudiated their infamous treacheries. In the struggle which followed, ending in the famous Treaty of Utrecht, still in question, it is well known that French war settlements were made on the "French shore," to be afterwards formally abandoned. Yet, in the year of grace 1891, our worthy journalist quotes one of these war grants as evidence of a French title to the French shore. It must never be forgotten that the phrase simply refers to the exercise of a function of general humanity and hospitality on a once desolate and dangerous shore for toilers on the high seas. These toilers never had a tittle of right to the soil of Newfoundland more than to that of Norfolk or Northumberland.

M. Flourens, with diplomatic address, approaches the question in the most conciliatory spirit to all outward seeming, but beneath the velvet paw of politeness is the claw of relentless clutch. M. Flourens begins by summing up the French position to his own satisfaction in this manner:

"I do not think it necessary to insist upon the treaties by which the rights of France have been established in terms too clear to admit of any misinterpretation. The Treaty of Utrecht (April 11, 1713), which deprived France of Acadia and of the last vestiges of her colonial empire on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, left her the exclusive and general right of fishery upon a strictly defined portion of the coast of the island of Newfoundland. The right was exclusive, because only the French had the right to ply the trade in the fishery season on all this part of the shore, and no other persons, not even the inhabitants of the island, were allowed to offer hindrance or competition. It was general, because the framers of the treaty (which was drawn up in French, so that the English translation is of value only in



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so far as it conforms precisely to the French text) employed the most extensive terms possible, including all kinds of fish, shell-fish, such as the lobster, as well as cod, salmon, herring, &c."

If it were not too true that the English have been blessed with more than one high Minister, even Premiers, who could not pass an examination in the geography (not to speak of the history) of our empire, we might have cause to mock the brilliant French Secretary who talks about France "being deprived of the last vestiges of her colonial empire in the Gulf of St. Lawrence" in 1713. We wonder if M. Flourens ever heard of Cape Breton, or knows where it lies, or is aware of its importance in the negotiations for this much-disputed Treaty of Utrecht? However, we remember the Duke of Newcastle, who made the discovery that Cape Breton was an island after he had ruled the empire for many years (provided this well-known anecdote quoted by Macaulay in his essay on Walpole's Letters is one of the "well-authenticated" ones he speaks of), and we are little inclined to ridicule French shortcoming. As all the world knows, the presiding genius of the Treaty of Utrecht was Henry St. John. On no point was he more clear-headed and clear-tongued than on this very Newfoundland business. It is the very irony of fate that two peoples should be wrangling over the alleged diversity of reading of a compact drawn up under the eyes of a man who of all others is supposed to have been able to say what he meant. It is most interesting to hear Bolingbroke's confidential account of the way the English stipulations were conceived:

"I must observe to you in the first place that Article 12, concerning Newfoundland and Cape Breton, sent in your letter of 28th of December, and delivered as an article proposed in that manner by the plenipotentiaries of Britain, is fallacious, and might lead you to think that we had yielded up the possession of Cape Breton. To rectify this, I send you the article as I received it from Her Majesty's Ministers in their letter of the 9th of August, 1712, by which you will see on one side how the article was proposed by us, and on the other what alterations the French insisted on, which has hitherto remained the insurmountable difficulty. You seem by some expressions in your letter of the 28th to lie under a persuasion that the French have undoubted and never-yielded right to Cape Breton, which is a position we never consented to here; on the contrary, Her Majesty looked upon the cession of Acadia and Nova Scotia, *selons ses anciens limites*, to comprehend Cape Breton. But on the representation made on behalf of France, that it was impossible their navigation to Canada could subsist without some place nearer than the mouth of the river St. Laurence for their ships to touch at, the Queen agreed to allow them, not the whole island, but the possession in common, without fortifying there on either side. This indeed the French objected to as liable to great inconveniences; and therefore you found among the alternatives that it was proposed that we should have one half, and the French the other. Thus the dispute held till the Queen was pleased to determine, in her instructions to the Duke of Shrewsbury, that she would yield the propriety of all Cape Breton to the French on condition that they gave us something for it, that is, the right of fishing reserved to them on the coast of Newfoundland. This is the *ultimatum*

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which his Grace has at present to propose; for it was not thought fit to add, what we see we may obtain when we shall please to come to it, that is restraining their fishery to the Petit Nord, to be reckoned from Cape Bonavista northward, round as far as Point Riche, which, as you observe, is the most favourable concession that we have yet had from France upon this difference. For the French plenipotentiaries at Utrecht have not receded hitherto any farther, as I find, than to Cape de la Hau, or the bay of Fortune."—(Bolingbroke's letter to Prior in Hardwicke's *State Papers.*)

This is a true and full picture of the spirit which animated English diplomacy in consenting to the Utrecht settlement. However, as stripped of all "fire and fury," not one tittle of the disputed issue can possibly lie outside of the text of the thirteenth clause of the treaty of 1713, and as that clause is brief and clear, I here quote it, in spite of M. Flourens's "*audace*," so *in excelsis*, in denying any authority to the English text. It is most amusing to be able to inform M. Flourens that in the "great heap of his knowledge" he has made a ludicrous error. He is not able to extinguish us poor English barbarians by simply representing that

"Frenche of Paris *is* to *us* unknowe,"

and therefore we have no right to any ideas on the subject. It chances that the treaty of Utrecht was signed in Latin,[1] and was officially promulgated in all the languages of Western Europe. It is simply childish to talk about any different meanings to words which a conclave of scholars to-day would find no slightest disagreement about, the official English text of Article Thirteen being as follows:—

"The island called Newfoundland, with the adjacent islands, shall from this time forward belong wholly to Great Britain, and to that end the town and fortress of Placentia, and whatever other places in the said island are

[1] In order to afford M. Flourens or any other master of the art, an opportunity of "wrenching the true cause the false way," I give the official Latin text: "Insula *Terra-Nova* dicta, unà cum Insulis adjacentibus, Juris Britannici ex nunc in posterum omnino erit; eumque in finem, *Placentia* Urbs & Fortalitium, & si quæ alia Loca in dictâ Insulâ per *Gallos* possessa sint, per *Regem Christianissimum*, Commissionem eâ in parte á *Reginá Magna Britanniæ* habentibus, intra Septem Menses a commutatis hujus Tractatûs Ratihabitionem Tabulis aut citius si fieri potest cedentur & tradentur; Neque aliquid Juris ad dictam Insulam & Insulas ullamve illius aut earundem partem, *Rex Christianissimus*, Hæredes ejus, & successores, aut Subditi aliqui, ullo dehinc tempore in posterum sibi vindicabunt. Quinetiàm nec Locum aliquem in dictâ Insulâ de *Terra-Novâ* munire, nec ulla ibidem Ædificia, præter contabulationes & Tuguriola Piscibus siccandis necessaria & consuera construere, neque dictam Insulam, ultra tempus Piscationibus & Piscibus siccandis necessarium, frequentare Subditis Gallicis licitum erit. In eâ autém tantummodo nec ullâ aliâ dictæ Insulæ de *Terra-Novâ* parte, quæ á Loco, Cap *Bonavista* noncupato, usque ad extremitatem ejusdem Insulæ Septentrionalem protenditur, indéque ad Latus Occidentale recurrendo usque ad Locum, *Pointe Riche* appelatum, procedit, Subditis Gallicis Piscatorum exercere & pisces in Terrâ exsiccare permissum erit. Insula vero, *Cap Breton* dicta, ut et aliæ quævis, tam in Ostio Fluvii *Sancti Laurentii*, quàm in Sinu ejusdem nominis sitæ, Gallici Juris in posterum erunt, ibique Locum aliquem, seu Loca muniendi facultatem omnimodam habebit *Rex Christianissimus.*" If the "*Subditis Gallicis*" were content with the simple "*permissum*" to "*piscaturum exercere et pisces in terra exsiccare*," there would be no "Newfoundland question" to-day. Where are the "exclusive rights" and lobster factories here?

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in the possession of the French, shall be yielded and given up within seven months from the ratifications of this treaty, or sooner, if possible, by the most Christian King, his heirs, and successors, to those who have a commission from the Queen of Great Britain for that purpose. Nor shall the Most Christian King, his heirs or successors, or any of their subjects, at any time hereafter lay claim to any right to the said island and islands, or any part of it or them. Moreover, it shall not be lawful for the subjects of France to fortify any place in the said island of Newfoundland, or to erect any buildings there besides stages made of boards, and huts necessary and usual for drying of fish, or to resort to the said island beyond the time necessary for fishing and drying of fish. But it shall be allowed to the subjects of France to catch fish and to dry them on land in that part only, which stretches from the place called Cape Bonavista to the northern point of the said island, and thence running down by her western side, reaches as far as the place called Pointe Riche. But the island called Cape Breton, as also others both in the mouth of the river St. Lawrence, and in the gulf of the same name, shall hereafter belong of right to the French, and the Most Christian King shall have all manner of liberty to fortify any place or places there."

It would not be worth while answering M. Flourens's preposterous claim to an "exclusive and general right of fishing," evolved out of the French inner consciousness, if the ex-Minister stood alone. But the whole race of French advocates, official and unofficial, keep up the same delusion. Here, for instance, is an oracle of the Boulevards, in a beautifully printed volume issued by a famous publisher, though simply a scurrilous libel on the Newfoundland Premier worthy of the flimsiest evening blackmailers. But, in question of life and death, the stirring up or the settling of international quarrels, liable at any moment to lead to the issue of arms, it is even more serious to libel history and pervert justice than to libel Ministers. Yet this is our Frenchman's account of his country's record in the disputed land:

"Newfoundland is yours only from yesterday; it is we who invented the fisheries; it is we who made it a country. It long belonged to us, and it is only the fault of M. de Vergennes that it belongs to us no more. If you possess a property, may you not sell it, reserving to yourself a portion? We might have taken everything at the treaty of Versailles, but we contented ourselves with the right of fishing."—(Henri de la Chaume, *Terre Neuve et les Terre-Neuviennes.* Paris, 1886.)

Not only in French polemics, but in ordinary non-political works is this historic fiction assumed. Thus "L'isle de Terre-Neuve était autrefois une possession française; elle est malheureusement passée dans les mains des Anglais" (Delahais, *Étude sur la grande et petite pêche*, Dieppe, 1888). When, oh oracle of Dieppe, did this second conqueror sail from your white cliffs and subdue this other English isle? Unfortunately these irresponsible utterances are assumed as true position by those having the mission to speak officially for France. Only a few weeks before the appearance of M. Flourens's plea, Lord Salisbury had been forced to answer with his

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unrivalled sarcasm, such an assumption not only of French agents in Newfoundland, but French Ministers in Paris:

"M. Waddington states, in justification of the action of the commander of the 'Drac,' that 'Des droits réels, tangibles, nous ont été concédés par les Traités, nous avons la faculté d'en user en toute liberté sans interruption ni trouble. Qu'un cas de trouble ou de gêne se produise, nul que nous est en situation de l'apprécier; nous ne pouvons déléguer à personne un soin pareil, ni placer en mains tierces un pouvoir de limitation de nos droits, pouvoir qui échapperait à notre contrôle.' The doctrine laid down in these general terms seems to Her Majesty's Government to be both novel and dangerous, and I would ask whether His Excellency is prepared to admit that in cases of rights secured by Treaty to British subjects within French territorial jurisdiction, Her Majesty's Government are to be regarded as the sole judges whether such rights are infringed, and as entitled to direct British officers to vindicate them by force against French citizens, without any reference to the French authorities."—(Dispatch of Lord Salisbury to M. Jusserand, May 29, 1890.)

"Still harping on my daughter," the French keep dinning away at the word *exclusive*, as M. Flourens himself follows suit. Beside the above, Lord Salisbury has had more than once to call the attention of the French authorities to a significant and unanswered dispatch of Lord Rosebery. This almost the last act of the late Secretary, is in refreshing contrast to the way in which for many years English secretaries had approached the subject. Until the French are able to vamp up some single shred of a treaty on their lines, Lord Rosebery's dispatch stands as a rock against them.

"*Foreign Office, July* 24, 1886.

"M. L'AMBASSADEUR,—Her Majesty's Government have read with attention the note which your Excellency did me the honour to address to me on the 21st ultimo, respecting the Newfoundland Fishery question, and in which you inform me that, in view of the attitude taken up by the Legislature of Newfoundland toward the Fishery Arrangement signed at Paris in November last, the Government of the Republic have felt themselves compelled to issue new instructions to their naval officers to secure to French fishermen the exercise of their Treaty rights. Under those instructions the French Commanders are enjoined:—

1. To seize and confiscate the gear belonging to 'foreigners,' resident or non-resident, fishing on that part of the Newfoundland coast stated by the French Government to be reserved to the French;
2. To protest against all building or working of mines on that part of the coast which they designate as 'the French Shore,' an appellation derived from the enjoyment by French citizens of certain fishery rights during the fishing season;
3. To disregard the jurisdiction of the local magistrates on British territory; and
4. To modify the attitude of toleration recently observed by them in regard to the salmon fisheries, and to protect French citizens in the pursuit of the lobster fishery as well as in that of cod.

"In describing the above measures, your Excellency states that the French Government are resolved to exercise in the fullest and most rigorous manner the rights conferred upon France by the Treaties.

"I cannot conceal from your Excellency the concern with which Her Majesty's Government have received such a communication from your Government.

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"It is in no way the wish of Her Majesty's Government to contest the right of the French Government to demand that French fishermen shall be secured in the due exercise of their Treaty privileges. But they must emphatically protest against the interpretation of those privileges which is put forward in your Excellency's note under reply, and is implied in the measures to which that note refers.

"They have repeatedly affirmed in the course of numerous negotiations that such claims are not supported by the Treaties concluded between the two countries, and it would be a matter of great regret if the instructions which have been sent out to the French naval officers to enforce these claims should lead to complications which the patience and moderation of both Governments, and the good sense and forbearance of their respective Naval Commanders on that coast, have succeeded in averting during a long period of years.

"I have no desire to reopen the discussion on the numerous points in dispute, but I cannot refrain from deprecating more particularly the claim put forward by your Government to ignore during the fishing season the territorial jurisdiction flowing from the sovereign rights of the British Crown over the whole of the Island of Newfoundland, expressly conferred by the terms of the XIIIth Article of the Treaty of Utrecht; nor can I pass in silence the reiterated assertion in your note of an exclusive right of fishing on the part of the coast on which the French Treaty rights exist. There can be no doubt that the inhabitants of the coast must not 'interrupt by their competition' the French fishermen, but Her Majesty's Government can hardly believe that the French Government could intend to apply to them the term 'foreigners,' or to question the right of the colonists to procure the means of subsistence by fishing on their own coast, so long as they do not interfere with the Treaty rights of the French fishermen. Such a claim has no precedent in history, and would be not only repugnant to reason, but opposed to the practice of years, and to the actual terms of the Declaration of Versailles, which provides that the old methods of fishery 'shall not be deviated from by either party,' showing conclusively that the French right to the fishery is not an exclusive one."

Lord Rosebery's firm words are literally true so far as they go, but are not the whole truth. France has no treaty rights of "fishing" *in* Newfoundland—not one shred of a right. French advocates either confuse themselves, or wilfully try to confuse us, about two distinct matters. The treaty of 1763 (when France did lose the "last vestige" of its empire there) granted the rights of fishing in the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the French, but their only Newfoundland shore rights are those of drying and curing fish caught in the open sea.

This brings us to the hotly contested lobster question. Although a lobster is not a fish, it would make no difference if it were. Lobsters are trapped inshore where the French are utter intruders except for the purposes just mentioned. The French do not let out the whole secret of their invasions. They have actually taken salmon from the streams, and, worse still, have ordered the Newfoundlanders to refrain from so doing! It is the "French shore" with a vengeance when such doings are winked at.[1] It is doubtless true that the

[1] In the last Blue Book issued on the Newfoundland question (March, 1891) is a complete list of the lobster factories, with their operations, the seventy English factories packing 27,634 cases of lobster in 1889, and 24,937 in 1890; while the six

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French have for many years exercised the fishing privilege in Newfoundland waters, but when they appeal to treaty rights, they must be told that no treaty gives them what they now claim. M. Flourens's appeal to 1783 as an added French title is as fallacious as his other arguments. He complacently says "France was victorious," and hints that, if France had not been highly chivalrous, she might have taken the fisheries away from England altogether. Nothing could be more absurd. France could not move a finger on the American continent against the wishes of her American allies. Adams, the United States envoy, himself bred up amongst the New England fishermen, said he would "fight the war all over again" rather than give up the ancestral right of the New Englanders to the Newfoundland fisheries; but the idea of his consenting to hand over to France a monopoly of the harvest of the sea is supremely ridiculous. Had France made such a proposal, England and her rebellious children would have at once closed their freshly gaping wounds, and united in a supreme effort to give the French such a lesson as few nations have ever received.

In 1763, in 1783, and in 1814 no change was made in the fundamental relations of the French to the shore of Newfoundland; the settlement of 1713 was distinctly renewed. It is in vain for M. Flourens to appeal to the victory of 1783, although the spirit brought to the task of settlement by the English agents was bitterly attacked at the time. It is worth noting that Mr. Fox uttered no uncertain words on this very question in criticising Mr. Pitt,[1] and

French factories packed 3481 cases in 1889, and 3510 cases in 1890. Sixteen English and two French factories were contemplated for 1891. The French owners are all, of course, from St. Malo. When the Bretons once get an idea, right or wrong, into their heads, they never get it out. For four centuries they have refused to learn that Newfoundland was made an English domain the very year that their great Jaques Cartier was born.

[1] The following is almost prophetic. It is interesting to note that young Chancellor Pitt's only retort was the blundering and immoral notion (too common at other epochs and too freely accepted to-day) that England can afford to allow a wrong done to one colony to gain some advantage in another (*i.e.*, at St. Lucia in 1782, curiously enough the subject to-day of new propositions of exchanged): "The papers before us bear too evident signs of the disregard and negligence with which they have been settled. But, while they contain every mark of humility, ignominy, and disadvantage to this country, they evidently show the triumph and superiority of our enemies. For *primâ facie*, we find every advantage give to our enemies, and not one solid and real advantage retained or restored to ourselves. We have granted to the Americans the privilege of fishing on the only part of Newfoundland which is left us by our cession to France. It is true that they are excluded from the privilege of drying their fish on our territories; but this is merely a negative advantage; it includes no positive interest: for, since France has a privilege of part of this island, it will be easy for America to fish with us, and dry them, by permission, on French territories. Thus it is evident that our fishery, so much boasted, in Newfoundland is, in a manner, annihilated; not to mention the impolicy of ceding St. Pierre and Miquelon, all the possessions which we have reserved are only such as tend to create jealousies which may be pretences for war at a future period." (Fox's speech in support of Lord John Cavendish's resolution of censure on the terms of the peace, House of Commons, February 21, 1783.) M. Flourens must have been studying the abortive negotiations with the Shelburne administration, and imagined they were the treaty of 1783 still binding upon us. If this was the tone of Fox in February, it is not likely that he altered his ideas in September, when, as Foreign Secretary, he concluded the negotiations.

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Fox himself was the agency for the final settlement. M. Flourens would have us think that the present trouble is a new and trumpery quarrel raised by outsiders. He would also have us believe that English governors have acted on his idea of the French rights. Although it is a difficult task to stand up to a polite Frenchman, who makes such audacious demands in such chivalrous tones, I will endeavour to tell the story of the island to the best of my ability, and so say to M. Flourens, as was said to another doughty champion, "Mark, how plain a tale shall put you down!"

England is a cruel mother. Most of her colonial children have been born against her will, and she has often tried to strangle them both before and after birth. Though thus begotten, they strangely enough have invariably regarded their parent with unquenchable love, seeking her favour with rich gifts and valuable services, only to be insulted and plundered. Fostering care of her colonies has never been the rule of the greatest colonising nation the world has ever seen. On the contrary, the colonists have generally been such as have fled from England in bitterness of spirit, and the dominant policy of England has always been to treat these exiles as a herd of condemned spirits, who must not be allowed to escape torture by shifting their quarters, but be harassed without remorse. More than one of England's colonies have been driven beyond the limits of endurance, let at length the iron enter into their souls, vowed of mother England, like the Moor of his love, that though her jesses were their "dear heart strings," they would

> "Whistle her off,
> And let her down the wind, to prey at fortune."

Time has always, however, brought them back, if not always to political allegiance, yet to intimate sympathy. Hard as has been the measure meted to all her colonies by England, to none has she beeen a more unnatural parent than to the first-born, the child of her youthful maternity as a breeder of other commonwealths from the bosom of her own, and a child, too, who has paid a tribute for nearly four hundred years far exceeding the "wealth of Ormuz or of Ind"—the harvest of the sea, more precious to our island than the diamonds of Golconda or the gold of Peru.

No English Homer has yet arisen to tell the tale of Newfoundland, shrouded in mystery and romance, the daring invasion and vicissitudes of those exhaustless fisheries, the battle of life in that seething cauldron of the North Atlantic—the "Western Ocean," as the sailors say with a shiver and a shrug—where the swelling billows never rest, but cross and criss-cross in roaring rivalries, and the hurricane only slumbers to bring forth the worse dangers of the fog-bank and the iceberg. Fierce as has been during the four centuries the fight for the fisheries by European rivals, their petty racial quarrels sink into insignificance before the general struggle for

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the harvest; the Atlantic roar hides all minor pipings. The breed of fisher-folk from these deep-sea voyagings consist of the toughest specimens of human endurance. All other dangers which lure men to venture everything for excitement, or for fortune, the torrid heat or Arctic cold, the battle against man or beast, the desert or the jungle, all land adventures are nothing compared to the daring of the hourly existence of the heroic souls whose lives are cast upon the Banks of Newfoundland. The fishermen may seem wild and reckless, rough and illiterate, but supreme danger and superlative sacrifice breed noble qualities, and beneath the rough exterior of the fisherman you will never fail to find a man, no cheap imitation of the genuine article. None but a man can face for a second time the frown of the Atlantic, that exhibition of mighty all-consuming power, beside the sober reality of which all the ecstacies of poets or of painters are puny failures.[1] Among these heroes of the sea England's children have always been foremost. We should expect England to be especially proud of such offspring, familiar with their struggles, and ever heedful of their welfare, lending an ear to their claims or complaints before all other suitors. Strange to say, it has always been the exact reverse. In the great fisheries, England, from her position and the nature of her people, has taken the leading part. The fisheries of Newfoundland have been the origin of all our most cherished triumphs. From Newfoundland has been nursed the whole of that navy, mercantile or warlike, which makes us masters of the seas. From Newfoundland has sprung the whole inspiration which has led the English empire to cover the globe. The very name of Newfoundland indicates, by a strange contrariness, its antiquity. It was pre-eminently the New Found Land, the first garner of English discovery, following by barely twenty months the gift of Columbus to Spain. It was in 1496 that the Anglo-Venetian, John Cabot, with his genuine English sons,

> "Sailed away,
> From Bristol Bay"

to find more gems for the conqueror of Bosworth Field to add to his diadem. John Cabot's voyage was the fruit of many Bristol expeditions, and the West Country men came to consider the Banks of Newfoundland as almost their watery homestead.[2]

[1] "I declare, and I am sure I shall be borne out by every class of people in this country, and by all those whose domicile is merely a transient one, that a more peaceable, respectable, loyal, or a kinder-hearted race than the Newfoundland English and Irish, whether emigrant or native born, I never met with; all they want, now that temperance has so beneficially operated upon them, is education, agriculture, roads, and the quiet which a firm, decided, and impartial Government promises to have in store for them."—(*Newfoundland in* 1842, by Sir R. H. Bonnycastle.) All writers agree in admiring the natural qualities of Newfoundlanders. See G. H. Hall, *Home Colony*. Griffith Williams' *Account* (1765), Sir Robert Steele's *Tour* (1810), Lieut. E. Chappell's *Voyage* (1818), E. Wix's *Six Months* (1835), W. F. Ray's *Newfoundland to Manitoba* (1881), and many others.

[2] In these days, when North America is making great preparations to celebrate the fourth centenary of the voyage of Columbus, it is well to recall the fact that

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But the Banks of Newfoundland are open to all the world. They lie in the highway of nations, the open sea, and mixed indeed has been the company who visit that happy hunting-ground. The Banks are evidently a sunken island of some distant age, but a still extant island, of almost identical area, is not the spoil of any chance comer, but England's ancient inheritance, the gift of the earliest navigator, and the home of her earliest colony, her first-born offspring as a peopler of other climes. The island of Newfoundland is the natural vantage-ground for the prosecution of the neighbouring fisheries, and the possession of this island has always been recognised as the key of the situation. The early Bristol fishers strove for generations, and with success, to prevent the island from being occupied, desiring to work the fisheries from Bristol, with the use of Newfoundland as a landing-station. This short-sighted policy eventually brought England into a long train of difficulties, which have lately come prominently into public view, and the nature of this tangled web I will endeavour to put before the readers of the REVIEW and clear away some pitiable popular misconceptions.

To begin with, it is really a sorry sight to behold politicians, even Cabinet Ministers who have held the direction of the empire in their hands, so palpably ignorant of the nature and history of England's rights in Newfoundland. They talk about the much-disputed French rights as something reserved by France at some fabulous cession of the island to England. As these authorities are so hazy in their notions, it may be well to quote what we may call the semi-official record of the formal organisation of Newfoundland as an English colony: it is interesting and instructive:

"It was my fortune (good reader) not many dayes past to meete with a right honest and discrete gentleman who accompanied that valiant and worthy knight, Sir Humfry Gilbert, in his last journey for the westerne discoveries, and is owner and captaine of the onlie vessel which is, as yet, returned from thence. By him I did understande that Sir Humfrey departed the coaste of England the eleventh of June last past, with five sayle of shippes from Causenbay, neere Plimmouth, whereof one of the best forsooke his companie the thirteenth day of the same moneth and returned into England.

"The other foure (through the Assistance of Almighty God) did arrive at St. John's Haven, in Newfoundlande, the thyrd of August last.

* * * * *

"On Monday, being the fift of August, the Generall caused his Tent to sete upon the side of an hill, in the viewe of all the Flete of Englishmen and straungers which were in number betweene thirty and fortie sayle, then being accompanied with all his captaines, maisters, gentlemen and other soldiers, he caused all the maisters, and principall officers of the shippes, as well Englishmen as Spaniardes, Portingals, and of other nations

the English race is not the intruder, but the pioneer on the northern continent of the Western hemisphere. Oddly enough, it is to a distinguished French geographer, M. d'Avezac (*Lettre au Rev. Leonard Woods*, read before the French Institute. October 6, 1869), that we owe the most indisputable proofs of John and Sebastian Cabot's discovery, "M.CCCC.XC.IIII. the twenty-fourth of June, at 5 o'clock in the morning."

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to repayre unto his Tent; and then and there, in the presence of them all he did cause hys commission, under the great seale of England to be openlie and solempnlie reade unto them, whereby were graunted unto him his heyres and assignes, by the Queenes most excellent maiestie, manie great and large royalties, liberties, and priviledges.

"The effect whereof being signified unto the straungers by an Interpreter, he took possession of the said land in the right of the Crowne of England by digging of a Turfe and receiving the same with an Hasell Wande delivered unto him, after the manner of the lawe and custome of Englande.

"Then he signified unto the cōpany both strangers and others that frō thenceforth they were to live in that land, as the Territories appertayning to the crowne of England, and to be governed by such Lawes as by good advice should be set downe, which in all poyntes (so neere as might be) should be agreeble to the Lawes of England: and for to put the same in execution, presentlie he ordeined and established three Lawes—

"Fyrst. That Religion publiquely exercised, should be such and none other than is used in the Church of England.

"The Seconde. That if any person should bee lawfully convicted of any practise against her Maiestie, her crowne and dignity, to be adjudged as traytors according to the Lawes of England.

"The Thyrd. If any should speak dishonourably of her Maiestie, the partie so offending, to loose his ears, hys shippe and goods to be confiscate to the use of the Generall.

"All men did verie willingly submit themselves to these Lawes. Then he caused the Queenes Maiesties armes to be engraved, sett uppe, and erected, with great solempnity. After this divers English men, made sute unto Sir Humphrey, to have of him by inheritance, thyr accustomed stages, standinges, and drying places, in sundry partes of that lande for thyr Fish, as a thing that they doo make great accōpte off, which he graunted unto them, in fee farme. And by thys meanes, he hath possession mayntained for him, in many partes of that country. To be briefe, he did sette, lette, give and dispose of many things as absolute governour there, by virtue of her Maiesties letters pattents."*

Degenerate, indeed, must be the Englishmen who read the record and fail to claim the absolute supremacy of English rights in Newfoundland in all particulars. For, be it remembered, that this early possession has been fortified by uninterrupted occupancy "to make assurance doubly sure." The island has been invaded by the French and others in war time, but never conquered, and such invasions give no shred of a title in time of peace. The French visitors have been from the first (as all other foreigners, even from the start, as recorded above) merely guests on the shores of Newfoundland, and, if they become obnoxious, England has every right, moral and legal, to refuse them further hospitality. There is, unfortunately, at the present time, when clear ideas of the Newfoundland question are of the utmost moment, a confused and hazy notion that Newfoundland is a part of the Dominion of Canada, which England took from the

* "A True Report of the late discoueries, and possession, taken in the right of the Crowne of Englande, of the Newfoundlandes, by that valiant and worthye gentleman, Sir Humfrey Gilbert, Knight. . . . . At London Printed by I. C. for John Hinde dwelling in Paules Churchyarde, at the sign of the Golden Hinde. Anno 1583." (By Sir George Peckham.)

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French, and that these "French rights" in Newfoundland are the remnants of sovereignty saved by France in her hour of defeat.

There are indications, too, of a certain latent spirit of chivalry (with which one, under other circumstances, could not fail to have some sympathy) prompting many Englishmen to view the French claim with favour in the notion that it is meanness not to allow the French something when we have robbed them of so much. This idea springs from a dangerous confusion of utterly distinct questions. Our dealings with the French rights in Canada are one thing; we have enough of that French question on our hands as it is, without dragging it in elsewhere. But Newfoundland is not Canada; not without reason has Newfoundland refused to join the Dominion Federation. They have a pride in their separate and divergent history. The Dominion of Canada is made up exclusively of Anglo-French provinces; Newfoundland is England's exclusive institution. Its position, too, is too little appreciated by the crowd; it is no remote clime—it is barely more than twice the distance from Cape Clear that Cape Clear is from East Anglia. St. John's is nearer to London than to the centre of the Dominion, and far easier of access from here than from the capital of Ottawa.

Bearing these facts in mind, one would expect Englishmen to take a most lively interest in a possession next to Ireland in proximity, larger than Ireland in area, and far exceeding Ireland in potential product. Besides the fisheries (which themselves must ever remain unrivalled as a national inheritance, and were the most important gift furnished to Europe by the discovery of the New World) Newfoundland also possesses a perfect treasure-house of minerals—almost all the metals, and coal and petroleum. In fact, there is every reason to expect that the fame of Newfoundland as a mining field would be world-wide were attention given to developing the resources of the island; but every one hitherto has considered fishing as the object of their existence, and England has so treated her colony as to prevent the growth of a population extensive enough to attend to all industries opened to man in such a favoured spot. At the present crisis one of the chief hardships suffered by the Newfoundlanders is interference with any attempt at mining operations by the French patrols, who have in fact, if not in theory, the power, foolishly conceded by England, of practically nobbling all industry for about a thousand miles of coast-line. In fact, the monstrosity of the French case in this respect would be ludicrous in its audacity were it not so exasperating.[1]

[1] "One of the finest rivers on the coast, the south-west brook in Hare Bay, was regularly barred by a Frenchman who set his net across from bank to bank, staked up above high-water mark, so that no fish could possibly ascend: this in defiance of every naval officer who visited the place. This man told me he had already taken fifty-eight barrels of salmon (100 lbs. to the barrel) and hoped to take as many again. This was quite early in the season of 1879; and yet a wretched Newfoundlander is punished and his nets confiscated for doing the same thing on a much

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I have referred to the uniform neglect and cruelty of the treatment of her first-born by England. A short sketch of the dealings between parent and child seems opportune to the present crisis; as I said, the short-sighted policy of the Bristol adventurers prevented regular English colonisation for generations after Cabot's discovery. A motley invasion of squatters in the fishery seasons only took possession of bits of the coast during those early years, and were found there by Gilbert, as indicated in his regulations. After that noble English leader gave his life to the deep on his return from this historic journey, it was still another generation before regular occupation of Newfoundland came about. Gilbert's even more renowned half-brother poured all his fiery energy into a far distant field at the torrid source of that ocean current which renders the far northern latitude of Newfoundland, as well as our own islands, mild and inhabitable by man. Though Raleigh's gold-hunting ventures on the Spanish main were destined to end so disastrously to England and himself, with the dawn of the seventeenth century English colonists were first firmly planted in the New World: whilst Raleigh's once-abandoned efforts in Virginia were being made a lasting reality by his disciple, Captain John Smith, Newfoundland was being made a regular abode of man by English pioneers bent on combining some homestead surroundings with the fisheries. It is remarkable how silently the settlement grew up, how ignorant the different bands of pioneers were of the efforts of their fellows, how scanty are their records, and how meagre are the notions of the poor buffeted Newfoundlanders even to-day of the history of their own commonwealth. In the official case set forth by the colony only in 1890 is the error that Newfoundland had no regular population until the nineteenth century begun.[1] Why, all England was aware of the agricultural returns of portions of Newfoundland two centuries before the assumed settlement, and made aware by the printed records of the doings of industrious colonists.[2] Individuals came and went, but Newfoundland never ceased to have a regular population,

smaller scale. I have taken many such nets myself, but was unable to touch this one." (*Sport, Travel, and Adventure in Newfoundland and the West Indies.* By Capt. W. R. Kennedy, R.N. London, 1885.) Capt. Kennedy also records pulling down a French flag flying over the house of a chief official. Absolute French dominion is the tendency of all encroachments. As to the wonderful mining capabilities, see *Geological Survey of Newfoundland*, by Alex. Murray, C.M.G., F.G.S., and James P. Howley, London, 1887.

[1] "During the whole period covered by the dates of these treaties from 1713 to 1815, Newfoundland was, in fact, nothing but a station on the other side of the Atlantic, to which the fishermen of England and France annually resorted for the fishing in summer season only."—(*French Treaty Rights in Newfound'and. The Case for the Colony stated by the People's Delegates:* Sir J. S. Winter, K.C.M.G., Q.C., P. S. Scott, Q.C., and A. B. Morine, M.L.A. London: June 1890.) In the excellent histories of the colony by L. A. Anspach (1819), C. Pidley (1863), and J. Hatton and M. Harvey (1883), the same meagre ideas about the early settlements of the island, and the details of the long struggle, are noticeable. So also in J. Tobin's *Tangled Lands and Tangled Laws*, and other island arguments in the fishery question.

[2] See Richard Whitburne's famous *Narratives* (1620 and 1622) and the letters attached.

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ignored or conspired against by greedy State monopolists at home, but struggling bravely all the while to build up a network of English communities on her much-disputed shores. Horrible, indeed, were the schemes of destruction hatched against these struggling colonists by avarice in England, such as banishment for five miles from the shore, and even of wholesale eviction, their houses to be burned over their heads, as proposed by that pious Puritan, Sir Josiah Child. But the colonists struggled on, and made Newfoundland an English land, securing to England what would have most certainly been French, as now falsely claimed in part. During the whole of the seventeenth century Newfoundland was the bone of contention between the fierce factions of English politics. Charter after charter was granted, annulled, or modified. The religious question played a most important part in the controversy. Catholics and Protestants strove for the prey, mixed with men who were neither Catholics nor Protestants, and some who were both. The glittering array of patrons and patentees of Newfoundland is such as would naturally follow the lead of such a significant saying of such an authority as Francis Bacon, that the "fisheries of Newfoundland were more valuable than all the mines of Peru." Bacon himself was an original patentee of 1610, in the train of that man of dark mystery, Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton (the second son of Surrey). Shakespeare's immortal patron, Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, was a third grantee. This Essex school were upset, and Cecil's right-hand man, the accomplished Yorkshireman, George Calvert, was given the island; then he was reduced to a fraction, which he named Porte Avalon (the old name of Glastonbury), a name to this day retained. Then both these connections were swept aside to oblige a powerful Anglo-Scotch alliance, Marquess Hamilton joining with Pembroke and Holland to plant Sir David Kirke in the island. Kirke was really the founder of the colony as it now exists, and only gave place to Cromwell's powerful dictation, Oliver's insignificant son-in-law, Claypole, being set up in a short-lived empire, something after the fashion of Bonaparte and his dummy brothers. In all these pullings and haulings of sects and factions, the Catholics are, perhaps, the least odious, for credit there is none. There is a prophetic ring, a sort of epitome of the whole Newfoundland story, about Calvert's noble moan, "I came here to plant, and set, and sow; but have had to fall to fighting Frenchmen."[1] The British and Irish Catholics seem to have been the men who went to Newfoundland with the most honest intent of any, to better themselves without injury to others. But it is the Catholic connection which has cost England the chief perplexities. Calvert himself, though belonging to that class of English Protestant perverts who have worked England so much

[1] Calvert's Letter to Cecil in State Papers.

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mischief in many epochs, seems to have been naturally a man of patriotic independence. But the course of events was against his patriotism as well as against his independence. *Cherchez la femme* is true of Newfoundland as of all other things. The woman at the bottom of it is one who caused momentous mischief in many fields. In the days of Elizabeth, Henry of Navarre had it as the dream of his life to build himself a navy, but the Island Queen, to whom he owed everything, even allegiance, would hear of no such idea. But Henry of Navarre ceased to be a Protestant vassal, and became a Catholic monarch. Though assassinated, his spirit lived after him. His daughter came to England as a Catholic, to rule England even as Protestant Elizabeth had ruled. Calvert naturally worshipped the brilliant luminary of his faith. He has embalmed Henrietta Maria's memory in the name of the colony he founded, after the fierce factions had driven him, in deep despair, from his Avalon: Maryland, with its great metropolis bearing the name of the wild Irish headland and fishing haven which gave Calvert his title in the Irish peerage. If Henrietta Maria has left her mark on Calvert's second venture, she no less has stamped a deeper remembrance in the first. She was enabled to triumph where her father had failed. She wheedled out of Charles the concession to her countrymen which is the subject of all the trouble of to-day. In this way the fine fleet of her nephew, Louis the Great, had its nursery, those French squadrons which have been until now the nearest rivals to ours.[1] The French, holding the Dominion of Canada, it was not in the seventeenth century considered of serious moment that they should have temporary hospitality on totally unoccupied English shore near the French settlements and remote from our own. In course of time this hospitality became a serious matter to the French sailors, and diplomatists had to take it into account in settling treaties of peace. Hence the treaty of Ryswick, the origin of all future French territorial claims, allowed France half an island—the French having almost conquered the whole. This ignominy to England was partially wiped away by the treaty of Utrecht, when the French agreed to evacuate their settlements, but were allowed the fishing rights now in force. The French claim is not only the oldest existing commercial compact we are now tied by, but is the only portion of the treaty of Utrecht

[1] "It deserves one observation, that as they obtained the first liberty of fishing here in the reign of Charles I. when we had a French Queen, who had too much influence on our Government; in the 27 of King Charles II. who we found by sad experience was for the most part governed by French councils, they not only had that liberty confirmed, but their former tribute, in acknowledgment of that liberty, remitted.

"We are not to wonder that these grants were confirmed in the reign of James the Second, who entirely depended on France, and was in strict alliance with Louis XIV. But upon the whole you may see that the French were so sensible of the weakness of their title, that they found it necessary to get their liberty confirmed by every successive king, some way or other."—(*Letter from a West India Merchant to a Gentleman at Tunbridge, concerning the French Proposals.* London. 1712)

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still in force. The claim relating to Newfoundland has been again and again revivified at each succeeding settlement. The curious arrangement by which the French were given the little islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon (not, as is commonly mistakingly remarked, the sole relics of the French North American dominions—for they in fact belonged to English Newfoundland), when the Canadas were ceded, came from avowed motives of humanity, some harbour of refuge for the French fisherman, where no dispute as to their occupancy could occur. It is interesting to recall that this grant of the two islands was accompanied with strict conditions which are by no means observed to-day. Yet although England winks at this French obligation as obsolete, it calls upon the Newfoundlanders to devoutly reverence a series of stipulations a half a century older still!

The fact is that English authorities have treated Newfoundland as they are apt to treat all colonies—as mere pieces on the chess-board, to be played against European rivals, failing to understand that each colony has it autonomous rights which must not be sacrificed to the exigencies of an imperial game. This is not the way to keep colonies contented and prosperous. The mother country must act as a friendly arbitrator and protector in the disputes of each with foreign adversaries, but never desert one to benefit another. The French have undoubted claims in Newfoundland, but experience has shown that a continuance of the exercise of these claims is impracticable.[1] They should be bought out in the interests of peace, but they must not be purchased by an exchange of territory; for the French have no territorial rights to bring to such an ignominious market. It is well to understand that the Newfoundlanders have always been most patient and reasonable. Ignorant people have often called the islanders otherwise, because such people never reflect that the Newfoundlanders, being on the spot, have had the best means of judging of the merits of the dispute. Thus the Newfoundlanders have been abused by "inspired" pens and high officials in England for refusing to accept the treaty of 1885, alleged to be so favourable to the island. The true reason of such rejection was this: France had from time immemorial had more clever surveyors and negotiators than England in those

[1] To fully understand the serious dangers in store for us, we have to go to the fountainhead of the trouble, in Brittany. In a little pamphlet issued at Nantes in 1888 by the "Society of Commercial Geography" (*Terre Neuve, La Pêche de la Marne, La Pêche du Homard, La Fabrication des Conserves de Homard*, par M. Le Beau), all the future plans are devolved for taking possession of the whole lobster industry on the west coast of Newfoundland, and driving the English out of the European markets. There are some hints of the French Government being not always quite willing to back up the bold Bretons in their wholesale invasion of English territory, but the boast is made that the Government has always had to knuckle under in the end. The Bretons are also the instigators of the schemes by which religious prejudices are fostered, chiefly from the Canadian shore, to the prejudice of the English dominions. Unfortunately in years gone by the rival English sects at home have done something to sow the ground in the island for these miserable squabbles. See the *Church in the Colonies* and other missionary reports. The Newfoundlanders, like many other poor devils, are generally quite willing to accept all sorts of prayer-books and tracts if only accompanied with a little food or clothing.

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parts. Thus her accomplished French surveyor made a plan, which looks delightful on paper to the uninitiated. The English settlers were surrendered parts of the disputed shore, but here a bit and there a bit was reserved absolutely to France. Now these bits happened to include all the good harbours of the coast. All settlement and mining ventures would be impossible. No wonder Newfoundlanders rose in wrath against such a sacrifice.

The Newfoundlanders must be absolutely masters of their own land, and for this happy release they will doubtless be both willing and able to pay a sufficient price. Way back to Edward VI. an Act of Parliament declared the Newfoundland Fisheries an unlicensed privilege of every Englishman. We practically allow the said fisheries to be to-day the unlicensed privilege of all mankind. But Newfoundland itself is our own, our eldest born. We should deserve to be wiped away from the list of honourable nations if we do not stand by the island in this hour of her distress.

EDMUND R. SPEARMAN.



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# INDEPENDENT SECTION.

*Under the above title a limited portion of* The Westminster Review *is occasionally set apart for the reception of able Articles, which, though harmonising with the general spirit and aims of the Review, may contain opinions at variance with the particular ideas or measures it advocates. The object of the Editors in introducing this department is to facilitate the expression of opinion by writers of high mental power and culture, who, while they are zealous friends of freedom and progress, yet differ widely, on special points of great practical concern, both from the Editors and from each other.*]

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## AN UNKNOWN COUNTRY.

When I say that this paper is written from the standpoint of an "American," I use the word in quotation marks under protest, and only for the sake of convenience; for I am convinced that the employment ordinarily made of it in England is responsible for much confusion of ideas. It may apply with perfect correctness to the Esquimaux of the Arctic regions, the tawny-skinned dwellers on the shores of the Spanish Main, the benighted savages of Tierra del Fuego. Those most loyal of Britons, English Canadians, are "Americans"; so are the Sioux and Apache Indians; so are many other kinds and degrees of people; and yet I mean none of these, but wish to designate native-born citizens of the United States.

A great many of these same citizens make frequent and protracted visits to Great Britain, and there is nothing which seems to them more remarkable, as the years pass on, than the ignorance which they find prevailing there with regard to the land of their birth and their love; for it is undeniable, and easily demonstrable, that a great many of the most accomplished English people know less of the United States than of Africa, and much less than is known about Great Britain by our schoolboys. Of course, our British friends may retort that the one country possesses intrinsic interest, and the other does not, and they are clearly entitled to this opinion. On the other hand, while our people in general were once sensitive as to what was known and thought about them in the so-called "Old Home," they have now become comparatively indifferent on the subject, so that it may be treated without sentiment, quite good-naturedly, and as a practical matter.

There seem to be two cogent reasons why the people of this

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country should, even in spite of themselves, take an interest in, and seek correct information about, the United States. In the first place, there are scattered, through the length and breadth of that great country, thousands and thousands of their compatriots, friends and relatives. They are engaged in professional or commercial pursuits in the cities of the Atlantic seaboard, assisting in the development of the "New South," ranching and mining in Colorado, living happily in the glorious climate of Southern California; their occupations being as numerous and varied as their abiding-places. As a rule, they live up to the motto of the British paper, the *Albion*, published years ago in New York:

"Cœlum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt;"

but their welfare must be bound up with that of the country of their exile, if not of their adoption, and they must almost inevitably take an interest therein, which, one would say, might be shared by those they have left behind them. Again, Englishmen have invested enormous amounts of money in this strange land beyond the seas, and they have begun of late to buy not only the stocks and bonds of enterprises, but also the enterprises themselves. The fact that, in the course of a single year, more than five millions of solid British sovereigns have passed through the hands of a single agency for investment in industrial operations in the United States may give some idea of the magnitude of the new development. In some parts of the country, not only the native American, but also what has been happily called the "hyphenated" American—the German-American, the Franco-American, and, strangest of all, the Irish-American—must obtain the flour for his bread, the beer which he drinks, and even the patent medicine which promises to cure his aches and pains, from an English corporation.

The British public has thus an enormous financial and important personal stake in the United States, and this wholly of its own seeking; for we surely did not compel, or even invite, the immigration with which we have been favoured, nor could we put any pressure upon Englishmen to make them buy our securities or our breweries; indeed, it is well known that the great recent movement in industrial purchases was inaugurated in the vendee, not the vendor, country. Is it not a little surprising, then, that the English know so little of, and have such curious ideas about, the United States? In choosing such illustrations as I may use of this state of things, I shall include no travellers' tales, no smoking-room "yarns," no venerable traditions; only literally veracious queries and sayings.

The geography and natural features of our country seem to be but hazily comprehended here. It may be that the number of Englishmen in a thousand who know where Chicago is has increased slightly from the "not one" of Mr. Cobden's time; but a Bostonian must

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still express no surprise when asked by an eager and most civil interlocutor in a Belgravian drawing-room, if, being an American, he may not know "my brother in Valparaiso," or, "my cousin in Santa Fé de Bogota."

Within a few months, an eminent Englishman of letters printed in London an account, fairly bristling with amusing mistakes, of his own trip across our continent. I cannot epitomise or illustrate them better than by supposing an American to say that he had gone from Plymouth to Inverness by the South Eastern Railway, and greatly admired *en route* the scenery of Hertfordshire and Norfolk. Yet this genial and accomplished gentleman was on the ground himself, and if he could do no better than this, what are the mistakes continually made in the matter of American geography by those who write on this side of the water? To chronicle them would be monotonous; to try to correct them, hopeless. I think, however, that nothing in this regard comes up to the achievement of a most courteous and open-minded Englishman who crossed the Atlantic with the intention of familiarising himself with the New World. He carried letters to an eminent American, who answered all his questions, advised him to travel extensively, and gave him an itinerary. The visitor followed this religiously; he went, he saw, and he returned to his friend's house. He was astounded, he said, and delighted. He had no idea what a magnificent country it was, what vast strides it had made, and how much there was to admire.

"But, my dear ——," he continued, "one thing is quite certain. The Union cannot long endure; separation must ultimately occur upon geographical lines."

"How, and why?" asked his host.

"Why, my dear ——, *when the Panama Canal separates the North from the South!*"

What is known here of our history, even within only three or four decades, may be illustrated by a statement made in a very prominent London daily paper,[1] in connection with its notice of the death of the late Jefferson Davis. This was to the effect that it was well known that, even after the firing on Fort Sumter the Confederates were willing to return to the Union, provided Mr. Lincoln "would allow the Territories to be tilled by negroes!" Considering the medium through which this most curious statement was given to the public, I think it needless to add other examples thereto, but let it stand alone as a type. Such a combination of inaccuracy and absurdity would hardly have passed current if published about Timbuctoo or Patagonia.

That there should be phenomenal ignorance and misconception

[1] *The Morning Post.* I wrote a note, intended to be most courteous, to the Editor, asking him, in the interest of the truth of history, to quote his authority; but it met with no response.

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as to our form of government and its working is not remarkable. It is a complicated subject at best, and in this country an unpleasant one; for the said Government not only exists in defiance of every theory dear to the British heart and countless prophecies of disaster, but it has dared to survive such an internecine struggle as the world has never known, and come out stronger than ever. English sentiment in this regard, indeed, can hardly be said to be fair. A great many citizens of the United States, devotedly attached to their own country, still consider the Government of Great Britain to be admirably adapted to the land and people which have prospered mightily under it, and they would be as sorry as the staunchest Conservative to see it changed in any respect. Why is it unreasonable in them to expect similar consideration? Why should it not be conceded here that for the United States, situated and constituted as the country is, its chosen form of government has been proven to be, in theory and practice, a great success? Why, at least, would it not be worth while to know something more about it before formulating conclusive opinions?

Some idea of the knowledge possessed here of our laws and system of jurisprudence may be gathered from an inquiry made under my own roof, in perfect good faith, by a gentleman of the highest culture, occupying a distinguished position in England.

"Do you," he asked, "still have trial by jury in America?" A clever friend who was present remarked that there was something specially interesting in the accentuation of the word "still." The inevitable inference to be drawn from the asking of the question in this form was that the gentleman, who had actually visited the United States and had ample opportunities of informing himself, thought it only a question of time as to the assumption by Judge Lynch of full sway.

Our politics, again, seem to be wholly incomprehensible here. Of course, now that there are no such terrible matters as human slavery to create parties, the shades of difference between Republican and Democratic creeds cannot possess much interest for Englishmen: but, as far as they are represented by their press, the latter do not content themselves with indifference. We constantly encounter cold and unfriendly criticism of a system of government under which it is possible for a great party to be turned out of power by a matter of six hundred votes in many millions, and accept the result without the slightest disturbance. We find instruction in finance volunteered to a nation which, in the magnificent feats of the reduction of its great war debt, and the interest thereon, and the resumption of specie payments, not only put its monetary system to a crucial and triumphant test, but also showed that its financial officers are past masters in their profession. We are scolded ignorantly and persistently for many other things; but it may fairly be said that the

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climax has been reached in the recent denunciation of certain economic measures enacted by our Congress in the exercise of its legitimate powers and by a substantial majority.

It ought not, to be sure, after all these years, to disturb us greatly to know that we are regarded on this side of the water as foolish, incompetent, even wicked—that is an old story. What excites our wonder is, that any one can believe that our legislation has had for its object the injury of Great Britain. Yet, to particularise, this has been categorically asserted by that great newspaper which tradition and common consent declare to be the leading exponent of British opinion—the journal that for the last fifty years has displayed towards the United States a continuous and persistent hostility. The latter, like Dr. Johnson, respect "an honest hater," and they have no fault, on that score, to find with the *Times*. It is when its utterances are as uninstructed as they are bitter that they seem to overreach themselves. When, for instance, it states that the United States have been acting towards England exactly as Napoleon did when he issued his celebrated decrees, one finds it hard to believe that such words are seriously written. It is not very long since this paper sent a special correspondent, a "Commissioner," to the great Republic, exactly as they would have sent him to Central Asia or Tonquin. He ought, at least, to have been able to tell his employers that we pass laws, and tariff bills, and the like, with the view of doing good to ourselves, and that the effect, beneficial or hurtful, which such laws or bills may have on other nations, is a purely incidental and collateral issue. If they be aggrieved, it is quite open to them to retaliate; and in such case we should have no more right to complain than have they at present. Moreover, since the McKinley Bill was passed by the Republican majority in Congress, elections have been held, and the popular vote has gone heavily against that economical policy. If former action were dictated by hostility to England, the logical inference would be that the change was due to friendliness to that country, which is about the most unlikely thing in the world.

Even more remarkable in this connection are the mental condition and ignorance of the people who held a public meeting in an English city to "protest against" the legislation adopted by the United States, and call upon the Prime Minister to interfere. There can positively be but one explanation of this most extraordinary performance, namely, that these worthy people really did not know that the independence of the American Colonies was achieved more than one hundred years ago.

The reception in England of the Copyright Bill is another case in point. As long ago, certainly, as 1837, certain citizens of the United States, actuated by the highest and purest motives, were labouring to secure the enactment of such a measure; and this

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labour went on, with every kind and degree of discouragement, for more than half a century. These faithful and unselfish pioneers, and the successors who took up the burden in their turn, aimed at the passing of a nearly perfect measure; but of late, when it became evident that such a Bill could not become a law, they very sensibly accepted the best that could be had. That this is a long step in the right direction every one knows who has taken the trouble to understand the subject; that it is anything more is not claimed. Precedent and experience both show that good legislation is gained foot by foot; and the earnest workers who secured the passage of the Copyright Bill should have been as warmly congratulated and thanked in England as they have been at home—or, for the matter of that, in France and elsewhere. Instead of this we have—again owing to this same mischievous ignorance and misunderstanding—a chorus of complaints, and the inevitable meetings and protests; the latter a sad mistake, if people would only understand it in that light, for they not only are wholly futile, but also do much to prevent the proposed continuance in the good work.

About our social life and customs, one would be loth to believe that there is no more correct knowledge in England to-day than in the years when the stage caricatures of the Yankee, or Brother Jonathan, rivalled those of Johnny Crapaud; but, at best, it is curiously lacking. Of illustrations the name is legion, and selection difficult. It is especially in this respect that ours seems so completely "an unknown country." The peculiar statements about it which appear with regularity, year in and year out, in the books and papers published here are hard to explain, except on the theory which once prompted the addition, in an English illustrated paper, of a number of camels and palm trees in the drawing, by its special representative, of an East Indian battlefield.

"What you say may be true," wrote the editor in reply to the remonstrances of the indignant artist, "but in an Eastern scene the British public requires camels and palm trees."[1] One is forced to believe that it is in compliance with such "requirements" that writers who ought to, and often do, know better, describe us as so sadly, for example, wanting in "sweetness and light." And yet there seems to be something to be said on the other side. The compact kingdom of Great Britain, confined within narrow limits by its surrounding seas, has been a thousand years, more or less, in coming to so high a degree of civilisation and culture as is claimed for it at present; the United States have been a nation but a little over a hundred. They possess a vast domain, as yet but sparsely

[1] In a number of the London *Graphic*, published about the summer or autumn of 1870, will be found a picture of Volunteers paraded in the Public Garden at Shanghai, China. The wholly non-existent pagodas in the background were actually drawn in when the sketch was made from the photograph taken on the spot and sent home.

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settled; but even where the wilderness has been only recently reclaimed, friendly eyes would see astounding progress in the humanities.

I myself was, in the summer of 1889, in the city of Denver, Colorado, containing at that time 135,000 inhabitants, just treble what it had in 1879. Aside from this wonderful evidence of material advancement, one remarked splendid streets, imposing buildings, and "vestibule" trains (of which the *trains de luxe* of Europe are poor, feeble, and shockingly expensive imitations). Such things are not uncommon with us: but here, in addition, there was an opera-house worthy of Paris—in which I heard a performance of *Mignon* equal to the house—and a club so beautiful that photographs thereof have been sent over the land for emulation. In this club I encountered an old friend in the person of the Dean of the Episcopal diocese, erstwhile incumbent of a parish near London, and one of the best of men. He invited me to go to the cathedral and hear the new organist, "a Mus. Doc. from Oxford," play on the new organ. As I sat looking at the beautiful rood-screen and listening to the superb music, I thought there was something encouraging about the situation. The good dean, when on a visit to England, had asked an old friend to give him some money for his cathedral. The friend went to his library, took down an atlas, and opened it.

"Where did you say it is?" he asked; and receiving the reply, exclaimed, "But, I say, this will never do. Why, this is all 'Great American Desert'!"

Strange as it may seem, the atlas, unless a very modern one, was correct. The place where were found such indications of a certain degree, at least, of sweetness and light, was—not a hundred, not fifty, not forty, but—only *thirty* years before, in deed and truth, the "Great American Desert"—a sage-brush wilderness traversed by bands of Arapahoe and Ute Indians, and accessible only by a terribly difficult and dangerous journey of nearly 700 miles across the plains. If we can accomplish such things, are we really quite such Philistines as the British scribes pronounce us?

I have room for but two specimens of the questions which people ask us, in this connection, in London society.

First, by a peeress of great gentleness of manners:

"But you have no home life in your country, have you? Do you not all live in hotels?"

Of course, this is traditional; but it is a little disturbing to those who have wandered over our land, from the Canada line to San Diego, and from Florida to Alaska, and know it to be essentially a country of homes. Moreover, it is curious that the question should be asked by people, many of whom not only put up for a portion of each year with the eighteenth-century comforts of West End

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lodging-houses and private hotels, but have also developed such a fondness for caravansaries of the Northumberland Avenue class that they grudge accommodation in them to those to suit whose tastes and habits they were supposed to be built.

"Really," said a British matron at one of them last year, as she came out of the dining-room, "it is not right that Americans should be allowed on this floor!"

Second question, asked with genuine kindness and interest of a new comer:

"In your country, have you many *old families among the blacks?*"

I now come to a phase of my subject which is specially significant, but concerns only certain Americans—namely, those who belong to the Anglican Church. To no visitors from beyond seas can England possess, in anticipation, such exceptional interest; for none are there prepared, in a certain sense, such surprise and disappointment. Let us see how the case stands.

During the colonial period the Anglican Church had of course official recognition in America, although the descendants of the Puritans and many others regarded it with marked hostility. After the Revolution, the patriots who had fought for

> A Church without a Bishop,
> And a State without a King,

not only held it in scant favour, but were inclined to ascribe a shade of disloyalty to its members. Even less than fifty years ago it was deemed Popish to keep Christmas; and very recently it was necessary, at our principal university, to excuse students belonging to Church families from attendance at the lecture, delivered once in four years, on the dangers and demerits of Episcopacy. The Church in the United States has no shade of support or encouragement from the Government—indeed, as far as it may be thought to savour of aristocracy, is the object of not a little animadversion. Nevertheless has it grown mightily. Not only is it strong, and daily becoming stronger in the great cities, but it has made wonderful progress in the Far West; and its missionary bishops have planted its standard in the heart of the Sierra Madre, in the Mormon stronghold of Utah, in the haunts of the Indians. So united is it, too, that the national organisation was not divided even by the civil war.

Now, however other citizens of the United States may feel, there is no question—neither variableness nor shadow of turning—about the sentiments of American Churchmen towards the Mother Church. They would fain think of her as do exiled children of the fond parent left beyond wide oceans; they claim inheritance in her glorious history, and they rejoice in her triumphs. Nothing could

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better illustrate their feeling than a remarkable service held in New York on Sunday, June 19, 1887. In this city there is a venerable and powerful establishment known as Trinity Church. It has property amounting to the respectable sum of $15,000,000; it maintains a great parish church and a number of so-called "chapels," in which are services as dignified and beautiful, as to order, music, &c., as any in the world. There is also in New York a St. George's Society, with a chaplain, and to this society the rector of "old Trinity" offered the parish church, choir and all, for the afternoon of the day named, for what might be called a *replica* of the Jubilee service at the Abbey. As an exemplification of the sentiment I have mentioned and of ecclesiastical courtesy, this was in perfect taste; from a political point of view it was necessarily made a matter for adverse criticism. One prominent daily paper said that no American could or would attend; and the response of American *Churchmen* to this challenge was prompt and to the point. Broadway for several blocks was packed solid with human beings from wall to wall, and three extra reserves of police were called out in succession to take care of the crowd who were seeking admission.

When these enthusiastic American Church people first have a European trip in prospect, there is nothing which gives them such pleasure in anticipation as the chance of personal contact, so to speak, with the great Mother Church. They look forward with enthusiasm to the sight of the splendid cathedrals, with their wealth of hallowed association and tradition, and the quiet and beautiful country parishes; to the hearing of the great preachers, with whose printed utterances they are already familiar; and most especially to a sort of recognition and greeting as fellow-Anglicans. That they are as a rule to be disappointed in this last regard is almost inexplicable. The Established Church, if one may trust all he hears and reads, has not fallen on the best of times: her enemies may be said to be in the gates; they are powerful and active, and the ominous word "disestablishment" is heard much oftener than of yore. It must be of importance to know of an ally on the other side of the ocean, absolutely loyal, sympathetic, and devoted. And yet the American visitor is to learn that about this ally the members of the English Church, often clergy as well as laity, know little and care less. That these strangers and pilgrims claim ecclesiastical kinship, and to worship with a ritual practically identical with theirs, excites a mild surprise and a languid interest. These strange people are as the natives that Columbus brought home from the New World to show the gentle Queen Isabella by what kind of beings that New World was inhabited; or, indeed, as Gentiles sojourning among the chosen people; and all this is very strange and curious. Let me illustrate.

1. The incumbent of a great English charge, a man of ascetic sanctity, asked me if the Bishops of our Church were elected by Congress!

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2. In a parish not far from London I heard an impassioned appeal for foreign missions—an appeal so impressive as long as its application was general, that I was moved to give more than I had at first intended. Then came the peroration, and I learned, to my absolute amazement, that funds were wanted "to send missionaries to America"! It was almost beyond belief; and yet it must be true. My beloved country, dotted with churches from the pine woods of Maine to the dreamy waters of the Western Ocean—thousands on thousands of them, not only in the cities and the country villages, but also in the alkali deserts and the grim cañons—was, in the eyes of this undoubtedly faithful and earnest man, simply *in partibus infidelium*, and to be rescued, while there was yet time, by the hard-earned pennies of the dwellers in an English country town. This was discomposing; but worse remains behind.

3. Even the English travellers who dare not trust themselves in our barbarous country, must have seen some of our churches on the Continent, particularly that of the Holy Trinity at Paris, almost up to the measure of a cathedral in the matter of edifice, splendid choir, daily services, schools, parochial work, &c. Just as service was about to begin in one of these churches there appeared in the vestry an English presbyter with a letter of introduction to the American rector. The latter at once asked him to robe himself, and go with him into the chancel, and he accepted. Just, however, as the processional had begun, he cried out:

"But, I say, stop, stop! Am I right? *Are our Churches in communion?*"

Considering this incident in the light of the fact that there have been three Pan-Anglican Conferences, I respectfully claim that it, alone, proves my case.

The last aspect of the subject to which I shall allude is the inability of the British to practise what might be called the International Golden Rule as far as we are concerned: to put themselves, in fancy, in our place, or to understand that we are the last nation in the world to permit a liberty to be taken with us. There have been two striking examples of this lately. The first was the episode of the interference of a British Minister in an election in the United States, and the consequences; the latter, while wholly unavoidable, and really the most natural thing in the world, having seemed to this country very strange and harsh. Let us see what the circumstances really were.

In the heat of a political contest, the British Minister received a letter from a man, who told him he was an Englishman, and had recently been naturalised, but wished to vote in the way to help England, for which country alone he cared. Now, in order to part with his birthright and become a citizen of the United States, an Englishman must take an oath so solemn and searching, so categorical

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as to his attitude towards the country he is renouncing, that, speaking frankly, it is hard to see how he can do it. It is not to be supposed that the experienced diplomatist in question was ignorant of these details, so he must inevitably have known that his correspondent was either a perjured villain or a practical joker. He happened to be the latter; but he nevertheless received an answer to his communication, and a copy of a bitter partisan newspaper.

It may surely be asked, in all soberness, what would have been said and done had this occurred at any other capital in the world—had a British ambassador at St. Petersburg, for instance, corresponded about Nihilism with an Englishman who had become a Russian subject "for commercial purposes," or if the United States Minister at the Court of St. James had written to a newly naturalised Irishman about Home Rule?

There seems to have been an idea that the action of the Administration in this case was a party measure. On the contrary, those who differed with it *toto cælo* in almost everything were heartily with it here. Our people, conscious of their strength, are careless, good-natured, long-enduring; but when they are suddenly aroused, and a great wave of feeling sweeps over the country, it will be admitted, I think, that they are not lacking in decision or force. It was the same, quite lately, in the Italian matter, and the Secretary of State had the entire country at his back in his vigorous course, with a Government which, unable to protect its own subjects, much less visitors, from organised bands of Thugs and red-handed murderers, scientifically reduces their numbers by shipping them to New Orleans, and then displays wrath when they receive their deserts. The business of emptying the almshouses, lunatic asylums, and criminal prisons of Europe on our shores, will be found in future highly unprofitable.

Again, it was generally announced and positively declared in the English press, not long ago, that a very distinguished officer would proceed to Richmond, Virginia, and unveil the statue of General Lee. As, for some reason or other, he did not go, speculations are useless as to what the sequel would have been; but there is food for reflection in the fact that the announcement was unaccompanied by adverse, or even critical, comment. Let me state an analogous case. Suppose Ireland, grown strong, to have determined to disrupt the British Empire by a blow for independence, and to have precipitated a bloody civil war. Suppose that, just prior to the outbreak, circumstances had occurred to produce an exceptionally amicable state of feeling between Great Britain and France, but that the moment it came a chorus of exultation rang from one end of the latter country to the other at the certain coming disintegration and destruction of the former; and that thenceforth such efficient moral and physical help were given by France to the insurgents

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that a struggle predestined to disaster were greatly prolonged, and thousands on thousands of lives uselessly sacrificed. Suppose immense sums to have been contributed in France for this purpose.[1] Suppose the members of the Assembly at the Palais Bourbon to vie with each other in speeches lauding the insurgents to the skies, urging active interference in their behalf, and breathing a spirit of absolute venom against England.[2] Suppose France, not only to allow cruisers to be built and delivered to Ireland, and furnish them with French crews, but also put gunners from their navy on board.[3] Suppose her to give shelter and encouragement to fiends in human shape, *hostes humani generis*, who prepared bundles of clothing, infected with yellow fever germs, to be sent into innocent homes, and Greek fire with which to burn hotels full of women and children.[4] Suppose, in fact, the French nation to have done everything short of taking up arms to aid the insurrection. Suppose said insurrection, in spite of all this potent help, to have been utterly crushed, to have gone out in blood and fire. Suppose the British (if such a wild hypothesis be allowable, even for the sake of argument) to permit the Irish military leader, a man of exalted personal character, to die in his bed, in the odour of sanctity, and, years after, a monument to be erected to him in Dublin. Suppose, finally, an announcement to appear in the French papers that the adjutant-general of their army was going over to inaugurate this work of art. I respectfully ask, What would be said and done in England under these circumstances?

I have stated that our people, in these days, have become indifferent as to what is thought and said about them here; none the less is the existing state of affairs something to make the judicious among us grieve. If our welfare and prosperity were dependent in any degree on the feeling towards us on this side of the ocean, then should we be indeed in dire straits; and, if we cannot stand alone, the sooner we go down the better. In all Europe we have but one friend, the mighty empire of the White Czar. When we were in trouble, when our alleged "kin beyond sea" seemed about to have the courage of their convictions, and take action as a nation against us, Russia made no speeches and passed no

[1] A list, now in the hands of a gentleman in London, would, if published, prove interesting reading. It shows who and what numbers of the nobility, the gentry, even the reverend clergy of England, gave liberally to help the effort to destroy us in 1861–65.

[2] The official Parliamentary reports furnish such an *embarras de richesses* in this regard, that choice is difficult; but, did space permit, I should be tempted to quote some of the utterances of Mr. Gladstone, and a certain speech of a gentleman now known as the Marquis of Salisbury. They may differ in many things, but in a bitter and outspoken hostility to the United States they found common ground.

[3] There has been an effort to gloss the matter over, but in the files of a most respectable and conservative London paper, in 1864, will be found rejoicing over the good work done by the gunners of the Royal Naval Reserve transferred from the training-ship *Excellent* to the *Alabama*, before the latter was destroyed by the U.S.S. *Kearsarge* off Cherbourg.

[4] This was done at Toronto, Canada.

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resolutions, but she sent a powerful fleet to New York! This, indeed, we shall never forget—we, and our children and our children's children. Russia has our deep. our heartfelt gratitude, and our keen sympathy too, in what she is doing in enlarging the borders of her civilisation. Most especially will she have it in that surely-coming day, for which she waits with the grim purpose and the infinite patience of the Slavonic race, when she shall restore the cross to St. Sophia.

The judicious among us grieve, as I have said, not because we were obliged in those days to find our allies and well-wishers in the Muscovites instead of our fellow Anglo-Saxons, but because the ignorance and misunderstanding, which I have tried to illustrate, prevent England and the United States from marching shoulder to shoulder in the van of civilisation, and hazard the warm regard which we ought to be able to feel for the old country. This regard, by the way, should be something very different from a feeble and contemptible Anglo-mania affected by some people calling themselves Americans, which would be blown before a great blast of popular sentiment as is the spindrift before the cyclone.

In such serious matters, the wish may not rightly be father to the thought. We Americans may all hope for the day when we shall be understood abroad, and take what we think our rightful place in the estimation of Europe; but as to when this will be, the most optimistic inquirer must

> "Read the answer in the stars:
> We mortals know it not."

A. A. Hayes.

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# CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

## SCIENCE.

MR. JOHNSON will enhance rather than diminish his reputation by the publication of this admirable little volume on *Egyptian Science*.[1] Within a couple of hundred pages it presents a bold and graphic outline of the scientific knowledge possessed by the Egyptians, indicates the means by which it was acquired, and endeavours to determine to what extent it was of their own acquisition. In the domain of Astronomy it is shown that their knowledge was wide and varied, though it is admitted with Brugsch to have been "founded on the base of empiricism, and not on that of mathematical science." Still, as the author points out, practical and observational astronomy is, in the first instance, necessary to render theoretical and mathematical astronomy possible, and in confining themselves to this the Egyptians did but follow, whether consciously or not we will not undertake to say, the Baconian method. It appears, nevertheless, that, considering the opportunities they had, the Egyptians by no means made the progress they might have done in the development of astronomical science. This is attributed to "the obstinate conventionalism and conservatism of the priests, who in later times had a monopoly of both the arts and sciences in Egypt, and who were the absolute slaves of tradition, and appear to have been too frightened or too lazy to alter the rules or extend the knowledge of their craft."

With respect to Mathematics, the author shows it was a favourite study of the Egyptians from a period of the remotest antiquity. In spite of this the only mathematical treatise that has come down to us is contained in a papyrus included in the Rhind collection of the British Museum, which is believed to have been copied by one Ahmes, some time before 1700 B.C., from an original which, according to Dr. Birch, dates back to about 3400 B.C. The account of this is most interesting, as it contains what may, perhaps, be considered the most advanced knowledge of the time when it was written. It is occupied chiefly with arithmetical fractions, with simple equations of one unknown quantity, and with rudimentary geometry and trigonometry. In dealing with it the author sketches in an able manner the evolution of arithmetic, and, so far as it is

[1] *Egyptian Science: from the Monuments and Ancient Books.* By V. E. Johnson, B.A. London: Griffith Farran & Co.

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possible, the evolution of geometry, which, as is well known, took its origin in Egypt. For many of his facts he is indebted to the researches of other Egyptologists, but the treatment is characterised by originality and some able criticisms.

Medicine appears to have been much cultivated by the Egyptians, and to have reached the highest stage of development with them about the time of the eighteenth dynasty, when it was quite as advanced, anatomy and physiology excepted, as in the age of Galen, 130 A.D. But here again progress is said to have been checked and made well-nigh impossible by the rule which prevailed in Egypt that the employment of a new method subjected the practitioner to the risk of death in case the patient died!

It was in Engineering, however, that the Egyptians achieved their greatest triumphs, and one is not surprised to find the author joining the universal chorus in praise of their practical skill in this department, and the mechanical perfection exhibited by their works. As the subject is a familiar one, we need not enter into details, though several passages in Mr. Johnson's admirable account are well deserving of quotation did space permit.

Passing on to Chemistry, we find the Egyptians again distinguished by the practical character of their knowledge, not only in using metallic oxides to colour porcelain and glass, but also in dyeing cloth by the aid of mordants and in other ways. In Natural Philosophy, too, the practical bent of their genius is seen in the construction of nilometers for measuring the gradual rise and fall of the river, and siphons for draining the land and conveying water over hills from one valley to another. Mirrors were manufactured from the earliest times, and, on the authority of the late Mr. R. A. Proctor, they are credited with possessing some knowledge of the laws of reflection of light in relation to plane mirrors.

Having dealt with the science of the ancient Egyptians, the author devotes a final chapter to its later development, especially at the time when the famous Alexandrian school was at the height of its influence. Though short, this chapter is full of permanent interest, and is a fitting sequel to those that have gone before. Taking it altogether, therefore, the volume presents a fairly complete outline of the subject with which it deals, and is admirably suited to serve as a general introduction to the history of science.

The articles included in this volume of *Science in Plain Language*[1] are of a kind often met with in these days, when there is a widespread desire on the part of all classes of readers to know the main results of contemporary scientific investigation. They are arranged in three series, and the title of the volume indicates pretty clearly the nature and range of the subjects dealt with. As each series

[1] *Science in Plain Language.* Evolution, Astronomy, Food, Physiology, &c. By William Durham, F.R.S.E. London and Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

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has already appeared in a separate form, we need only say that together they make up a volume which may be commended as offering in a readable form a clear and reliable epitome of some of the most important scientific teachings of the day.

Professor Emery's volume on the *Ants of Tunis*[1] is a valuable contribution to entomological literature. It is called a "critical revision," and the title is fully justified by the contents. It is based upon the explorations of several naturalists, and especially upon those carried out under the auspices of the Government of the French Republic. The valuable investigations and the extensive collections made by Professor Forel have also been utilised. In the result we have a critical account of fifty-four species of ants belonging to five genera, which up to the present time have been found in Tunis. Some of these species show a wide range of variation, and in dealing with these the author's extensive knowledge and sound critical judgment are used to good purpose and with results which hymenopterists at least will value highly. The details of the descriptions, &c., are too technical for recapitulation or even summary here, and we must content ourselves with referring those who are interested to the volume itself. In the matter of synonymy the author has cleared up the confusion which has hitherto prevailed with respect to some species, so that his work may be taken as a faithful reflection of what is at present known of the species of ants met with in Tunis.

M. Galliard has rendered a service to French students by the publication of this little work on *Jonas Hallgrimson*[2] and his zoological writings. Hallgrimson was a poet and naturalist of Iceland, who paid special attention to ornithology, and particularly to the ornithology of his native country, but whose papers are rare and are written in a language with which many ornithologists are not familiar. Hence the value of this reprint, which includes a biographical sketch of Hallgrimson, with the text of his contributions to zoological literature. These last we have found interesting reading, and the more so since they are the productions of an enthusiastic worker, and the result of his own personal investigations. They include a general sketch of the birds of Iceland, both resident and migrant, followed by a description of the species, and a paper on the *Utselur*, a species of Icelandic seal belonging to the genus *Phoca*, which was originally published in Germany in the *Isis*.

Dr. Bonavia's *Philosophical Notes on Botanical Subjects*[3] are well worth reading, for they are pleasantly, sometimes even amusingly, written, and in many instances are both original and ingenious. As a whole, indeed, the volume shows how much interest may be thrown

[1] *Exploration Scientifique de la Tunisie.* Révision Critique des Fourmis de la Tunisie. Par C. Emery. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale.

[2] *Jonas Hallgrimson, ses Travaux Zoologique.* Traduction par Léon Olphe Galliard. Copenhague: Imprimerie S. L. Moller.

[3] *Philosophical Notes on Botanical Subjects.* By E. Bonavia, M.D. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode.



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into a scientific subject by the aid of a fertile and vivid imagination, and by the free indulgence of the faculty of speculation. In saying this we have no wish to discount, by a side stroke so to speak, the value of what the author has here published, as we agree in the main with his contention that the imagination, and even speculation, have a distinct value in scientific investigations. Our object is rather to indicate that in this volume, botanical problems are considered in a more imaginative and speculative manner than is usually the case, and that the reader will not find himself oppressed by a multitude of high and dry technicalities, such as are often met with in the works of specialists.

Passing over his earlier chapters, and coming to those that are more particularly botanical, we find the author considering "some factors of modification in plants." Admitting that sexual reproduction is the mainspring of modification in living things, he nevertheless ventures to differ from Weismann as to the influence of the environment. He does so on the general ground that it is difficult to believe that the reproductive bodies of plants are uninfluenced by the environment, either directly or through the intermediation of the somatic cells. This is a tenable position, and in face of the difficulty of obtaining positive evidence either for or against it, will probably be accepted or rejected according to the mental leanings of the reader. Among other factors inducing modification, he includes what he calls "fusion" and "fission," and thinks the former has been far more potent than is generally believed. Making detailed references to cases of abnormal development, where ovaries, whole flowers, and even inflorescences have been found in a state of fusion, he goes on to suggest that the numerous achenes found in the rose, strawberry, and other plants, may have arisen from the fusion of flowers with a smaller number of parts, and even regards it as conceivable "that the genesis of the disk of composite flowers may have come about by the fusion of ligulate capitula, the florets of the central portion becoming regular and dwarfed for want of space, while those of the ray retained their irregular ligulate corolla." Taking the word "fusion" in its natural sense, and as suggested by the author's illustrations, we venture to think that no botanist would regard this as a possible, much less as a probable, mode of origin of the capitulum of a composite. The cases of fusion of the capitula of *Pyrethrum*, described and figured by the author, are no doubt interesting and significant, but they can scarcely be regarded as indicative of the evolution of the composite inflorescence.

Another factor in the modification of plants, or at least of flowers, the author finds in the transposition of the two outer floral whorls. He maintains, indeed, that the calyx and corolla of a flower are sometimes interchangeable, and from what is said of certain *Gladioli*, he appears to mean by this an actual interchange of positions and not merely an interchange of form, colour, &c.

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Without denying the possibility of such a shifting on the part of these two whorls, we are at least entitled to ask for positive evidence that it does occur, and that not rarely, and, as it were casually, before accepting it as a factor that has operated in the modification of flowers. As to the hybrids of *Gladiolus Gandavensis*, quoted as showing that it does, we can say nothing, not having seen the specimens, beyond this, that as the account stands it is not sufficient to convince a botanist that the result attributed to a transposition of parts could not have been brought about by other methods with which the botanist is familiar in other plants. But in dealing with the orchids *Disa grandiflora* and *Angræcum leonis*, the author is clearly wrong in regarding the spurred posterior sepal of the former as the homologue of the spurred labellum of the latter, and the suggested transposition of whorls gains no probability from the comparison which he makes of them.

In various parts of the volume the author refers to the descent of ferns and phanerogams, and speaks again and again of both these groups as being descended from seaweeds. This idea seems to be a favourite one with him, for he tells us of occasions when he has greatly astonished his friends by assuring them that their roses and lilies, and even their fruits, were all made out of seaweeds. "No doubt," he says, "such statements are rather startling . . . . but any one who is sufficiently imbued with the spirit of evolution cannot doubt that a lovely rose or an exquisite peach have been elaborated from seaweeds." Now, if this merely means that the higher vascular plants are descended in a long line from aquatic forms of lower cellular types, it may be accepted as a broad statement of what is probaby the case. But on that supposition it would not satisfy the cravings of any one who is "imbued with the spirit of evolution." The term seaweeds is so wide in its application, and its connotation is so vague or limited, that the evolutionist would at once ask for something more definite and precise. Precision, however, is not a prominent characteristic of the author's speculations, and he makes no attempt to indicate from which of the many types of seaweeds ferns and phanerogams have descended. This is the more remarkable, because, had he carried his studies of botanical literature a little further, he would have found that botanists can already indicate in a general way the main line on which evolution has taken place from chlorophyllaceous algæ through the hepaticæ to the ferns, and from these again through the higher vascular cryptogams to gymnosperms and angiosperms.

Not a little space is occupied by the author in discussing the nature and mutual relations of roots, stems, leaves, and other members of plants, and he is somewhat severe upon botanists for making such distinctions, seeing that the structures so named are all modifications of the same thing, which he identifies as the "cladophyl, or frond, of seaweeds." In doing so, he apparently forgets

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that, from the time of Goethe downwards, the whole science of plant morphology has been based upon the idea of unity of plan and type, and, in consequence of this, has gradually replaced the more purely descriptive methods of organography. Moreover, this unity having been fully and adequately recognised, there is much to gain and nothing to lose by giving distinct names to the members modified by variations and natural selection, seeing that when met with they not only have distinct anatomical relationships, but often differ from one another in structure, mode of development, function, and other respects. Apart from this, however, the treatment is not likely to commend itself to the scientific botanist, though he will recognise that it is not without interest, and shows the author to be a sagacious and keen observer. But the numerous analogies which he traces between the members of plants of high and low systematic position, are, after all, merely analogies, and if, though well known, they are not emphasised in text-books, it is because they are not calculated to throw any light on morphological problems and the evolution of plants. Thus, when the author institutes a comparison between the labiate *Monarda didyma* and *Equisetum*, and tells us they "differ very little from a morphological point of view," he is dealing with mere superficial resemblances only, and however close these may be in the vegetative organs, there is an immense gap between their reproductive organs and their development, which no amount of vegetative analogies can fill up. So, the comparison of the oil glands of the leaf of the orange with the conceptacles of *Fucus*, *Sargassum*, and other seaweeds, seems to us, in spite of all that is said on the subject, to be valueless from the morphological standpoint, and can certainly throw no light on the phylogeny of the genus *Citrus*.

Having said so much in criticism of the author's "philosophy," it is a pleasure to turn, before concluding this notice, to another aspect of his volume, in which there is unquestionably something of value. This is found in the number of teratological forms of flowers and fruits which are described and in some instances figured. Naturally, the interpretations given of them are in accordance with the teachings of the rest of the volume, and these we should not be disposed to adopt in their entirety. But the facts are there, whatever explanations be found for them, and they are well deserving of being placed upon permanent record. Abnormal oranges and lemons are prominent among the objects thus referred to, and these are utilised by the author to support his views on the nature and composition of these fruits, as given in his work on *The Cultivated Oranges and Lemons of India and Ceylon*. We abstain from expressing an opinion on these views, though it may be remarked that a study of the development of the fruits, if carefully and thoroughly carried out, would probably give more decisive evidence of their truth or otherwise than the comparative method which appears to have been chiefly followed.

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## PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

THE *Textbook of Psychology*,[1] by Mr. William James (Professor of Psychology in Harvard University), is an abridgment of his larger work, *The Principles of Psychology*, and is intended to be more directly available for class-room use. The author states in his preface that he has omitted all the polemical and historical matter, all the metaphysical discussions and purely speculative passages. This may render it better adapted for the more limited use for which this present volume is prepared, but at the same time it makes it less interesting to those who wish to have a wider view laid before them. The present work, however, cannot be said to be deficient in interest, or altogether devoid of controversial matter; this the Professor himself fully admits. The author treats his subject purely from the point of view of "natural science," and is successful in throwing considerable light on many an obscure phenomenon of the working of the human mind. Professor James adopts Professor Ladd's definition of psychology as the *description and explanation of states of consciousness as such*. The author attempts no more than to get together an amount of provisional truth, which may be used by philosophy when the proper time arrives, carefully abstaining himself from attempting to construct any philosophy of the subject. It might be thought that this "natural" treatment of the subject, which has so often been treated from a purely metaphysical side, would imply a materialist theory on the part of the author. This he disclaims, and professes to assert no more than that we have "a strong prejudice that we *have* states of mind, and that our brain conditions them." The advantage of frankly recognising the physiological side of mental states, and treating it as the matter of a science, of a science as yet only a hope, is nevertheless immense; we approach something like a solid ground for the formation of a science of psychology. A scientific knowledge of the physiological side of mental states has also its practical value for education and intellectual training; a metaphysical theory by itself leading us to all manners of errors and mistakes. A large part of the work is necessarily devoted to sensation, and this is made more useful and intelligible by an account of the brain and its functions, and of some of the conditions of neural activity. It would be impossible in the space at our disposal to give a connected analysis of this interesting book, or to quote a tithe of the striking passages we have come across in reading it. The style is vivacious to a degree. The points which perhaps arrested attention in the original work are those in which the author maintains the proposition that "All consciousness

[1] *Textbook of Psychology*. By William James. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

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is motor," and that "The feeling in the coarser emotions results from the bodily expression"—that we do not cry because we are sorry, but we are sorry because we cry; we do not strike because we are angry, but we are angry because we strike; and so on. He maintains that particular perceptions certainly do produce widespread bodily effects by a sort of immediate physical influence, *antecedent* to the arousal of an emotion or an emotional idea. This is the point in dispute—whether the bodily effect or the emotional idea is the antecedent, or whether they are not simultaneous. That what we call emotion following a perception is in many cases accompanied with a bodily effect cannot be denied, but we are not altogether prepared to admit that the whole emotional warmth is a physical influence. The volume, as a whole, is a welcome contribution to the science of which it treats, and is calculated to remove many misconceptions.

A new volume on *Agnosticisme*,[1] by M. de Roberty, is to be regarded as a continuation of his essay on the *Metaphysic and Psychology of the Unknowable*, and as the complement to his volume on the *Philosophy of the Century*, which was noticed in these pages. Though the general title of Agnosticism is given to the present work, it is described more fully as an Essay on some Pessimistic Theories of Knowledge, and deals, as the former work, with the Critical Philosophy, Positivism and Evolutionism. M. de Roberty does not find it difficult to point out the weaknesses of these theories, as they are dogmatically taught, and he believes he discovers that they have a common origin. The brevity of the present work necessarily compels great condensation, and makes it far from easy reading. The author has considerable grasp and breadth of view. The Unknowable is the object of his investigation in the present instance, and he thinks he is able to demonstrate the absurdity of Agnosticism by the criticism that to affirm the Unknowable is in reality to deny it; that is, it assumes that it is within the range of cognition. The last chapter of the book is the most interesting, and contains a sort of theory of the writer's. He is, as far as we can gather, a Monist of a special type. He rejects the dualist theory of the absolute distinction of the subject and object. But the materialist and idealist philosophy are equally regarded as unsatisfactory. The Materialist, he says, declares that matter is everything and the idea nothing, if it is not matter; while the idealist affirms that the universe—matter—is nothing, if it is not the idea. His own theory is summed in the formula of the "law of the identity of super-general or super-abstract contraries or contradictions." Philosophy must in the last resort find rest in a synthesis which must merge seeming contraries in a unity. So as to the theory of knowledge, it appears that the *ego* and the *non-ego*

[1] *Agnosticisme*. Par G. de Roberty. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1892.

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are identical, and only manifestations of one substance, or something, the nature of which, at present, we do not appear to know. At any rate our knowledge is real, and what is still unknown may be known when, if ever, the special sciences have perfected their work. In the present incomplete state of science, any philosophical dogmatism is premature. These seem to be the thoughts suggested by M. de Roberty, and they are not without their use.

Though probably destined to be less popular than his works on Buddhism, the *Taoïsme*[1] of M. Léon de Rosny is no less worthy of serious attention from European scholars who are interested in Oriental philosophy and religion. If possible, the learned *sinologue* has excelled his previous achievements in the character of a patient and finely critical investigator of Eastern literature. To those who know what labour is involved in such work, and what difficulties are encountered in getting the grains of fact out of the documental chaff that China has hoarded up during her long history, the clear and simple account of the life and doctrine of Lao-tse will appear as a veritable *opus magnum*. It is not, indeed, by quantity but by quality that M. de Rosny has attained this result. The volume fills but some two hundred pages. In such compass there is no room for pedantry; and, sooth to say, the author shows no inclination to it. It is a strange irony of fate which hands down to posterity the name of the less and leaves often in secular obscurity the greater name and worth. Elder contemporary of Confucius, Lao-tse saw himself, even in his lifetime, overshadowed by his more enterprising and more practical rival. Idealist to the very bone and marrow, this eclipse pleased him rather than otherwise. The pith of his doctrine was the virtue of simplicity, the simplicity of virtue. He wished all the world to return to the state of nature; a state of nature understood, not as the evolutionist school has since exhibited it to us, but rather that of Jean Jacques Rousseau, who himself unconsciously revived, in some of its traits, the Taoist philosophy.

Founding no school or sect, except through an after modification of his teaching by those that M. de Rosny calls for distinction's sake the Taosseists, Taoism has nevertheless survived, as a kind of esoteric creed, among the more enlightened of the Chinese. Like all systems which spring from profound thought joined to a wide and deep reading of experience, that of Lao-tse contains truth which make common cause with scientific fact and the happy guess of the intuitional nature. Faulty it is, and woefully imperfect, considered in the light of the knowledge of to-day; but, whenever the time may come for a sympathetic and fair estimation of the different attempts to solve the problem of life and to direct its morals, the Chinese seer and his teaching will not lack their own praise.

[1] *Le Taoïsme.* Par Léon de Rosny. Paris: Ernest Leroux.

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M. de Rosny's criticism deals plainly with the weak side of Taoism. But the impression the book gives is rather that of an honest effort to understand the standpoint of Lao-tse than to discredit it. The preface of M. Franck is more severe. An equal interest, however, attaches to what this veteran *homme de lettres* has to pronounce, inasmuch as he gives the contrast necessary to the right appreciation of M. de Rosny's work. To speak of the former's contribution as an antidote would be to imply a comparison at once uncomplimentary and untrue. But at least we may say that the book and its introduction, by counter-balancing each other, place the reader in a more favourable position both to judge and to enjoy.

Professor Ryle's essay on the *Canon of the Old Testament*[1] approaches some of the problems connected with the Jewish Scriptures from a fresh and instructive point of view. To those who have been affected favourably by modern Biblical criticism, a question that most probably will arise is, How did the books of the Old Testament come to be regarded with such special reverence and as having a unique authority? It is certainly an important question, and one Professor Ryle has done his best to reply to. Unfortunately the information procurable is very slight, and, in default of external evidence, the inquirer is compelled to depend largely upon the evidence of the books themselves, and upon reasonable inferences drawn indirectly from other sources. Professor Ryle has availed himself of most of the evidence procurable, and the result throws a great deal of light upon the way in which the use of the books gradually led to the formation of the Canon; that is to say, their place of authority in the Jewish Church. The conclusions of the author supply additional evidence of the very heterogeneous character of the writings of the Old Testament and the gradual way in which they came to be regarded as authoritative; nevertheless, the writer, with so many others, still appears to cling to the superstition that the Old Testament is in a unique sense the inspired Word of God.

Yet another work on the Old Testament! This time of a somewhat different character, as Dr. James Robertson, in his Baird Lectures for 1889,[2] offers his reasons for declining to go all the way with modern criticism. He occupies a moderate position, and, whilst showing a willingness to consider the most recent theories, confesses that he is not thoroughly convinced by them. There is no fault to be found with his intellectual position, as discussion, if carried on with an open mind, is the best way to arrive at the truth. "The critical theory," he says, "is fast becoming 'traditional,' and is being accepted by multitudes on no better grounds than those on which the former

[1] *The Canon of the Old Testament.* By Herbert Edward Ryle, B.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

[2] *The Early Religion of Israel.* By James Robertson, D.D. Edinburgh & London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1892.

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view became traditional. It is now high time to apply scepticism to the prevailing theory, so that the strength or weakness of its foundations may be made manifest." Dr. Robertson clearly seizes the main point in the discussion when he says it is as to the history of religious belief and practice in the earlier period, particularly the period from Moses to the time when, as it is admitted on both sides, we have the contemporary writings of the prophets. The author, after a long detailed investigation of the subject from various points of view, concludes that from the twelfth chapter of Genesis onward, we have a credible and trustworthy account of the leading events and crises of the history of Israel. The spirit of the work is, on the whole, so liberal that we can find little fault with the conclusion, which is in its details a great advance of what has been considered the authoritative view in the Christian Church. Whatever the author's conclusions may be, his method is just as right as that of most of the defenders of tradition is wrong.

We have received three books [1] from the pen of Mr. Thomas Lake Harris, whose name is so unfortunately associated with that of the late Mr. Laurence Oliphant. The personal affairs of the writer, however, are no concern of ours. The title of the first book, *God's Breath in Man and in Humane Society*, is not meant as a mere figure of speech; for the author has a new and remarkable theory of respiration, which, we regret to say, we cannot clearly understand. It professes to be fraught with such transcendent consequences that we cannot help wishing that we could acquire the art. Though the book professes to reveal it, it still remains to us a profound secret. "I purpose to show," he says, "that an equivalence of respiration may be realised, in which God, breathing forth through the solar luminary, and through the natural-divine currents, whose medium is in the solar rays, may inbreathe into the human organism through its plexial chords, thus entering man through his natural outness; proceeding thence to interpenetrate the frame, wedding the breaths into a third and complex respiration, which holds in it the promise and the potence of psycho-physical transformation, renaissance, and transposition to the organic lines of eternal life." The author alleges to have experienced this himself, and to some extent thereby rejuvenated his being; but we have only his own word for it. The volume is a medley of pseudo-science, philosophy, theology, mysticism, incoherence, and Americanisms.

*The Brotherhood of the New Life* is a tract which appears to be a kind of appendix to the larger work, exhibiting the same characteristics, and containing a passage which has been freely

[1] *God's Breath in Man and in Humane Society: Law, Process and Result of Divine-Natural Respiration. The Brotherhood of the New Life. The Great Republic: a Poem of the Sun.* By Thomas Lake Harris. London: G. W. Allen & Co. 1892.

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quoted on the author's attainment of "corporate immortality," whatever that may mean. Probably he means "corporeal," but any word will serve.

The third volume is in verse, and contains about nine hundred six-lined stanzas. *The Great Republic: a Poem of the Sun*, may be meant for an allegory, or intended to depict a condition of things actually existing at the centre of the solar system; which it is we are not distinctly informed, and it is a matter of indifference to us. All that is required for the composition of this kind of work is a copious vocabulary and a mechanical command of versification. Let these be freely used as the instruments of unconscious cerebration, and to many people the result will appear to be inspired.

*The Thoughts and Reflexions of the late David Tertius Gabriel, concerning Social, Metaphysical and Religious Subjects*,[1] do not contain anything strikingly original, but they are evidences of a liberal and thoughtful mind. A short and interesting account of the author is given by the editor, as well as reasons for printing these short essays. The general aim is the advocacy of a religion near akin to Deism, the writer taking the position which is rapidly becoming popular. Rejecting Catholic and Evangelical theology, he seeks a resting-place short of Agnosticism or Atheism. The volume is printed and bound in the exceptionally tasteful manner for which Mr. Fisher Unwin is famous.

We have received from Messrs. Macmillan two further volumes of the uniform and cheap issue of Archdeacon Farrar's sermons and lectures. *The Witness of History to Christ*[2] consists of five sermons preached at Cambridge in 1870, being the Hulsean lecture for that year. The sermons are marked by the usual earnestness of the writer, though, as in much of his writing, the earnestness appears to us sometimes misplaced. What can we think now, however it might have done in 1870, of the assertion: "However skilfully the modern ingenuity of semi-belief may have tampered with supernatural interpositions, it is clear to every honest and unsophisticated mind that, if miracles be incredible, Christianity is false." If the Archdeacon's alternative is to be accepted, we shall have to find another name for much of that which is still called Christian.

*The Fall of Man and other Sermons*[3] contains twenty sermons preached before the University of Cambridge and on various public occasions.

We have also received from the same publishers the fifth volume

[1] *Thoughts and Reflexions of the late David Tertius Gabriel.* Edited by his Nephew, J. F. E. W. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

[2] *The Witness of History to Christ.* By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

[3] *The Fall of Man and other Sermons.* By Frederic W. Farrar, M.A., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

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of the new edition of F. D. Maurice's *Lincoln's Inn Chapel Sermons.*[1] If we cannot accept the writer's theology, we can welcome his sermons for the moral lessons they so nobly enforce.

*Palestine Repeopled,*[2] by Mr. James Neil, is a specimen of the low class of semi-religious books which always seem able to command a wide circulation. The worse they are the larger the sale, which says very little for the general intelligence of the religious public. The author of the work before us mixes up a present-day scheme for repeopling Palestine by the Jews with an extravagant and baseless interpretation of ancient prophecies. Much of it might pass as mere nonsense, but there is a passage in the preface which calls for the strongest condemnation: "It surely cannot have escaped the notice of any thoughtful observer, in connection with the recent cruel conduct of the Russian Government, that those words have again been fulfilled—the very charter of Israel's charmed national life—'I will bless them that bless thee, and I will curse him that makes light of thee.' Almost instantly God sent a terrible famine, so widespread that it is believed that no less than 20,000,000 Russians are plunged into fearful suffering, even at the beginning of the winter, and what will it be if there is not a special Providential interposition before the winter is over! The divine retribution in this case is rendered the more unmistakable and vivid by the fact that the corn trade of the country was virtually in the hands of those same Jews, high and low, who have been the innocent subjects of Russia's ruthless and reckless persecution." Unfortunately for the value of this pernicious doctrine, the sufferers from the Russian dearth are just as innocent as the Jews themselves. We have not heard that a Minister is starving. We have heard of a man who believed that there was "One above" who would look after Providence. Mr. Neil seems to think that there is a Providence who looks upon the One above—that some power may providentially interfere with God's doings. We feel we must apologise to our readers for giving so much space to this rubbish, but as the "blacking-brush" is not in use in England, we feel it a duty to pillory the writer.

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## SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES, AND TRAVELS.

FRENCH thought just now seems to be full of the question of the social and political status of woman. We have lately reviewed an excellent work on the subject, and here is another, in some points

[1] *Sermons preached in Lincoln's Inn Chapel.* By Frederick Denison Maurice. Vol. v., new edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

[2] *Palestine Repeopled.* By James Neil, M.A. Ninth edition. London: Lang Neil & Co. 1892.

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even better—*De la Condition des Femmes*[1] by M. Leon Giraud. M. Giraud's book, like M. Ostrogorski's, has received authoritative recognition; it has been *couronné* by the Faculty of Law of Paris; both authors agree in treating the subject historically, and in looking to England and the United States for the most practical illustrations of their theme. "Two countries," says M. Giraud, "exhibit the progress of a serious agitation, and they, again, are of the same race, and speak the same language. But they play an enormous part in the general advance of civilisation."

So, advisedly putting aside any philosophic inquiry into the natural development of his subject, M. Giraud begins with the history of the "Women's rights" question in England, and he places its commencement at John Stuart Mill's book on the *Subjection of Women*. This is a good starting-point for the history of the Parliamentary agitation; but it leaves out of sight the writings of Jeremy Bentham and others who had preceded and influenced Mill. We ourselves usually place the beginning of woman's legal and political emancipation with Bentham's writings. M. Giraud, finding in Mill's volume most of the arguments which have been used since, quotes (or rather translates) from it at considerable length, and it seems to us that he quotes with great judgment and aptitude. He then proceeds to Mill's practical effort to carry his views—the proposal of an amendment to the Reform Bill of 1867 in favour of granting the suffrage to women. In passing, we may differ from the suggestion that this unsuccessful proposal really injured Mill's political career. M. Giraud then goes conscientiously and thoughtfully through the different stages of the Parliamentary history of the question; the ready admission of women to the municipal suffrage; the efforts of Jacob Bright to carry out Mill's idea; the great reform introduced by the Married Women's Property Act of 1882; the recent incidents of the London County Council; and the latest agitation by Mrs. Fawcett and her followers: there is very little which has escaped M. Giraud's observation. The sketch is mainly chronological; there is little or no attempt to differentiate the aspirations of women by their natural growth or historical evolution.

We are glad that M. Giraud knows the *Women's Penny Paper*, and we would also introduce him to that younger and still pleasanter print entitled simply *Woman*.

From England and its colonies we are taken to the United States, which occupy an equal portion of the book. Here M. Giraud finds the treatment of his subject more difficult, because of the independence of the different States, and the general want of unity of purpose. He does not fail, however, to bring out all the leading

[1] *De la Condition des Femmes—Au point de vue de l'exercise des droits publics et politiques.* Par Leon Giraud. Paris: F. Pichon. 1891.

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features of the movement, and carefully sketches its connection with the events of the Civil War. Wyoming has a chapter pretty well to itself, for Wyoming leads the world in the matter of woman's enfranchisement. In the States the professional side of woman's life plays a much greater part than elsewhere; though there are more women earning their living in business and professions in England than the majority of people think.

The chief countries of Europe are next glanced at, and a curious piece of history, which we had forgotten, turns up in the reference to Lombardy and Italy. Indeed, one of the most interesting traits in the history of this question is the manner in which a recognition of the woman turns up in circumstances where the time and the place are all against it. Such is the voting of women in matters affecting the Russian rural divisions (*mirs*). This fact indicates the extent to which early constitutional history would illustrate the development of the social status of woman. That M. Giraud appreciates this point we gather from a thoughtful passage in his final chapter.

It is this concluding chapter which we read with most interest, striving to find in it the general impressions which a careful course of study has left upon the author's mind. And we are not disappointed. There is no analysis of arguments or of facts; but there are several suggestive ideas, all springing from a well-formed opinion that the future of the great States is thoroughly democratic, and that a first principle of democracy is the equality of husband and wife. The matter must be carried out to its logical conclusion. "The exercise of woman's suffrage must either be complete, or we must drop the subject once for all." For the sound and thorough education of the new generations, the mother must have real knowledge of the world; and to have such knowledge, she must be independent of the man. Elsewhere M. Giraud has already said that it is the want of regular employment which robs women of half the happiness of life; here again, he raises the same idea in a passage which we quote with full approval:

"Dans les sociétés de l'avenir, il y aura peu de loisirs, peu de gens inoccupés; mais tous, travaillant pour tous, recevront de cette communauté d'efforts un accroissement correspondant de leur être, sans qu'il y ait ce déchet, ces non-valeurs, et ces sacrifiés qui ont caractérisé tristement les sociétés anciennes."

We are inclined, however, to think that a work of this merit might have contained a general discussion on the physical capacity of women for certain employments, and on the callings which seemed most suitable for women. "God made the women to match the men," said Mrs. Poyser, but we never can forget that He made the women of a different structure, and with a certain defined difference of function in life. The modern enthusiast, male or female, evidently forgets this. M. Giraud does not, but he does

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not supply the want which it indicates. The question we refer to is being solved hap-hazard and empirically; but is this worthy of our age? Lady doctors, for instance, are our special admiration, but they probably have a limitation which it is well to lay down in black and white. We know from personal experience an office where the ladies do certain financial work excellently, except when real pressure comes. Perhaps M. Giraud may one day find time for an essay on this part of the subject.

Three works which we take next indicate the growing interest of the question which every thoughtful Liberal must face—Is Socialism practicable? And will it do for the world all that is claimed for it? To gauge the difficulty of the subject we have only to recollect that the truest Socialism finds its precepts in Christianity, while its latest expositors renounce Christianity. "Socialism," at present, lacks a definition. M. Bourdeau's[1] work will greatly help in arriving at a clear conception of the aspirations and efforts included in the term. We cannot agree with him that the Socialist movement sprang from German philosophy; but the proof which he adduces is an interesting piece of history, without affecting the rest of his work. So exhaustive and able a treatise it is simply impossible to review in a few lines: 300 careful pages, nearly every one suggestive, summoning to their aid the whole literature of the subject, and concluding with excellent sketches of Marx, Lassalle, and Bakounine. That offshoot of the theory known as "Le Nihilisme Russe" is briefly treated in a single chapter.

M. Bourdeau sees the weak point of all the Socialist movements which we have yet encountered. "Le politique socialiste fait luire aux yeux des foules misérables la vision brillante de l'avenir. Bien qu' ils se défendent de nous donner des descriptions exactes de ces paradis encore lointains, . . . . les socialistes nous l' indiquent comme état de perfectionnement absolu." . . . . But "le socialisme aura beau modifier l'ordre des choses, il ne changera point de fond en comble la nature humaine. Après dix-huit siècles avec toutes les forces morales et matérielles dont il disposait, le christianisme y a échoué; . . . . il en sera de même du socialisme."

One point in the Socialist claims which is well brought out is the insistance on the complete emancipation of women. In view of M. Giraud's book which we have just noticed, the plea for the safety and honour of woman is doubly interesting; but it is combined with a freedom of marriage which amounts to a general concubinage.

Along with Bourdeau's work should be read M. Bosanquet's translation of Dr. Schäffle's larger work on *The Impossibility of Social Democracy*,[2] printed in type which it is a pleasure to read. It takes the form

[1] *Le Socialisme Allemand et le Nihilisme Russe.* Par J. Bordeau. Paris: Felix Alcan. 1892.

[2] *The Impossibility of Social Democracy.* By Dr. A. Schäffle. Authorised English Edition. With a Preface by Bernard Bosanquet, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

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of a series of letters—rather a pleasant form we always think—which brings out sharply one by one the leading difficulties in the world of the Socialist, moral and industrial. The English version comes opportunely. If Dr. Schäffle's results are still somewhat negative, if he does not altogether satisfy us in putting a new method in the place of that of the Socialists, we can at any rate feel that he has cleared away the brushwood: he is a pioneer who has made the path plainer to others. And by every thoughtful man this path must be trodden. Socialism aims at the general happiness of the human race: those who do not accept its methods must show cause. If they think, as we think, that it fails to take into its calculation the most active and most hopeful principles of human nature, they must fit themselves by thoughtful study to turn the erring principles into a right and wholesome way. And in this Dr. Schäffle's work will greatly aid them.

We must believe that Mr. Harris's book[1] is written in an earnest spirit, and we read with undisguised satisfaction his bold but saddening appeal for the health and morals of white American girls. But we may not conceal the fact that he is the man who, inducing others to "live the life," was grasping and thoughtless, if not fraudulent and inhuman. (See the biography of Laurence Oliphant.) And we cannot patiently read a book of whose language the following is a fair random sample:

"Evolution advances to its end by a process of ideas. This process leads on by two parallel and inter-related streams, each holding and operating by its own quality to its own differentiated speciality: passions wed to thoughts and generating forces."

Mr. Harris finds the salvation of the world in a Socialism; he tells us that if five men were to give to its accomplishment the brains and purpose which were spent on the Central Pacific Railway, the scheme would be an assured success. But, like too many others, he does not describe his practical proposals. We are only allowed the glimpse of joys that we would thankfully realise to-morrow, if only we knew how.

Two excellent text-books on the Alien question are before us, and we can only say, "Read them both. They are both thoroughly worth it." The question of checking alien immigration must become a burning one; it is hardly alight yet, but nothing struck us more in the *Fabian Essays*, when they were published two years back, than the round avowal that immigration into the Socialist State from non-socialist countries must be prohibited, because the conditions of production would in that case be disturbed.

Mr. Arnold White's book[2] is specially interesting, because it

[1] *The New Republic.* By Thomas Lake Harris. London: E. W. Allen. 1891.

[2] *The Destitute Alien in Great Britain.* A series of Papers dealing with the subject of Foreigh Pauper Immigration. Arranged and edited by Arnold White. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

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begins with a chapter on the Huguenot and Flemish immigration, to which England owes so much, and raises involuntarily the question, "Must we ever adopt a contrary policy to that which brought so many blessings?" But turn to the chapters by Mr. Crackanthorpe and Mr. Reaney, and we are conscious of a terribly dark picture in a horribly lurid light. Can this unrestrained immigration be good either for us or for the immigrant? Is it for the common weal that the underfed, uncleanly foreigners should stream in, and the healthiest sons of England be forced out to the colonies or the United States?

Mr. Wilkins'[1] book is equally interesting, and the point to which we would call attention is the plea for woman and womanhood. It is an ordeal to read those few pages about the sweating of women, but it should be borne; and then it will be felt that there is still work for the knight-errant, still a chivalry destined to immortal honour. Let us be warned in time. Mr. Wilkins writes what we have often said: "In the crowded courts and teeming alleys of East London there exist all the elements of something even more terrible in its way than the misery which brought about the French Revolution."

Mr. Wilkinson's book on *Pensions and Pauperism*[2] is, as he claims, a contribution to "a great social question of the day," and as we place it by the side of the works which we have first reviewed, we are deeply conscious how necessary it is to consider those "great social questions" as a whole. The value of the work is much enhanced by a series of notes by so competent a lectuary as Mr. Young, who has elsewhere examined the German schemes. This is precisely the way in which the pension question must be approached. At the real root of the matter lies a better distribution of wealth and the inculcation of greater thrift. "We cannot," says Mr. Young, "anticipate by our schemes . . . . the stage of civilisation and social habits at which we have at the time arrived." Those who have been taken (and who has not?) with Mr. Chamberlain's earnest advocacy of pensions to the aged, should certainly read Mr. Wilkinson's little book.

It is very useful to have a stranger's view of us sometimes, and very pleasant when that stranger speaks kindly and appreciatively. Mr. Woods is an American, and his book on *English Social Movements*[3] is written for the American public. We find it equally interesting to ourselves. The Labour Movement, Socialism, the University Settlements in London (specially Toynbee Hall), the Extension of University Teaching, and Charity Organisation are the subjects of which he

[1] *The Alien Invasion.* By W. H. Wilkins, B.A. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.
[2] *Pensions and Pauperism.* By J. Frome Wilkinson, M.A. With Notes by T. E. Young, B.A. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.
[3] *English Social Movements.* By Robert Archey Woods. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

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chiefly treats. On the whole, they are well handled. Mr. Woods has been misled sometimes in his high estimate of the men he mentions: we could enlighten him; but this is not the place. We are very glad, however, to see that he appreciates the work of the Fabian Society. So do we; though we find them wanting in practical wisdom in some serious points.

*Technical Education in the Counties*[1] is a subject which will come into more general notice now that "progressive" politics are in the ascendant in the County Councils. The little book before us is a very careful sketch of the practical methods of promoting intelligent training in industrial and commercial pursuits. The nature of the subject makes it a manual to be possessed by every county councillor rather than a literary disquisition. The concluding chapter has some interesting remarks about teachers, which fail, however, to recognise that a good teacher is born rather than made, and that the prevailing unfitness of teachers arises from the efforts of a certain class of reformers to stereotype certain given acquirements.

When we first heard last summer that King's College, London, was likely to become the nucleus of a new University, we did not expect such a stir on the subject. The charter of what was first to be the Albert, and is now likely to become the Gresham University, has met with opposition from above and below, and has so far had an unusually stormy career. Those who wish to learn the merits of the question should buy Mr. Karl Pearson's[2] reprint of his letters to the press. He writes with authority, and not as the scribes; and his little work is a manual on the principles of University teaching as much as a review of the special question. We cannot ourselves see why the strong line should not be taken, and a "London University" arise, like the Phœnix, out of its own ashes—a truly representative teaching body with that prestige which worthily attaches to London degrees.

*Political Verse*[3] is a neat little volume with a very intelligent introduction. It may be that we are unappreciative, or it may be that the Editor has been unfortunate in his examples; but we cannot get up any enthusiasm over these political pieces. Their allusions do not appeal to us, and their style or rhythm is rarely racy. We are delighted to see *Lilliburlero*, yet there is not much in it except the refrain. It appears to us that the choicest political hits are scattered over large poems, and that the small pieces are mostly failures. Byron, in *Don Juan*, has the best of all. Many of Thackeray's were of the first order. But they occur *passim*.

[1] *Technical Education in the Counties.* By G. J. Michell, B.A. Lond.; and E. H. Smith, Assoc. P.C.Sci. London: Geo. Philip & Son. 1892.
[2] *The New University for London.* By Karl Pearson, M.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.
[3] *Political Verse.* Edited by George Saintsbury. London: Percival & Co. 1891.



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Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Wilkinson[1] have produced a very earnest and suggestive piece of work. We cannot get rid of wars and rumours of wars: we wish we could. This being so, we can welcome more works like the one before us. We English have such a start in our naval power, that we should do posterity a grievous wrong by losing the headway. But we cannot help thinking that the days of great ironclads must soon cease. Surely the world must come back to a lighter and more mobile type of vessel costing about one-tenth of the price of a first-rate ironclad, and not so liable to be sunk and lost at one blow. As regards the army, we must first reform the War Office, and get rid of that terrible octopus of centralisation whose suckers are bleeding the life out of the system and the men. If war came now, the War Office would break down, hopelessly and irretrievably.

*Britannic Confederation*[2] contains a series of essays which should be read along with the work just noticed. Sir J. Colomb's name is a guarantee that the defence question is not lost sight of in this book; but the greater portion of it is concerned with the commercial aspect of the question; and we are glad to see an essay from Mr. Hervey, whose little work on Imperial Confederation and Commerce has recently been noticed in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW. The work is a study in "applied geography," but we imagine that it will be much more eagerly read by statesmen and politicians who desire to do something more than drift along with their weather-eye fixed on red-tape and precedent.

M. Beurdeley[3] writes on a subject which is quite novel to us. A periodical partial change in the *personnel* of Parliament is a proposal which has been but little canvassed of late years, though it has been discussed by our own Mill amongst others. M. Beurdeley treats it in a very thoughtful and philosophic as well as a practical spirit, and we may admit that a rotation of retirements and elections of fresh representatives to the Chamber may be more practicable in France, where parties are numerous and shaded into one another by finer gradations, than with us, where there are two strongly marked opposites. In any case we do not find as yet a sufficient answer to the questions, "How is the rotation to be settled?" "How are we to get rid of a Ministry which is quite out of accord with the Chamber?" "How are we to proceed when the new election greatly reduces a Government majority?" There are merits in the system, but its combination with the present arrangement would be necessary if we are to be prepared for every contingency; and if it

[1] *Imperial Defence.* By the Right Hon. Sir C. W. Dilke, Bart., and Spenser Wilkinson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

[2] *Britannic Confederation.* A series of Papers by Sir John Colomb and others. London: Geo. Philip & Son. 1892.

[3] *Le renouvellement partiel de la Chambre des Députés.* Par Paul Beurdeley. Paris: E. Dentu. 1891.

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cannot stand alone, is it worthy of adoption at all—at least in England?

To open Mr. McLean's little book[1] is to be reminded of George Catlin and the Rocky Mountains. The "Redskins" must always be a singularly attractive people. How otherwise could they have stirred the best minds of the New World? Witness *Hiawatha* and the *Last of the Mohicans*.

Mr. McLean found so much inaccuracy in works upon the Indian tribes of America that he felt impelled to write something on which reliance could be placed. We are inclined to think that he justifies his work. There are several matters which we have not seen noticed previously; and the recent date of the narrative makes it a useful supplement to the older works of Catlin. It is the work of a man who has some appreciation of ethnology and folk-lore; and the matter constantly varies; there are valuable historical sketches, interesting accounts of journeyings, legends of the Redmen, spirited tales of life on the prairie. For one of these last take the doctor's ride of 160 miles to save life. Not the least valuable chapter is that on the Indian languages and the literature of the subject.

We should have thought that the *Statesman's Year-Book*[2] was too well known to need reviewing. With it in one hand and *Whitaker* in the other, any man, politician or not, should be well nigh invulnerable in respect of his facts. This book must be constantly used to be appreciated. We are pleased to notice an evident care to secure correctness even in small matters: some of these annual works become perfunctory.

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## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE surroundings and details of the lives of men who have taken a prominent part in the story of nations, can never be lacking in interest. The character of a great man is often to be understood by careful study of his daily life; and such study, even if it does not supply us with a means of interpreting his policy, will at least give insight into the conditions which made that policy possible or successful.

For these reasons alone we would welcome any works which tended to throw light on the inner life of two great men, whose

[1] *The Indians of Canada.* By John McLean, M.A. Third edition. London: Charles H. Kelly. 1892.

[2] *The Statesman's Year-Book.* Statistical and Historical Annual of the States of the World for the Year 1892. London: Macmillan & Co.

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ideas, policies, and characters were so opposite as were those of Cæsar Borgia and Count von Moltke. The influence exercised by the former of these on Italian politics and history is better known even than are the details of his life. His success in extending the temporal power of the Papacy, his good government of the Romagna, and his influence on Machiavelli's theories of Italian unity, are even more familiar than are the tales of his unscrupulous villainy and smiling duplicity. Perhaps for this reason we should be doubly grateful to M. Charles Yriarte, already recognised as the leading authority on the subject, for having supplemented his *César Borgia* by the publication of *Autour des Borgia*.[1] The book forms no small addition to, and illustration of, our knowledge of the three great historical characters which have borne the name of Borgia—Alexander VI., Cæsar, and Lucrezia. It is most sumptuously printed and illustrated, and contains considerable information about early Italian Renaissance art.

M. Yriarte has made a most exhaustive search for Borgia relics. The results of his search are published and many of them illustrated in this book. The first chapter tells of their monuments, buildings, seals, and castles, and forms an introduction to the later parts of the book, which describe the Borgia rooms in the Vatican, the various portraits of the Borgia, and lastly, Cæsar's sword. We cannot follow the descriptions given by M. Yriarte: it must suffice to mention that they are uniformly interesting, and show most painstaking research and careful weighing of evidence. As an example of this we may mention the chapter on the portraits of Cæsar, which discusses carefully and exhaustively the claims of the various known pictures to be true representations of the original. The mystery of his life surrounds Cæsar's portraits. No absolutely authentic picture of him is known; his life was too busy, too turbulent, and too short for us to wonder at this; and we are left with the reproduction, again reproduced here, of Paul Jove as the best substitute for certainty. In conclusion, we must give most unqualified praise to the illustrations of this volume. They are uniformly excellent; especially good are the engravings of Cæsar's sword. The architectural illustrations are of very considerable beauty, and represent the best side of early Renaissance art.

But the whole of M. Yriarte's book is full of interest either to the historian or art student, and we can only express our gratitude to its author for the care and pains he has spent in what has been to him most clearly a labour of love.

There is little in common in the characters of Cæsar Borgia and Count von Moltke. Both have, however, played prominent parts in the world's history, and have therefore common historical interest.

[1] *Autour des Borgia.* Etudes d'Histoire et d'Art. Par Charles Yriarte. Paris: J. Rothschild. 1891.

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Beyond that, comparison is impossible, as it is also between the two latest books which treat of their lives.

After closing the two fairly large volumes of *Count von Moltke's Letters*,[1] it is difficult to feel that any adequate return has been gained for the time expended in reading them. It is doubtful if Count von Moltke's character stands out in clearer light than it did before; for, after all, we see little in these letters but the indefatigable, laborious, conscientious, affectionate character with which as Field-Marshal we have long been familiar.

The letters published in these two volumes consist partly of letters written by Count von Molkte to his mother between 1823 and 1837. These chiefly throw light on their writer's unceasing hard work and rapid rise, and on his strong family affection and love of his mother. They also tell the tale of his literary work, of his pamphlets and articles for magazines on military or historical subjects, and especially on his attempt to translate Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* into German, an almost superhuman task, for which Moltke was to receive about seventy or eighty pounds. In the letters to his brother Adolf there are more political references, but these, as a rule, are too allusive and general to be of great value. The troubles of Louis Philippe, the disputes about Schleswig-Holstein, and the siege of Sebastopol, which Moltke believed impregnable, are all mentioned, as are also the internal confusion of Germany and foreshadowings of German unity. One or two letters, written from Versailles, tell the tale of the siege of Paris and of the "persistence and endurance of the French," which the Field-Marshal admires, and can only account for by saying that they are the result of the fact that the French do not believe it possible that they can be defeated. The sufferings of the French, their ignorance of the true position of affairs, due to the policy of their leaders, are also mentioned at length.

In the letters to his brother Ludwig, Count von Moltke appears as more literary and artistic than political or military, and probably these letters throw most light upon his character. Both volumes are well printed and translated, and confirm the already-formed idea of the Field-Marshal's character as that of a loyal, hard-working, capable officer; in politics Conservative, in literary matters of considerable power, in family life most loving and beloved; a great traveller, a good linguist, and, above all, an upright, honest man; but they tell us little that is new.

It would be rash to describe the *Legend of Montrose* as Sir Walter Scott's best historical novel, but without doubt the book draws a picture of Scotland during the Civil War which it is difficult to forget, and still more difficult to equal. It is therefore,

[1] *Letters of Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke.* Translated by Clara Bell and Henry W. Fischer. 2 vols. London: James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1891.

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perhaps, no matter for wonder that Mr. Mowbray Morris, in his recently published *Life of Montrose*,[1] has failed to produce a picture of his hero and his times so interesting and complete as that of the great novelist. And yet the subject is one full of freshness and fascination. To bridge over the gulf that separates the Covenanter from the martyr to the Stuart cause, and to connect the conqueror at the Bridge of Dee with the victorious commander at Alford and Kilsyth, is no easy task. Nor, on the whole, can Mr. Morris be said to have succeeded in the attempt. He has carefully worked up the history of the time, and has made use of the materials available. The result is that he has produced a book which is rather the history of Scotland than of Montrose; and so the book lacks unity. This is the more to be regretted, as the author has taken pains to be accurate. In doubtful points and difficulties—and both are numerous in tracing Montrose's career—he has followed Mr. Gardiner's lead. Montrose is drawn as having joined the Covenanters in order to resist what he regarded as the King's illegal attempt to subvert the liberties of his country. A short time sufficed to teach him that the restoration of the royal authority was the only possible means of avoiding anarchy, or, what was even worse, the tyranny of the middle classes, led by Argyle. So Montrose deserted his former allies, and joined the King's party; but not at first with enthusiasm, since Hamilton blocked his way.

Into the much-contested story of the Incident we need not enter. Mr. Gardiner has told what really happened, as far as we know it, and Mr. Morris has been content to follow his lead. Nor need we follow Montrose's endeavours to get a commission from the King for service in Scotland, which were fruitless until Hamilton had fallen, and lost the influence he wielded over his vacillating master. Still less need we mention the rapid marches and splendid victories by which Montrose showed his military skill. His triumphs, his entry into Glasgow, followed so soon by the defeat at Philiphaugh and the ruin of his cause, are all told by Mr. Morris. Montrose had failed, and he paid dearly for his failure. Within five years of his greatest victories he was brought to trial, and, as a foregone result, to death.

Mr. Morris has keen admiration for his hero, and most conscientiously has told the tale of his life and death. It is impossible not to feel some enthusiasm for the man who "feared his fate" so little; for from the first his hopes of success were but vain. The military genius of Montrose, together with his brief though brilliant successes, are his main title to fame. He was no statesman, and had but little political insight. But he was a brave and sincere man, a born leader of men, and a song-writer of no inconsiderable merit.

[1] *Montrose.* By Mowbray Morris. ("English Men of Action" Series.) London: Macmillan & Co.

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A further biography claims attention as telling the story of the life of a man whose work is of interest equal almost to that which surrounds Montrose. But the interest of the lives of a social reformer and a soldier differ in kind from one another, and will no doubt appeal in various ways to various people.

The *Life of Robert Owen*[1] has the special interest of having been written by one of his fellow-labourers, and thus of reproducing the spirit and views of the first English socialists, now almost forgotten in the new development of the movement. The book is edited by Mr. William Cairnes Jones, son of the author, who adds a short Life of his father, as illustrating the co-operate movement which Robert Owen began. In order to explain that movement, the author describes at length the economic conditions of the time; the introduction of machinery, the break-up of the system of domestic industry, the new antagonism of labour and capital, the isolation and ignorance of the labouring classes—all, in fact, that goes by the name of the Industrial Revolution. Some account is also given of the misrepresentations and selfish opposition which the socialists encountered, as well as of that almost inconceivable distress among the poor which was enough to justify any effort for reform. These facts alone enable us to estimate the work and understand the errors of Owen and his followers.

Robert Owen's life covered a period of over eighty years—from 1771 to 1858—years which inaugurated the new labour system. As an employer, he proved himself a sound man of business, and at the same time he put into practice his ideas of education and comfort for his labourers. This he was chiefly able to do at the Lanark Cotton Mills, which he managed for nearly thirty years, and which he formed into a small self-dependent labouring community. It was natural in those days of intolerance that men should confound his social and religious opinions with his economic schemes; he did not, indeed, always keep them quite separate himself. His chief objects were a wider education and a more equable distribution of wealth. To realise these objects many were able to work side by side with Owen without necessarily sharing his unbounded belief in their efficacy, and still less without adopting his views on more abstract questions. But, in spite of this, he was met on all sides by such prejudice, self-interest, and bigotry that he soon ceased his attempt to enlist the help of influential persons, and turned to the labourers themselves, whose ignorance had at first tended to make them suspicious of sympathy. In 1828 religious exclusiveness drove Owen from Lanark, and from that time he gathered round him a small band of followers, the first "Socialists," who made Manchester their centre of action. But Owen's very activity brought

[1] *The Life, Times, and Labours of Robert Owen.* By Lloyd Jones. Edited by William Cairnes Jones. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.

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disappointment and failure: his attempt to establish labour itself as a means of obtaining in direct exchange for itself the labour of others, never had any prospect of success, and the Hampshire farm system broke up from lack of funds and support. Yet Owen never lost spirit, but was confident that his ideal "had to die that it might live."

This confidence is shared by his biographer, who writes to encourage the present co-operators, as well as to indicate their action in the past. These two objects are steadily kept in view throughout the book, at the cost of much repetition; and the writer's earnestness leads him into digressions and retrospects which disturb the narrative and leave some confusion in the mind of the reader. In spite of this defect, however, the *Life of Robert Owen* is full of vigour and force, as well as of that interest which is inseparable from the subject it treats of.

Turning aside from works of biography, we must notice a recent addition to the literature grouped round Jewish history. *Jerusalem, its History and Hope*,[1] is not a record of Eastern travel; but, as its name implies, a history of Jerusalem from the time when it was chosen by David as his own peculiar city. The book traces step by step the gradual rise and more speedy fall of the city, following its inhabitants into their captivity and through their numerous reverses, and ends with an account of the life of the Son of David, and the final tragedy of that life.

Mrs. Oliphant does not claim for herself the part of critic, but she brings to bear on her subject much careful study, an intimate personal acquaintance with the land whose history she is telling, and that never-failing clearness and charm of style which characterises all her writings. She has, indeed, little or no sympathy with that modern school of thought which bids us give up our old-fashioned views of historical truth and all our faith in ancient personages of sacred history, and to "transfer a faith in which we have been trained from childhood to a small group of unknown persons, whose motives are dubious, and whose methods are more ingenious than ingenuous. Abraham I know, and David I know; but who are these."

In commenting on the strange calmness with which the Jews have everywhere accepted exile as their general fate, Mrs. Oliphant observes that were they to be moved by the Crusaders' spirit an interesting turn would be given to the Eastern question. An "interminable army of Jews from all the countries under heaven, with all the capitalists of Europe at their backs," would file before us. The author still cherishes the old Mohammedan superstition, that Christ may come the second time through the still-closed arches of the Golden Gate.

[1] *Jerusalem, its History and Hope.* By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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The book is well illustrated with engravings and photographs, and will, we are sure, be found most useful to those who make close study of Jewish history, as well as to the more general reader.

Infant marriage and enforced widowhood are words familiar to all of us, and present to our minds a problem of which no adequate solution has yet been found. But the problem is still before us, and we still have therefore to take away from our Government of India a reproach which lies heavy upon it. Hence we welcome an account of the life and work of *Behramji M. Malabari*,[1] which was written by Judge Dayaram Gidumal some years ago, and is now revised and enlarged, and sent into the world with an introduction by Miss Florence Nightingale. The book will serve not only to win our admiration for its hero, but also to give us heart from the measure of success he has achieved, and to help in carrying on his work. But this biography has a further interest: it tells of the early life and education of a Parsi, and shows the importance of home-life and a mother's influence. Mr. Malabari rose rapidly to become a leading journalist, a poet, an author, and, above all, a social reformer. He is not a pessimist as regards India's future, but looks for her well-being through education, and education not only of the head, but of the heart. This latter no Government can give, but it must come from home-life and early surroundings; and so Mr. Malabari was led to the study of questions of social reform with which his name is chiefly associated. We cannot, in conclusion, do more than commend this book to all who are interested in the great Indian problems with which it deals, and promise that it will well repay time spent in reading it.

*Grisons Incidents in Olden Times*[2] is a good instance of the little books by which English travellers love to show their liking for foreign places, which they have learned to know from frequent visits as tourists. This modest little book tells a little of the history of the Grisons during the eighteenth century. The story of Massner is chosen as illustrating their uncomfortable position during the war of the Spanish succession. No originality is claimed; in fact, the book is a mere translation from Herr Sprecher's books. Hence criticism is unnecessary. To the tourist Mrs. Lionel Tollemache's book will be of interest, if he be historically minded. To the general reader it will not appeal either as history or as a romance, though we should except the "Autobiography of Jacob Jechlin," in the seventeenth century, which is well worth reading, as a short chapter in old-time adventure.

Were it possible to conceive Shakespeare's Sonnets robbed of their poetry, written to vague abstractions spelt with capital letters, and

[1] *Behramji M. Malabari.* By Dayaram Gidumal, LL.B., Acting District Judge, Shikarpur. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

[2] *Grisons Incidents in Olden Times.* By the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tollemache. London: Percival & Co. 1891.

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consequently having no meaning at all, we should arrive somewhere near to where Clelia[1] has started from in his attempt to paraphrase Sonnets 20 to 126. For example, "Impeachment by Pleasure" is the general title of Sonnets 57–72. No. 58 is summarised thus: "The fact is, my genius has taken a sportive turn, which causes me uneasiness;" and is thus paraphrased: "(It strays, it plays;) its thought is a law unto itself, and I may not control its sportiveness;" and at the end, "I must wait till the phase be past, though it be a hell of time. Nor blame the sportiveness of genius, be it ill or well for my humanity." If Clelia can consider such rubbish a paraphrase of the beautiful Sonnet 58, it is possible he may find readers. For ourselves, we prefer to follow Shakespeare's own words, and not to imagine him writing sonnets to ideal beauty, as Clelia would have us believe.

A small book dealing with the early history of art has been lately written by Professor W. M. Conway. The *Dawn of Art in the Ancient World*[2] is an expansion of three lectures delivered at the Royal Institution. The little book does not pretend to deal with the disputed points of archæology, but merely to give in outline some estimate of the contribution made by the ancient civilisations towards the growth of art. The first chapter tells us how the subject is to be treated. The writer believes that no step forward is ever wasted. Every ideal, he tells us, gets itself enshrined in some form that would endure if only men cared to preserve it; also, whatever part of an ideal is good remains for ever a possession of mankind; all history is progress—ideals vanish, but leave somewhat for future generations. Thus Professor Conway has touched on early civilisations, and marked what each has contributed to artistic growth. He examines the products of the palæolithic periods, which left but little trace behind them, though the actual origin of art may be found in the Reindeer Age, which is remarkable for its power of comprehension of animal forms.

More interesting is the account of ancient Egypt, whose civilisation, Professor Conway holds, is to be traced to the East, to the bronze peoples, who alike founded Egyptian and Chaldean art. This explains why the third dynasty suddenly presents us with beautiful and finished work. To Egypt, Greece owed little save in matters of architecture; in nothing else can the influence of the older civilisation be traced. We have said enough to show the scope of Professor Conway's book. We recommend it to such as want a general view of the importance of archæological discovery, or to such as wish to have a pleasant introduction to a large subject; but to real students it will tell little or nothing new.

[1] *Great Pan Lives.* By Clelia. London: Luzac & Co. 1892.
[2] *Dawn of Art in the Ancient World.* By William Martin Conway. London: Percival & Co. 1891.

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## BELLES LETTRES.

CARLYLE'S *Lectures on the History of European Literature* [1] are excellent reading; they were delivered by him in 1838, and are now published for the first time. We have often said that, if you desire to cherish anything like hero-worship for an author, you ought to know nothing of him but his works. The remark does not hold good in all cases; it had no bearing on Darwin, whose "Life" did but enhance the love and reverence in which he is deservedly held by all who understand him. But it is peculiarly applicable to Carlyle. Every fragment of his writings, that is from time to time unearthed, does him honour, and is worthy of his great reputation; but the anecdotes of his private life—and unhappily they abound—do but lower and belittle him. Even the rambling reminiscences which Sir Gavan Duffy has been contributing to *The Contemporary*, though published with the avowed purpose of proving that Carlyle was not the captious and overbearing being that he is generally supposed to have been, does but strengthen the unfavourable impression. In their many reported conversations, the Philosopher of Chelsea's judgments on his contemporaries were not only harsh and *cassants*, but as literary criticisms, crude, and sometimes, even unintelligent; and when, as he much preferred to do, he judged, not the author by his works, but the writings by his own fancy portrait of the author, his estimate is in many cases so uncharitable; nay, more than that, so manifestly false in its wanton malevolence, that one cannot help hoping that it is Sir Gavan Duffy's memory, and not Carlyle, that is in fault. From these damaging attempts at rehabilitation, such contributions to the sum of the published works of Carlyle as the *Lectures* now before us are a welcome relief. With most of the opinions they advance we are already familiar from the author's previously published works; but it is pleasant as well as instructive to find them arranged and marshalled in the form of a cursory history of European literature. Mr. Karkaria's Notes and Introduction seem to us very much to the purpose, and the volume is a welcome step towards a complete edition of the works of Thomas Carlyle.

From the publishers of the "University Extension Manuals" we have received Mr. H. G. Keene's *Manual of French Literature*.[2] It seems to us to be a carefully and well finished performance. In

[1] *Carlyle's Unpublished Lectures. Lectures on the History of Literature; or, the Successive Periods of European Culture.* Delivered in 1838 by Thomas Carlyle. Now first published, from the Anstey MS. of the Bombay Branch Royal Asiatic Society. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by R. P. Karkaria. Bombay: Curwen, Kane & Co. London: T. G. Johnson, *Times of India* Office. 1892.

[2] *The Literature of France.* By H. G. Keene, Hon. M.A. Oxon. London: John Murray. 1892.

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so wide a field as the literature of France from its earliest beginnings till now, the treatment, in one thin volume, must needs be sketchy and succinct; but Mr. Keene has succeeded in at least one of the objects which he tells us in the preface he had set before him—he has certainly avoided dogmatism, and criticism founded on individual predilection. French literature might, no doubt, be treated with more colour and flavour than it receives in Mr. Keene's Manual; but both these qualities demand elbow room (to use a vulgar phrase), and they fade and wither under the suppression of individual likings and dislikings. After all, it is not of the essence of a manual that it should furnish amusing reading, but that it should contain the necessary array of facts, drawn up shortly and clearly, and with due regard to their relative importance. From this point of view Mr. Keene's Manual leaves little to be desired.

The first impression made by the *Chronicles of Westerly*[1] is of their pleasantness. It is only afterwards that the reflection arises that a book that is so pleasant must needs be clever. Good humour and high spirits in the author do not suffice to make a pleasant book. But in *Chronicles of Westerly* the cleverness is masked by the somewhat rambling discursive style. It is not so whimsically erratic as *Tristram Shandy*, yet undoubtedly there is a *soupçon* of "Shandyism" about it. In several passages the parallelism struck us as too marked to be accidental. But we are not going to raise an outcry about plagiarism. If an author is like-minded with oneself, one is sure to admire him, and, consciously or unconsciously, to imitate him, unless, indeed, one should be gifted with originality—a case so rare that it is hardly worth taking into account. We only wish that more of our contemporary novelists took Sterne for their model. We should have more bright fun and gaiety, deeper pathos, and altogether more human nature than we usually find.

There seem to have been a number of pleasant, natural, people in and around "Westerly." Some of them have rather comic eccentricities, and all have their little foibles, so that, from time to time, we laugh at them, though not near so often as with them. Take them for all in all, they are such good company that, at the end of the three volumes, where their *faits et gestes* are chronicled, we would willingly have followed them through three more. This, as it seems to us, is just the effect that a novelist should aim at producing.

"William D. Howells"[2] on the cover of a book is to us a stronger recommendation than any amount of flattering "Press Notices"—indeed these last are no recommendation at all; for they seem to reserve their most fulsome laudations for the silliest and most worthless books. But Mr. Howells's signature is a guarantee that, whatever else the book may be, it will neither be foolish nor tedious.

[1] *Chronicles of Westerly: a Provincial Sketch.* By the Author of *Culmshire Folks*, &c. In three volumes. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1892.

[2] *Mercy.* A Novel. By William D. Howells. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1892.

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His novels are often provoking, from the ethical standard of many of his characters being so *quintessencié*—beyond all doubt a very irritating peculiarity. One knows how hard it is to do right, even on the plain old-fashioned lines; but if we are to shape our conduct by that quintessence of morality which alone is "high-toned" enough to satisfy the New England conscience, life becomes impossible. Besides, one remembers the words, "the lady doth profess too much"; and one has a shrewd suspicion that those who thus "strain at a gnat" might find much less difficulty in "swallowing a camel." But our tirade is in no way *motivé* by anything in the present volume, which is a curious and interesting study of the working and mutual re-action of widely various characters, under circumstances of painful stress and reverse. None of the actors in the little drama are so perfect as to be insipid; most of them are sufficiently amiable to inspire considerable sympathy, and not one—not even the poor absconding treasurer—is utterly detestable. The wretched man's family—on whom, of course, the burden of his crime presses most heavily—two daughters, entirely dissimilar from him and from each other, are very finely drawn. The chairman of the plundered company, and his son and daughter, are also very real, life-like, presentments. They are all, in their several ways, unusually interesting people, especially the chairman himself, who is a masterpiece of characterisation. But one of the minor characters—"Pinney, of *The Events*"—is, we confess, our favourite. He is invariably spoken of with scorn by the other characters; but he is so exactly like Yankees whom we have known—and greatly liked—that we cannot but regard him with amused indulgence. He has in perfection a peculiar vein of fun, purely American, which to us is especially entertaining. We can excuse a good deal in a man that amuses us. At any rate, we greatly prefer "Pinney"—genial, if slightly vulgar, *blagueur* that he is—to a rival young "Pressman," who may, for aught we know, be more "whole-souled," but who has too much of the bitterness of the French *râté* to be tolerable in our eyes. As may perhaps be gathered from the foregoing criticisms, *Mercy* is both an interesting and an amusing novel. The story, too, on which we have not touched, is interesting throughout, and in parts deeply pathetic.

*A Strange Elopement*,[1] which originally came out as a serial in the *Illustrated English Magazine*, has the merit of being true to title; for no stranger elopement was ever imagined, much less accomplished, than that here narrated. Indeed the most conspicuous excellence in the narration is the skill with which it brings within the bounds of credibility an adventure all but essentially impossible. There is nothing remarkable in the delineation of any of the characters. The father of the eloping young lady is perhaps the most marked indi-

[1] *A Strange Elopement.* By W. Clark Russell. Illustrated by W. H. Overend. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

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viduality of the group depicted. But the stern, overbearing, military officer, a martinet in his family as in his regiment, is no novelty in fiction. On the contrary, he is a stock-type in novels and plays. In the present instance, Mr. Clark Russell has rather overdrawn him. An elderly gentleman so perpetually swelling with rage must inevitably have had a *coup de sang*, and died. The lovers are no doubt remarkable for their dogged determination and dauntless courage and resolution; but without endowing them with these high qualities, the story could never have been written. No; it is as a tale of adventure that *A Strange Elopement* shines. In that category it takes a high place. There is, too, a considerable charm in Mr. Russell's poetical and glowing descriptions of the ever-varying sights and sounds which characterise the changeful phases of sea-life.

*Green Tea*,[1] as well as being "a love story," is a tale of country life in Texas, and though it is not a brilliant success in either capacity, the descriptions of the routine of daily life on a Texan farm are perhaps the best things in it. Regarded as a love story, there is but one good scene in the book—a scene that in a very humble way, recalls the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, and is probably imitated from it. Through the rest of the little volume the love story goes haltingly. There are tedious *longueurs*, and flimsy misunderstandings are needlessly spun out. It is by no means one of the best of the "Pseudonym Series."

*P'tit Homme*[2] is one of the late Adolphe Belot's stories of crime and its detection. It is by no means one of his best; for, though there is both interest and amusement to be got from it, the action is occasionally slow and halting, a grave flaw in a novel of incident. But, such as it is, now that Gaborian, de Boisgobey, and Belot are gone, we can think of no living authors who could supply the same thing so good.

In *Ces Bons Docteurs!*[3] Gyp has brought Molière's satire on the medical profession "up to date." But she has continued the work of her great predecessor with a lighter hand than his, and with less *parti pris*—with none at all, indeed. She mocks many of her "docteurs," but quite good-naturedly. Her chapters, each describing a different type of doctor, are cast in dramatic form; every chapter is a separate *saynète*, headed with the names and descriptions of the personages, and of the *mis-en-scène*. After that, everything proceeds by dialogue; the author disappears. It is exceedingly witty, and often humorous too, and wonderfully true to life. It is not all quite suitable reading *pour les jeunes personnes*. Gyp really has "no hem on her garment!" But she is very amusing, and well knows how to provoke *le rire lippu des hommes*.

[1] Pseudonym Library. *Green Tea.* A Love Story. By W. Schellenberger London: T. Fisher Unwin.

[2] *P'tit Homme: Roman Parisian.* Par Adolphe Belot. Paris: Dentu. 1892.

[3] *Ces Bons Docteurs!* Par Gyp. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1892.

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M. de Neuville's *Histoire Anecdotique des Marionnettes Modernes*[1] is a charmingly written book. First, he gives the history of modern puppets and puppet shows of all kinds and all nations. Our English "Punch and Judy" are not forgotten, and the queer Turkish version of "Punch," even more lawless and disreputable than our own old favourite, and far more triumphantly successful in his rascalities. There is a detailed account of the "Guignol Lyonnais," which is a thing *per se* with a *répertoire* of its own. Then we come to the well-known Parisian "Guignol," which most English people, in these travelled days, have seen for themselves in the Champs Elysées and elsewhere. Under the head of "Le Théâtre de Nohant," we have a full account of Maurice Sand's refined and elaborate entertainments—the very ideal of puppet shows. Next we have a pleasant notice of the "Petit Théâtre," which gave but occasional entertainments, got up by a group of clever young artists and *littérateurs*, some of whom subsequently became famous, but who are all now dispersed or dead. And, last of all, we come to the history of M. de Neuville's own puppets, for which he invented the name of "Pupazzi" as a distinguishing title. The story of their gradual evolution and *perfectionnement*, from the time when their clever inventor first cut out some little figures from the illustrated comic papers, to amuse his sick child, is most interesting; and the brilliant success to which they and their author have attained—on several occasions they have been exhibited by command before Royal audiences—is very simply and modestly related. What greatly adds to the wonder and interest of the whole thing, is that M. de Neuville has been from the first his own stage carpenter, sculptor, modeller, scene painter, *costumier*, and author; though in no single one of these arts, except perhaps the last, had he any experience, nor was he conscious of any special aptitude, till it was developed by necessity. One point on which M. de Neuville strongly insists has impressed itself deeply on our mind. It is that no mechanism for working puppets, however ingeniously contrived, equals the original primitive method of imparting life and movement to the little actors, straight from the fingers of the operator. One finger, working within the hollow shell of the doll, represents one of the interlocutors; another finger, the other. With a little practice, the fingers enter into the spirit of the thing, and wag their heads and make other gestures appropriate to the dialogue, without, M. de Neuville assures us, any conscious mandate from the brain of the operator. It is, in truth, like all very fine and delicate handiwork, done by "unconscious cerebration." We read here that the exhibitor has only to declaim the dialogue, with appropriate changes of voice and intonation, and the fingers do the rest automatically. M. de Neuville says he has often been a passive and pleased spectator of the unexpected passion,

[1] *Histoire Anecdotique des Marionnettes Modernes.* Par Lemercier de Neuville, avec un Préface de Jules Claretie, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1892.

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*verve* and humour, which have flowed spontaneously from his own fingers. We certainly are "fearfully and wonderfully made." There is mind and soul in the finger-tips of a man, in the trunk of an elephant, and in the antennæ of an ant.

Nowhere, perhaps, does M. Pierre Loti's peculiar gift of poetical prose-romance receive more characteristic illustration than in *Fantôme d'Orient*.[1] The strange, wild, hopeless love-quest, undertaken after ten years of oblivion, or at least of occasional spasmodic, remorseful remembrance, has something so shadowy about it that one can hardly imagine its culminating in actual journeying, with such prosaic accessories as trains and steamboats. And yet before the journey begins, there are manifestations of that most solid of all realities—strong, deep, genuine, emotion. As, for instance, when he takes from its almost forgotten hiding-place the amulet that his poor little Turkish sweetheart had worked for him in the old days, when separation and oblivion were mere idle words. And ever as he nears the scenes of his youthful romance, these waves of strong, tender, love, and yearning pity for the irrecoverable past, increase in violence and frequency. In his subsequent world-wide professional wanderings, M. Loti's life had, if we may judge from certain dark allusions, been ordered (or disordered) somewhat after the manner described in the old English sea-song :

> "A spanking wife at Portsmouth Gate,
> A pigmy at Goree,
> An orange-tawny up the Strait,
> And a black at San Lucie."

But ever his heart would seem to have reverted tenderly to that early love-episode—that was something more than an episode—when, by the shores of the Bosphorus, he wooed and won his beloved "Aziyadi" (he never reveals her real name), and for months they lived in hiding, carrying their lives in their hand. Loti—then an unknown and all but penniless "aspirant"—adopted, for better concealment, the native dress, and, as he could speak the popular dialect, he was able to live the life of the people, in the Turkish quarter of old Stamboul. The story of his search for his lost "Aziyadi"—living or dead, but dead he feels sure—through all the well-remembered scenes of departed joys, reads like the intricate, illusive adventures of an opium dream, yet not altogether; for, alternating with the exotic gorgeousness and unspeakable squalor, there are homely touches of honest human affection and poignant sorrow, such as, we suspect, no opium pill can create. We will not blunt the reader's interest by entering more minutely into the details of the elusive but resolutely followed quest, much less will we hint at its ending. For such readers as like it at all, *Fantôme d'Orient* is a book every line of which will be dwelt upon and *savouré*.

[1] *Bibliothèque Contemporaine: Fantôme d'Orient.* Par Pierre Loti, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1892.

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Another book by the same brilliant writer is *Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort.*[1] The first half of the volume is in M. Loti's best vein. *Le chagrin d'un vieux Forçat* is the touching story, told in few and simple words, of an old convict, on the point of being embarked at Brest for La Nouvelle Calédonie, whose one friend—a tame sparrow—is drowned before his eyes. And *La vie de deux chattes* is charming, especially the earlier part, where "Moumonte Chinoise," sole survivor from a captured pirate junk, takes refuge with the young lieutenant, obstinately attaches herself to him, and shares his cabin during the rest of the long cruise. His unfailing tenderness and care for the poor, forlorn, mangy, little beast, makes one feel that whatever nonsense there is about Pierre Loti—and there is not a little—under all his *faux airs* of despair, and morbid, half-unreal melancholy, there is that best of qualities, a kind heart. But, towards the end, the book falls off; it is made up of odds and ends—*réclames* for charitable institutions, and other *pièces de circonstance*, that are more fitted for circulation as what are now known as "leaflets" than as a component part of a volume of *Belles Lettres.*

To any one but a Frenchman it seems incredibly absurd that two young people, in all respects suited to make each other happy, should be unable to marry, because, forsooth, one is French and the other German. Yet, on this silly national grudge against their conquerors, whom, be it remembered, they themselves provoked to the contest, the whole plot of *Faut-il Aimer?*[2] turns. It might have been—it seems as if it must be—a pleasant, joyous story; but it is distorted into a tragedy in deference to wounded French vanity, which gilds impotent rancour with the name of patriotic virtue. There is something in the French character strangely favourable to the germination and development of that bitter weed, *le râté haineux!* M. Léon de Tinseau's clever romance, with its well-drawn characters, and its unsensational, yet interesting, story, is, whether intentionally or not, we cannot say, a *reductio ad absurdum* of the senseless Germanophobia for which the lapse of years seems to have no healing virtue.

In *Le Cas de Georges d'Arrell*[3] the problem is at once more complicated and more real; in truth it is insoluble. The lovers are kept apart by the misconduct, almost amounting to crime, of those nearest and dearest to them. It is a good specimen of the *roman d'analyse*, for not only is the analysis conducted with unusual truth and subtlety, but the characters for once are worth analysing. Though guilty of one hideous lapse from virtue, and even from honour, the principal character, Guy Forgeron, is a man in a hundred, of exceptional vigour of mind as of body, and full of noble qualities. But

[1] *Bibliothèque Contemporaine: La Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort.* Par Peierr Loti. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1891.
[2] *Faut-il Aimer?* Par Léon de Tinseau. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1892.
[3] *Le Cas de Georges d'Arrell.* Par Dick May. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1892.



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the analytical novel is at best a dreary thing, and *Le Cas de Georges d'Arrell* is joyless and hopeless from the first chapter. For the unusually close relationship and life-long intimacy of the actors, their mutual respect and esteem, ever at war with their just indignation, and all the horrors of a thoroughly false position, which yet cannot be shaken off, create, as we have already said, an insoluble problem. It is a book whose very excellence makes against it; for if the presentment of the various characters was less masterly, they would be less interesting, and their bitter griefs—entirely undeserved in the case of the young lovers—would be less poignant to read of.

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## POETRY.

By the publication of *The Hell of Dante Alighieri*,[1] Mr. A. J. Butler brings to a conclusion his excellent prose translation of the *Divina Commedia*, having chosen, for various reasons, to approach last the first, and least delightful, of the three books of the poem. His version of the *Purgatory* was published fully eleven years ago, and he is therefore to be felicitated on having, at length, brought such prolonged and arduous labours to a successful end. Mr. Butler speaks with warm praise of his predecessors of the present century—not only of Cary, whose position is so firmly established, but of Dr. Plumptre, Dr. Moore, Mr. F. K. Hazelfoot, and of Dr. Carlyle's version of the *Inferno*, which he modestly declares "of course remains the standard prose translation." He can indeed well afford to be appreciative, for his own work is most scholarly and complete, both as regards text and commentary, embodying the recent results of Dante criticism, whether philological, historical, or biographical, and giving evidence of a wide comparative reading, and a profound study of twelfth-century thought and circumstance. For, as Mr. Butler plaintively observes, Dante was so deeply versed in the knowledge and science of his time, that it is impossible to put forth a really adequate edition of his works without having read everything that Dante can have read, and being as familiar as he was with the events, great and small, of his age. With such a counsel of perfection in his mind, it is not surprising that Mr. Butler has done well, and given us the most serviceable close translation of the poet that has yet been written. The text is not encumbered with jejune explanations or endless variorum readings, but the translator has concentrated his efforts on reproducing Dante's meaning in lucid, exact, and poetical English. Of course, there are

[1] *The Hell of Dante Alighieri.* Edited, with Translation and Notes, by Arthur John Butler. Macmillan & Co.

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blemishes from time to time, as where (on page 129) *palude pingue* is rendered "*thick* marsh"; for though this is not a blunder, such a slight want of aptness may make the difference between a flat and a spirited rendering of a passage. But in noticing so lengthy a work this is hypercriticism, for Mr. Butler in general renders the intentions of his author with a truth and point which enable us to bear well in mind that we are reading the translation of a great poem. The admirable yet simple plan of his volume allows the English and Italian to be compared at a glance; while in reading a poet of so much difficulty, it is a relief rather than an annoyance to have the attention directed to short elucidatory notes, printed in clear legible type at the foot of each page. The convenience of Mr. Butler's arrangement inspires the unscholarly reader with a warm sense of gratitude towards an interpreter who shows so much consideration, and spares all possible fatigue to mind and eyesight. The capital glossary at the end does not claim to be exhaustive, though it appears to supply all that is needed by a student for an intelligent comprehension of the various shades of meaning, expressed by the words under consideration.

The latest published volume of the "Canterbury Poets" Series, *Cavalier and Courtier Lyrists*,[1] has the advantage of dealing with writers who are peculiarly adapted, both in form and matter, for representation in a collection of short pieces. Poets such as Rochester, Sedley, Brome, Dorset, Suckling, and Lovelace could, in fact, hardly be otherwise dealt with for the general public; and together with such men as Carew, Waller, Drummond, and Cowley, show to great advantage when only their very best is brought forward. The selection is made from among the minor poets who wrote between the accession of Charles I. and the death of Charles II., thus covering those stirring central years of the seventeenth century which Mr. F. T. Palgrave considers "as barren for inspiration of new song as the Wars of the Roses," though he admits that great survivors from earlier years did much to "mask this sterility." The cavalier poets, it is true, do not

> "Scatter their loose notes on the waste of air"

with the "sweet and gracious fluency" of the Elizabethans; but, if rather more mannered and artificial, they have a compensating advantage in their greater brilliance, finish, and elegance. Their "airy trifles," negligently thrown off, as they would have us believe, by men of fashion, with whom it was the mode to be witty, were really often composed with a "minute and curious care." Dorset, for instance, might cause it to be understood that his famous song, "To all you ladies now on land," was tossed off on the eve of an

[1] *Cavalier and Courtier Lyrists:* an Anthology of Seventeenth Century Minor Verse. Edited, with an Introduction, by W. H. Dircks; and Notes by E. Sharwood Smith. London: Walter Scott.

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engagement; but there is, nevertheless, some evidence that the noble lord had deigned to occupy himself with the verses for nearly a week previously. The poems in the present volume are mostly love-songs—the "Manly Heart" of the Roundhead, George Wither, being admitted to the place it deserves in spite of its author's politics. Herrick is omitted, as having a whole volume to himself in the series, while the selections from Donne, it is announced, were too late for the press. The Editor (Mr. W. H. Dircks) earnestly disclaims any intention of making a representative anthology of the poets of the age, or even one that shall include all the best lyrics of those authors to whom he gives a place. He admits that his choice is "sufficiently arbitrary and capricious," and directed merely to serve as an index to some characteristic poetic tendencies and qualities of the time. Mr. Dircks has, in fact, to some extent, followed the principle on which George Eliot confesses she used to order dinner, and given us what he likes himself—the result being most attractive. This very small volume for popular use, designed, as Defoe would say, to "wheedle in" those "who care but for a little reading at a time," to an appreciation of Caroline poetry, is extremely well adapted to its purpose. In almost every case the best short songs of each writer are given, often boldly, though intelligently, divested of their superfluous or less admirable stanzas, the omissions being always scrupulously recorded in a note. This pruning is, in general, most successful, as, for example, in Sir Charles Sedley's "Love still has something of the sea," of which the first three stanzas form by themselves an exquisite and complete little lyric; though, on the other hand, Cowley's amusing, if too lengthy, "Chronicle" entirely loses its character through being cut down to two stanzas only. The Editor, however, bears well in mind that he is dealing with men whose poetical fame has sometimes been handed down almost solely through the inspired felicity of some particular couplet or stanza, and he in one instance devotes a whole page to a single precept of Thomas Randolph:

> "Thy credit wary keep, 'tis quickly gone;
> Being got by many actions, lost by one."

The book is furnished with a useful Biographical Index of Writers, giving dates and the main facts of the poets' lives, and has an interesting short Preface, by the Editor.

*Brooklyn Fancies*,[1] by Amelia Kempshall Wing, is a modest little volume, unmistakably American in manner, and written by a kind-hearted woman, of genuine feeling and distinct perception of natural beauty. The longest poem in the book is an occasional one, addressed to the Alumnæ Society of Ingham University, Le Roy, N.Y., where the writer appears to have been herself a student. In this poem, as

[1] *Brooklyn Fancies*. By Amelia Kempshall Wing. George Tremlett, 306 Fulton Street.

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well as in other pieces, she shows sympathy with the modern movement by which women have 'Scaled man's heaven, and stolen his sacred fire." The following lines, from her "Something in the Matrimonial Way," evince her sense of humour, and a happy facility of expression. We are given both the masculine and feminine conception of an eligible partner:

ONE SIDE.

"Face intellectual,
Colour and tone,
All the accompaniments
Really home grown.
* * *
Round of home duties, her
Element quite;
Pie-crust especially
Warranted light.
* * *
Little bit musical,
Able to sing
Claribel, Gabriel,
That sort of thing;
Chatty and sociable,
Likes a cigar,
Pleasant old people, too,
Pa and mamma."
* * *

THE OTHER SIDE.

"Face manly and noble,
Tender and true.
* * *
Cigars no objection,
Dogs or a horse,
But shares his amusement
With wife of course.
* * *
Well read and enlightened,
Up with the times,
Congenial companion,
Soul above dimes.
* * *

In Mr. Bailey's *Classical Poems*[1] we have some fervid and entertaining writing, to which it is difficult to do justice without more copious quotation than space will allow. This author (an American) has a seething brain, full of chaotic words and images, a pathetic faith in his own inspiration, and a grievous lack of common sense and syntax. These amazing and bewildering verses lure the reader on, confused and abashed by his incapacity to gather the drift of so much fine writing, till a moment comes when he rises in his wrath and proclaims the volume a demented scroll. In the author's preface we are informed that the "essential number" of his poems "owe their origin, first to temperamental characteristics; secondly, to the animus of a great deal of what constitutes orthodox English poetry." This is sufficiently awe-inspiring; but let us read further, where Mr. Bailey justifies his "didactic undercurrent" by great examples. "John Milton," we are told, "was too much of a scholar and a man of genius not to know the value of art in clothing his doctrines as a mere thinker of common experience; and he was too much of a scholar and a man of genius not to know the value of SHAKESPEARE to other mere thinkers of the doctrinal class, would they but see him through the eye of scholarship." We give that up; but are interested to learn that "WORDSWORTH and many of

[1] *Classical Poems.* By William Entricken Bailey. Cincinnati, O.: Robert Clarke & Co.

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his poetical contemporaries and successors . . . . show, unconsciously, a presence—a main idea, or a stray idea—in their poems akin to the inculcation of a precept or precepts," and to be assured that "the poet-laureate has an influence over his readers through a mastered craft that sublimates whatever it touches."

These are specimens of Mr. Baily's prose; let us now turn to his poetry. In "The Hero and his Wife" the "didactic undercurrent" is perceptible, for the author here inculcates (we believe) the differing duties of men and women, conceived on the basis, "I to the war, thou to the loom." The couple from which the piece takes its name have a scene, at the close of which the wife yields, and her spouse's melting mood on her submission is thus indicated:

> "Stood they face to face,
> The hero still supreme, yet softened some,
> Slowly descending to the husband's plane."

The following conception of "The Plato of the Town" is grandiloquent, if somewhat vague:

> "His intellectual being stood out large
> And bold—a giant form—on the hilltop,
> O'er carnal loneliness, above his kind.
> And men preferred it so."

The last line is ambiguous, and might mean that the townsmen preferred to have their remarkable fellow-citizen well out of the way, as no doubt they would. In "The Sybarite," a lyrical effort, we may cull still finer specimens of this author's peculiar vein:

> "Let the frontage of a villa
> View in prospects wide,
> Beauty glorified,
> Dales and fields of bobbing clover gay.
> As the tinkling bells of kine emerge
> From the distant hilltop's beck'ning verge.
>
> Let beguiling butterflies
> (Each with colour bright,
> Like a spangled sprite)
> Ramble 'mong non-seeming entities,
> And the lords of maiden roses, bees
> Lull their loves to sleep, with more than human ease."

The first volume of *The Poetic Works of Frank Cowan*,[1] another American poet, is a bulky tome, of over four hundred large-sized pages of fine glazed paper, printed in small type, and it appears from the preface that there are two more to follow! The first part of the book bears the appropriate title of *The Rime of a Rambler Twice Round the World*, and is the expression of the writer's "ravenous and insatiate greed to devour in the raw and digest as

[1] *The Poetic Works of Frank Cowan.* Greenesburgh, Pennsylvania: The Oliver Publishing House.



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much of the earth and as many of its involvings as possible." Mr. Cowan is an imitator of Walt Whitman, and closely copies some of his more obvious mannerisms; but he has raised so great a pile of rhapsodical words that it is to be feared his meaning (if he has one) will remain for ever buried beneath the cairn so elaborately erected for its preservation.

Mr. Aizlewood's *Warbeck*[1] is an historical play, partly founded upon the *Perkin Warbeck* of Ford. Though the author makes no claim to accuracy of incident, it is a conscientious and serious effort, written with the object of illustrating a somewhat neglected period of history. It is one of those plays intended to be read rather than acted, for its interest is mainly literary and historical, and the author admits that he has hardly made the attempt to adapt himself to present theatrical needs. *Warbeck* is, however, much above the average, being well written in good blank verse, and showing adequate characterisation and some dramatic skill. The hero, Warbeck, is as a whole successful, the dialogue pointed, and the scenes various and well planned. Mr. Aizlewood is not humorous and only faintly poetical, but he has written an interesting and readable play, sound in workmanship, and giving proof of imagination and constructive power.

A volume of *Pilgrim Songs*,[2] written during forty years, by J. Page Hopps, appears to be from the pen of the celebrated Nonconformist minister of that name, who is almost as well known by his political and journalistic writings as by his theological works, his sermons, addresses, and hymns. These verses are chiefly of a devotional nature, and whether lyrical, meditative, or occasional, are mainly inspired by religious feeling. They are the expression of a kindly and fervent mind, and in their form and language give evidence of the writer's long practice in composition. The rhythms are, however, in general commonplace, and, as is too often the case in sacred poetry, the ideas lose much of their freshness through the constant intrusion of stock theological phrases and imagery. Mr. Page Hopps has great sensibility, but he hardly attains the true poetic note, or rises above the level of sincerely felt devotional sentiment. The book is well turned out, and contains two portraits of the author, one as a young man, the other when considerably further advanced in his earthly "pilgrimage."

[1] *Warbeck.* A Historical Play. By John William Aizlewood, LL.B. Lond. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

[2] *Pilgrim Songs, with other Poems.* By J. Page Hopps. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate; and all booksellers.

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# THE DRAMA.

If we exclude Shakespeare, certainly the best play in London for the month of March has been Mr. Sydney Grundy's *A Fool's Paradise*, produced under the management of Mr. John Hare at the Garrick. It has been called clever by many, but the word is scarcely the one we think, descriptive of the play. *A Fool's Paradise* is successful, most especially because it is natural. There is no straining after brilliance in the dialogue, no conventional arrangement of incident in order to make the play stagy and amusing at the cost of its being real, an error into which modern drama is very apt to fall. There is a reaction against such modes of writing just now; an effort to represent life as it is off the stage, and not only as it might be under very peculiar circumstances, but still, as in all human probability, it never will be. Ibsen has made a vigorous attack on the modern conventional drama, has indeed attempted to play the same havoc with it as Wagner played with Italian Opera, though not with the same success. Ibsen, however, went rather too far. Perhaps the Scandinavian dramatist lived a little before his time; in any case, he has been unfortunate enough to offend the almighty dramatic critic, who will never forgive being bored. Ibsen is a little tedious—so is Shakespeare at times, for the matter of that; and the reason is probably because they do not attempt to ornament their dialogue with sparklingly witty repartees of an impossible nature, and in fact their dramas are as interesting as deep, and as monotonous as is real life. This will not do for the dramatic critic, who sees men and women moving, living, and having their being in gas-lit halls and through a halo of champagne.

Mr. John Hare has given us a drama, not faultless perhaps, but if anything the better for the faults. For instance, the *blague* of the Hon. Tom Verinder and Miss Mildred Selwyn somewhat marred the unity of the piece, because it in no way consciously or unconsciously affected the other incidents of the plot. It would have been "cleverer" if it had been interwoven with the rest. Moreover, there was certainly too much of what was merely introduced to be a relief to the serious drama. Yet we were not tempted to sneer, because the *blague* was natural and was well acted, and we would rather have that which is natural than the manufactured conventional, however perfect the latter may be. Mr. Sydney Grundy has a good

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story to tell, and he tells it well. The interest lies in the story, and in the delineation of character.

At the opening scene, Philip Selwyn, the fool, expatiates on the happiness of his situation in life. He is married to a most charming wife, has money and position, and everything he can wish for, except that, though there is nothing definite the matter with him, he is failing in health. He sends for the friendly fashionable doctor, Sir Peter Lund, M.D., F.R.S., the character impersonated by Mr. John Hare. Mr. Hare is inimitable in the part. His professional rudeness is very attractive. His cynical contempt for the profession of which he is an ornament is delightful. Query: "Tell me, doctor, what is the matter with me?" Reply: "How can I do that until you have told me." However, the doctor soon has his suspicions aroused. An artful designing woman is Beatrice Selwyn, the wife of Philip, who has had her little romances and a questionable little history before she entered into the married state. She had, indeed, had an intrigue with Lord Normantower, and had thrown him over on account of his poverty. His lordship's position was not satisfactory to her, unless accompanied with an ample account at the bank. She had, however, made one gross mistake in her intrigue. She had neglected the fact that she had really fallen deeply in love. She subsequently found herself possessed of the necessary wealth, but also attached to a husband for whom she cared nothing at all. She formed the desperate resolve to free herself by slowly poisoning Philip, having first of all persuaded him to leave her his sole legatee. But here the plot thickens. The wily doctor sends Kate Derwent to nurse the invalid, and Lord Normantower, who is staying in the house, promptly falls in love with her to the bitter vexation of Beatrice. Kate Derwent, it turns out, is also the rightful heiress of Philip's property, for Philip and she are both the children of the same father by a bigamous alliance, but Kate is the offspring of the earlier marriage. Sir Peter was in possession of the secret, and contrary to the wishes of Kate, divulges it to Philip, who, at once is desirous of making restitution to the injured and rightful owner of the property. The moment is sorely perplexing to the designing Beatrice, who decides to hurry on the murder in time to prevent any change in the will. The attempt is discovered, is frustrated and Beatrice Selwyn poisons herself instead.

Here are the elements of a powerful play. The main plot is admirable, some of the minor details are, however, weak. Too much is left to the imagination at the fall of the curtain. The last scene between Lord Normantower and Kate ends in a very serious quarrel, which, given the puritanical and virtuous character of Katherine, would not be made up in a hurry. Lord Normantower has been playing the part of an astute Macchiavelli, and does so with the success of a blundering Englishman. He endeavours



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to ascertain from the blunt doctor, the very last person he should have approached for such a purpose, the exact chances of his intended to inherit the property, and Miss Derwent is intently listening to the interview from an adjoining conservatory.

The acting, in our opinion, with the exception of that of Mr. John Hare, was in inverse ratio with the requirements of the dramatic situations. Thus, in the first act, as the artful, designing, unscrupulous, but charming lady of fashion, but before the plot had, so to speak, drifted into an acute stage, in which the part of a strong-minded woman driven desperate has to be played, Miss Nethersole was all that could be desired; but with the succeeding scenes she became more and more unequal to the task, until at the end of the second act, as the doctor informs her that the medicine he has prescribed for her husband is arsenic, and she lets fall the glass she is holding in terror—at this point she failed in a situation which is intensely dramatic, and which could only be successfully performed by a woman of immense *verve*. Miss Nethersole failed in intensity of expression, and in attitude, and rather threw the glass down than let it fall from her hand. The character Miss Rorke undertook was far easier, and she acquitted herself well, especially in the first act. Such are the criticisms we are disposed to make of *A Fool's Paradise* at the Garrick Theatre; but we wish the reader, while noting them, to bear in mind the remark we have already made, that Mr. Sydney Grundy's play is the chief theatrical event of the month.

Now, *Lady Windermere's Fan* at the St. James's Theatre is precisely the reverse. It is an exceedingly "clever" play. It is indeed, all those things which, as we have been trying to explain, *A Fool's Paradise* is not. Mr. Oscar Wilde is nothing unless brilliant and witty. He has written in a light satirical vein, cultured and refined, and in good taste. There is no particular point about his characters, but they serve as mouths to enunciate the author's exquisitely funny remarks on society; and this is all that was expected of them. The St. James's Theatre is, to Mr. Wilde, what the charitable institution is to the amateur dramatic company, a means to an end. Though the remarks of the cynical young men about town, and the garrulous duchess of Berwick, may show a keen appreciation of the vices of society, we are inclined to think that a drama conceived on the lines of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, though successful for once, should not be attempted too often, for really, clever and entertaining as it undoubtedly is, it is scarcely a play at all! Mr. Alexander was much perplexed, and did not come up to our expectations in consequence. He was condemned to be good, which was very hard considering the shallow, insincere, cynical throng in which he was mixed up. He is made to do various very silly things in the interests of justice, and evinces throughout the

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play the knowledge of the world of the average country curate. This is, of course, the author's fault, not his; but why need Mr. Alexander make the simile more striking by adopting a slightly pulpit style of oratory in all the earnest passages? Here is a question to which there seems no reply. Indeed, we should not have been much surprised had he, on more than one occasion, finished his speech with the ominous words, "and here endeth the first lesson." That is only one aspect of the question; there are others by which *Lady Windermere's Fan* may be condemned. It is very improbable—impossible, one might almost add. Surely a good moral woman, such as Lady Windermere is made out to be, would not desert her husband because of the mere gossip of a scandalmongering old lady. Lord Windermere also would never have allowed matters to come to a crisis without taking his wife into confidence, and explaining to her a little sooner, her relationship with Mrs. Erlynne. But this is not Mr. Wilde's idea. He is anxious to express to the world his reflections on things in general, to lash the petty vices of people of fashion, and does not, in the least, wish to tell a good story. So the plot does not matter, as the whole interest lies in the conversation, which is as if many Wildes, male and female, were talking together. So far, then, the author is successful. The dialogue is exquisitely funny, is satirical without being aggravating to the audience. It is biting, and at the same time genial and good-humoured.

Everything turns upon one character—that of Mrs. Erlynne, who earlier in life made a *faux pas* from which she is endeavouring to extricate herself with an admirable courage, which is very embarrassing to the people of fashion among whom, with the help of Lord Windermere, she has succeeded in thrusting herself. The Duchess of Berwick informs Lady Windermere of what the world is saying. She promptly opens her husband's escritoire, in the confiding manner peculiar to married women, finds cheques to Mrs. Erlynne with her husband's signature upon them, and decides upon openly insulting Mrs. Erlynne at a dance at their house that evening. All this because she does not know that Mrs. Erlynne is her mother. She does not know this interesting fact even at the end of the play. Lady Windermere has a devoted admirer in Lord Darlington, a man no better than he ought to be, to say the least of it. She leaves her husband's house because she is so virtuous she can no longer abide there, and retires to Lord Darlington's rooms! Mrs. Erlynne follows her, and persuades her to retrace her steps. Too late; Lord Darlington and friends, among them Lord Windermere, are heard approaching the door. The ladies hide behind the curtains, and a very long but exceedingly amusing conversation takes place on general topics between the young men. At the end of it Lady Windermere's fan is

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discovered, and Mrs. Erlynne, to screen her daughter, hastily shows herself, and explains that she has taken the fan by mistake from Lady Windermere's house.

Now, all is reversed at the home of the Windermeres. Lord Windermere has been deceived, and will not allow Mrs. Erlynne into the house. Lady Windermere takes the opposite view. Consequently, re-enter Mrs. Erlynne. She has a touching interview with her daughter, and explains that as her hopes can never now be realised, she intends retiring to the Continent. She leaves the stage, having explained herself to her own admirer, Lord Augustus Lorton, and made it all right with him; and, Lord Windermere, ejaculating that Mrs. Erlynne is a very clever woman, whilst her ladyship insists that she is a very good woman, the curtain falls.

We give this brief outline of the plot in order to elucidate our previous criticisms, for such of our readers as have not yet been to see *Lady Windermere's Fan* at the St. James's. To any one interested in plays we certainly say, if you have not yet been to see it, go at once. You will be well entertained by an original, clever, and ridiculous piece portraying London society as seen through the spectacles of Mr. Oscar Wilde.

The enthusiastic reception accorded to Dvorak's *Requiem* at the Albert Hall on the evening of March 23rd, may safely be recorded as a landmark in the career of that eminent musician. He has been called the greatest religious composer of the age, and though we could scarcely endorse the remark without doing an injustice to M. Gounod, still we may go so far as to say that in the *Requiem Mass* Dvorak has fully sustained the reputation he had acquired by his *Stabat Mater*. He is fully imbued with the religious spirit, and well able to interpret the sublime thoughts of the *Dies Iræ* with musical expressions equally sublime.

The Recordare and Offertory are deserving of especial commendation, but the number of surpassing excellence was undoubtedly the Agnus Dei. It was unexpected that the composer would expend so much genius on the short prayer, and many had risen to depart after the closing sounds of the fugue had died away, thinking that the work was practically ended. The Agnus Dei can only be described as of exquisite beauty, the feelings of the audience being wrought by its plaintive strains to a pitch of ecstasy mingled with agony.

This is all we have space to say of Dvorak's last religious work. As to the performance at the Albert Hall, the chorus was good, but the orchestra was unwieldy and never well in hand. However, it was the first performance in London of the *Requiem;* and, no doubt, with succeeding representations (and the work is likely to become a popular one) the faults will be remedied. The rendering of the solos by Madame Nordica, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Iver McKay, and Mr. Watkin Mills, was adequate throughout, but calls for no special mention.

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# "THE GREAT WEST" OF AUSTRALIA.

AFTER a residence of nearly seven years in Australia and two trips out and home, I am convinced that not more than one in thousands of the passengers who proceed from England to that vast island-continent or New Zealand, can claim any personal acquaintance with the greatest colony, territorially, of the Australian group, beyond touching at Albany, the local port of call for ocean-going steamers. Western Australia immensely surpasses in area every other colony included in the 3,030,506 square miles comprising the whole extent of Australia. The following figures supply the comparative dimensions of the five colonies into which Australia is at present divided:

| | Population. | | Square miles. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Victoria . . . | 1,125,000 | ... | 87,884 |
| New South Wales . | 1,130,000 | ... | 310,700 |
| Queensland . . | 420,000 | ... | 668,497 |
| South Australia . | 330,000 | ... | 903,425 |
| Western Australia . | 53,000 | ... | 1,060,000 |
| | 3,058,000 | | 3,030,506 |

From this computation it appears that Western Australia enjoys the unique distinction of containing more than one-third of the whole territory of Australia, while its population, singularly enough, is in the inverse ratio, being by far the smallest of any Australasian [1] colony. This disparity seems the more striking when it is remembered that its first settlement by Europeans took place six years before a white family was established in any other Australian colony, with the sole exception of New South Wales. If the whole of Australia were divided into 100 equal parts, Western Australia would be represented by 34, South Australia by 30, Queensland by 23, New South Wales by 10, and Victoria by 3; the first-named of these colonies being eleven times larger than the last. The imagination may be further aided in realising the magnitude of the dependency with which we are at present concerned. The territory of Australia is a trifle larger than the United States of North America, omitting Alaska, which was recently purchased by the

[1] Australasia includes Tasmania, New Zealand, and (according to some) Fiji.



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Washington Government from Russia; while Western Australia equals in area one-third of the United States, its greatest length being 1280 miles from north to south, and its greatest breadth from east to west 800 miles.

It is rare that the irony of fate is so curiously illustrated in the history of a new country as in the case of Western Australia. The portion of Australia which first caught the eye of the Portuguese explorer, Menezes, when he discovered the continent 243 years before Cook brought to light the existence of Botany Bay, was the coast of Western Australia. In that long interval of time, the most notable features of the western coast engaged the attention of a few Dutch explorers, whose visits were separated from each other by widely distant periods of time. Before the end of the sixteenth century, Houtman, who projected the Dutch East India Company, had given his name to the Abrolhos islands on the western coast, which they still retain. Early in the seventeenth century the *Endraght* of Amsterdam came upon Shark's Bay, and Dorre island was named after her pilot. Cape Leeuwin (lioness), the first Australian land sighted by the great modern European steam liners coming down from Ceylon to Albany, and plying between England and Australia, was so named after the vessel from whose deck it was first seen in 1622. De Witt, captain of the *Vianen*, gave his name to the land lying northward. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, Dampier examined the north and west coasts of the colony in the *Roebuck*, and Vlaming discovered and named the Swan River. For nearly a century afterwards the work of exploration round the Australian coast was entirely suspended. The next event of importance was Cook's discoveries on the eastern side in 1770. But not until twenty-one years subsequently was the veil of silence which had hung over Western Australia lifted. Exactly a century ago last year, Vancouver entered and named King George's Sound.

Attempts to found settlements in Western Australia date back to 1826, when the Governor of New South Wales sent a detachment of the 39th Regiment to occupy King George's Sound, and in the following year H.M.S. *Success*, under Captain Stirling, was instructed to select a location for settlement on the west coast. The vessel having anchored off the mouth of Swan River, the officers proceeded in boats to explore the river towards its source. In 1829, Captain Stirling was appointed by the Governor of New South Wales Lieutenant-Governor, on the understanding that steps should at once be taken to found the colony of Western Australia. At the close of 1830, 1000 settlers had landed in thirty vessels, having in their possession in the aggregate £140,000. Extensive tracts of land, convenient to the coast, were granted to these pioneers, in

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proportion to the amount of money brought by them into the colony. But, for the most part, they turned out to be totally unfit to bear the privations incident to life in a new settlement. Many of them left the country in disgust, but retained their interest in the lands which had been allotted to them. When succeeding settlers arrived, they failed to obtain land easy of access from the coast, and the small population that remained became, in consequence, scattered over a wide area. The development of the colony was further retarded in 1851 and subsequent years by the departure of large numbers of settlers to the then newly discovered gold mines of Victoria. So general was this "rush" from Western Australia that for a time it was feared the colony would be completely depopulated. To such extremities were the inhabitants who tarried behind reduced, for want of labour of all kinds, that they petitioned the Home authorities to send out convicts to assist them. In 1857, and for some years afterwards, this class continued to be despatched from England, until the total reached about 7000. It was through their agency that the town-hall of Perth and several other public buildings were erected, including, I believe, the Anglican Cathedral of the colony. Many of these involuntary exiles performed their work well, and some of them are still to be found among the largest and most successful farmers in the colony, for the most part respected by all who know them. The descendants of others of them may be seen in all directions, occupying respectable positions, and, as in New South Wales and Tasmania, the convict question is one that would be deemed most indiscreet for a visitor to raise in casual conversation, as he never knows but that the very person he is addressing may be in some way related to the class on whom he may perhaps be, unintentionally, casting a slur.

With these facts before us, we should not unnaturally have anticipated that Western Australia would be the first Australian colony to attract immigrants. Exploration up to a certain date had been longer and more extensively prosecuted on the coasts of Western Australia than in the eastern section of the continent. Fremantle and Albany, the chief ports, are 2000 miles nearer Europe than Sydney, and 1500 miles nearer than Melbourne is. The soil for agricultural and pastoral purposes is not less productive than in New South Wales, and in many quarters it will compare favourably with the best in Victoria or South Australia. There is no product cultivated in Queensland that would not equally thrive in Western Australia. Droughts are less severe in the latter colony than elsewhere in Australia, and the rainfall, on the whole, is more abundant than it is in the eastern colonies. As regards the northern territory of Western Australia, in which large tracts are devoted to wool-growing, I was told by squatters that sheep fatten in a season of drought on plants

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known as saltbush and spinnifex, which abound in that region, the latter not being met with eastward. It is a significant fact, which tells in no way against the future of Western Australia, that it is not the only colony in the group which presented a repellent aspect to the first Europeans who went there to found settlements. In 1808 Captain Collins was despatched in charge of a cargo of convicts, under instructions from the Home Government to land them inside the great inlet leading up to what is now known as Hobson's Bay, in Victoria. The vessel came to anchor opposite Queenscliff, near to the fashionable watering-place now called Sorrento. Exploring parties were sent in various directions to search for land round the estuary capable of supporting the proposed settlement. But they returned with the same disappointing tale that nothing was to be met with but arid sand wastes covered with scrub, and eucalyptus forests; and that they saw no prospect of raising supplies of any sort for man or beast. Yet, when Major Mitchell, the first white man who crossed from New South Wales through the Port Phillip district, nearly thirty years afterwards, passed *en route* to the seaboard not many miles from where Captain Collins came to anchor, he named the region *Australia Felix* from the fertility of the soil and the beauty of the climate! The very region over which the spacious suburbs of Melbourne now extend, and which blooms with productive market gardens, the new arrivals from England at the dawn of the century regarded as a *Sahara*. It was not until long after the convict settlement was established at Botany Bay, upwards of a century ago, that those who directed its affairs could be convinced that New South Wales was fit for pastoral or agricultural purposes, although to-day it teems with sheep-runs, vineyards, orange groves, and wheat fields. Aspersion of Western Australia as a God-forsaken *Baca*, in like fashion is still heard in the eastern colonies and in England. But the late Sir Frederick Weld, a former Governor, who knew the country better than most men, truly said, in reply to the prejudiced assertion that the soil of the colony was "mere sand," "If that be so, I can testify from personal observation that it is sand which will grow anything if it only gets water." Respecting large tracts of country which I had opportunities of inspecting by rail and waggon, I am prepared to confirm that statement, although it is not, of course, contended that all parts are fertile. Nor is there any reason to believe that Western Australia is less rich in metals and minerals than colonies which, up to the present, record the largest output of gold, silver, tin, copper, antimony, and coal. Eight years ago the existence of gold was hardly suspected in the colony. But last year the amount of that metal entered for export was £115,181, obtained largely in the Yilgarn, Murchison, and Kimberley districts. Stream tin mines are being worked contiguous to Bunbury in the south-west, and there is no reason to doubt that other elements of

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wealth will soon be unearthed to capital and enterprise which will ultimately command the attention of the civilised world. If the remarkable discoveries of the precious metal which have recently taken place in this colony had only been made in Mashonaland, peers and commoners would have vied with each other for shares in the mining ventures. Yet in the strange chapter of accidents it has happened that the tide of immigration from Europe has rolled past Western Australia to the opposite side of the continent. Against three millions of inhabitants to the east of the South Australian border there are only 50,000 to the west of it.

Up to 1870 the population did not exceed 24,785, and in the five subsequent years the total increase only amounted to 1924. Indeed, so recently as 1888 there was a decrease of 351 upon the population of the preceding year. The satisfactory results of mining operations, however, especially where the limited number of men employed and the small amount of capital invested are taken into account, are beginning to attract notice in all the eastern colonies. A steady flow of miners has set in from Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland, and of farmers from South Australia. It may reasonably be hoped therefore that the movement of population will in future be steadily upward, without any such retrogression as has sometimes occurred in the past. The apparent indisposition of people looking out for a place of settlement to consider the claims of Western Australia is the more remarkable as the country has no drawback on the score of health. From what I saw in the towns and in pastoral and agricultural localities which I visited, and from what was told me by trustworthy residents who had lived many years on the extreme northern plains, and by others who had travelled eastward, and by others still who had been sheep farmers in the south-east of the colony, I should conclude that it was one of the most healthy countries in the world. In such a splendid climate, even where heat is greatest, if only one inherits a sound constitution, and ordinary care is exercised as to eating, drinking, cleanliness, purity of air, sanitation, and general moderation in living, there is no necessity for death to arise from any cause except old age. During the nine years preceding 1889, the death-rate per 1000 of the mean population only exceeded 17 four times; the highest point touched in that space being 21·87, and the lowest 13·24. In 1890 the death-rate was only 11·96, which is the lowest recorded in twenty years. If an opinion may be formed on one's experience of social life in the colony, there can be little room for doubt that, provided the limits within which ardent spirits are used were more restricted, longevity in all classes would be even more marked than it is.

The following table is prepared from an epitome of results of observations taken at various meteorological stations ranging between latitude 15·27 and 35·02 south, showing temperature and rainfall:

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| Stations. | Latitude South. | Temperature in Shade. | | | | | Rainfall in Inches. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | Mean. | Highest Max. | Date. | Lowest Min. | Date. | Total Fall. | No. of Rainy Days. |
| Wyndham . . | 15·27 | 87 | 113 | Nov. 30 | 51 | July 4 | 32·18 | 88 |
| Derby. . . . | 17·18 | 85 | 115 | Jan. 3 | 50 | {Jy. 6, 19, 25} | 37·67 | 76 |
| Onslow . . . | 21·43 | 75 | 114 | Dec. 14 | 44 | Aug. 2 | 18·57 | 24 |
| Carnarvon . . | 24·52 | 72 | 112 | Mar. 11 | 41 | July 23 | 10·98 | 47 |
| Geraldton . . | 28·46 | 66 | 102 | Jan. 28 | 40 | July 20 | 23·48 | 80 |
| York . . . . | 31·53 | 63 | 108 | Feb. 8 | 31 | Aug. 1 | 19·99 | 110 |
| Perth . . . . | 31·57 | 63 | 107 | Jan. 7 | 36 | May 6 | 39·96 | 123 |
| Rottnest . . . | 31·59 | 63 | 100 | Jan. 7 | 41 | Oct. 3 | 42·25 | 121 |
| Fremantle . . | 32·03 | 64 | 105 | Jan. 7 | 41 | June 21 | 41·07 | 130 |
| Bunbury . . . | 33·18 | 59 | 99 | Jan. 7 | 32 | July 5 | 40·32 | 113 |
| Esperance . . | 33·50 | 62 | 113 | Feb. 11 | 35 | June 15 | 27·20 | 136 |
| Albany . . . | 35·02 | 58 | 87 | Mar. 14 | 38 | Aug. 1 | 39·76 | 98 |

The mean degree of heat, as might be expected, is greater than in Victoria, which lies between latitude 36·30 and 39·8 south, Western Australia being embraced between 14·1 and 35·2. But on the whole the climate will bear favourable comparison with that of South Australia and New South Wales; while, as a rule, it is superior to that of Queensland.

The progress of the colony may fairly be gauged by its public revenue, which for some years has shown gradual expansion. The actual amount for 1889 was £382,213; for 1890, £414,313; and for 1891 it reached £497,670. The public expenditure, although within the public income, was at the rate of over £9 18*s.* per head, which certainly is a high average for a small community in which wealth has not yet been accumulated to any appreciable extent. One of the curiosities of public outlay is an annual "Ecclesiastical Grant" from the Treasury of £3543, which entitles Western Australia to the exceptional position of being the only Australian colony as well as the only self-governing colony in the British Empire, the Government of which supports an Established Church. The public accounts also prove that it is the only colony which now expends any money upon immigration.

Another index of progress in this vast but comparatively unoccupied field of enterprise, is the variety of export trade in course of steady development, despite a sparse population and very limited capital. The most important item is wool, which amounted to £771,422 in 1890, and continues from year to year to show rapid increase. Next in point of money value are pearls and pearl shells, which combined amounted to about £126,000. The timber principally shipped from the colony is of three kinds. Jarrah, which grows nowhere but in Western Australia, is in increasing request in many countries for railway sleepers, piles for wharves and docks,

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and other submarine structures. When cut at the right season it is alike impervious to attacks from the marine worm and the white ant. Karri is not less popular for erections above ground, especially bridges, and is in active demand in the eastern colonies, Natal, and elsewhere. The export value of these two descriptions of timber reached £86,292 in the year before last. Sandalwood, the supply of which, however, comes year by year within measurable distance of exhaustion, has hitherto been in considerable demand for export to China. In that country it is extensively used for incense burnt on the Buddhist shrines, being prepared in various forms for that purpose. Oil is also extracted from it, but the ease with which it could be obtained and brought to market has proved a hindrance to the development of more lasting Colonial resources. Horse-breeding for the supply of Mauritius, Batavia, India, and the Straits Settlements is cultivated, and is likely in the future to attain considerable dimensions. Kangaroo skins are largely exported to England.

In the mining department, lead and copper were at one time produced in large quantities, but, owing to the great fall in the price of these metals, of late years the production has materially slackened, and many mines in the Northampton district are now closed. It is anticipated, however, that a revival of these industries will take place shortly. Lead ore formerly "dressed" up to 83 or 84 per cent., in any quantity. The development of the tin mines in the south-west corner of the colony has already resulted in an export of 67½ tons of ore, and it is probable that the progress of this industry will steadily advance. There is a railway, 18 miles long, from the port of Bunbury to within a short distance of the field.

Gold mining has passed through trying vicissitudes, but its progress, so recent and yet so marked, cannot fail to be a revelation to those who have not had an opportunity of watching its development. This metal was first discovered at a place called Peterwangy, contiguous to the Irwin River, north of the port of Geraldton. It was found, after many dismal predictions that it was simply impossible for gold to exist in the colony. As often happens, the first gold mines met with did not pay, and disappointed miners looked upon the alleged absence of gold in the whole country as confirmed. It was next found, however, in the form of quartz at a place within fifty miles of Albany called Kendinup, which is only about two miles from the Great Southern Railway, since constructed through that locality. The samples assayed showed very high returns, but the presence of iron pyrites in the ore rendered it refractory in the working, and appliances for extracting gold from ore of that character were then far less effective than they are now. The owners lost heart, and when I visited the reef more than a twelvemonth ago I found the shaft full of water, and the machinery erected covered with rust. Yet the Government Geologist

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is decidedly of opinion that "the reef itself and many more in the neighbourhood are of a very promising character, and there is not the slightest doubt that they will before long be again tested with success, as they are situated so conveniently for transit to the chief port of call in the colony for ocean-going steamers." But when I arrived in Australia, only about seven years ago, disbelief in the existence of gold in the colony was firmly rooted and all but universal. Hardly a single mine had been attempted to be worked, and not an ounce of gold had been taken out, although the late Mr. Hardman, who was then Government Geologist, had indicated where gold was likely to be found in the Kimberley district. Two years afterwards, in 1886, the value exported, as declared at the Customs, did not exceed £1207. In the following year it rose to £19,492; in 1889, to £58,871; in 1890, to £86,664; and as previously stated, in 1891, to £115,181. There is not the least doubt that the sums reported to Customs' officials are very far below the actual values exported. The rapidity of this auriferous development is the more remarkable when it is considered that at most only a few hundred miners are as yet at work in the whole colony. Many nuggets have been found. One of these, obtained at the Mount Mortimer diggings in the Ashburton River district, weighed 72 ozs.; on a rich patch of alluvial diggings on the Turner and the Coongan, a nugget 333 ozs. 8 dwts. was discovered; and not a great way from the same locality a nugget 8 ozs. in weight was taken from a mine called "Dead Finish."[1] A Government officer of high rank informed me that in a region inspected by himself, he rode continuously 100 miles on auriferous reefs running north and south all the way.

Kimberley was the earliest gold-producing centre to attract attention in the country, some scores of miners from the eastern colonies being induced to explore it in 1887–8. The pioneers within a limited period passed 4873 ozs. through the Customs, chiefly the product of alluvial diggings. But the district has now come to be regarded as important for the large number of its reefs, in some of which very rich ore has been found. This gold-field has an area of 47,000 square miles. According to particulars furnished by the Government warden of the mines, from a total of 4337 tons 6 cwt., 4268 ozs. 7 dwts. 5 grains of gold were taken from crushings in this locality during a brief period ending December 1890.

The next gold-field of exceptional promise is Yilgarn, the proclaimed area of which is 13,000 square miles. So important do the Government consider its future that they are about to construct a railway from Northam to the field. Success was not met with immediately in the locality referred to, but at length some surprisingly rich specimens of gold quartz were found. Further south, a small reef was struck, carrying gold through the stone. Subsequently a rich series of reefs was discovered about thirty miles to the south of

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Golden Valley, which the prospecting party named Southern Cross, from the fact of their being guided by that constellation while travelling by night to the spot. Forty miles still further south in the same direction reefs have been struck, which, according to the Government Geologist, "bid fair to eclipse all previous finds, as far as can be judged by surface indications." Fresh gold-bearing reefs have since been found between these points, extending a distance of eighty miles from north to south. Some good alluvial patches have also been worked on this field, and their richness combined with the large show of gold in the quartz at the surface would seem to point to a wide area of alluvium. Many companies, chiefly supported by Perth capital, are now at work in the different divisions of the area. The reefs, as a rule, are large and extend to a great length on the surface, splitting up into a number of leaders, most of which are rich in gold. "As a rule," the Government Geologist states, "the stone is very rich, often containing as much as six ounces of gold to the ton, and the crushings that have been made prove that there is, at any rate in one or two claims, a great mass of stone carrying about two ounces to the ton." He adds: "The proved auriferous country is over eighty miles in length, and probably extends from Austin's Lake to the south coast and eastward to Hampton Plains; and when the development of the field is assisted, as it very shortly will be, by the construction of a telegraph line and a railway, and when Government condensers and tanks remove all fears of a failing water supply, then the field should be capable of supporting a very large mining population. There cannot be the slightest doubt that this field presents one of the finest surface indications yet met with in Australia."

The "Kathleen" claim has been tested to a depth of 90 feet, and samples assayed by the Government Analyst from the bottom, went from 17½ dwts. to 9 ozs. 18 dwts. to the ton. The stone in the Water Hall is, on an average, about 3 feet in thickness, and should carry about 2¾ ozs. of gold to the ton from top to bottom. At Hope's Hill, about twenty-five miles south of Golden Valley, there is one large isolated hill composed almost entirely of quartz. Up to the end of July 1891, 779 tons of the quartz yielded 758 ozs. 12 dwts. of gold, worth £4 2*s*. 3*d*. per ounce.

On the Central Mine, 3928 tons of stone have yielded 3218 ozs. 18 dwts. of gold, worth £3 14*s*. 10*d*. per ounce. The adjoining area on the south side of the Central is Fraser's Mine. Up to the date above specified, 3121 tons had been crushed, yielding a return of 3579 ozs. 4 dwts. of gold, valued at £3 16*s*. 5*d*. per ounce. Fraser's South adjoins Fraser's on the southern end, and so far as at present tested has proved exceedingly rich. This claim has been opened up to a depth of about 70 feet, and 625 tons of stone have been crushed, yielding, up to the same date, 1009 ozs. 11 dwts.

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12 grains of gold, worth £3 13*s.* 6*d.* per ounce. Only a 10-head battery was at work. No. 1 Central Extended had no machinery erected six months ago, but there are five or six feet of stone on the hanging wall side, from which crushings have been taken, yielding 280 ozs. of gold from 160 tons of stone. The Exchange mine, from 208 tons yielded 217 ozs. 10 dwts. Blackborne's, about five miles to the south of Southern Cross, has been opened up to a depth of 85 feet on the underlay, and 71 tons of stone taken from between this and the 70-feet level yielded 142 ozs. of gold. From Toomey's claim, 41 tons gave 84 ozs. of gold, while Thorn's yielded 221 ozs. 17 dwts. from a crushing of 110 tons. Five miles to the south of Parker's Range is another batch of claims. On Mackintosh's the quartz, taken as it came from top to bottom, has yielded 878 ozs. 3 dwts. for 399 tons.

The Pilbarra gold-field is held by experts to be one of the most promising mineral areas in the colony. One of the reefs tested is 12 feet in thickness, two or three feet of which is mostly an antimony ore, rich in gold. Ten miles distant, on the Peewah Creek, there exists another series of auriferous antimony lodes; but the attention of miners having insufficient capital for quartz-mining has been diverted temporarily from this important source of supply by the attractions of alluvial diggings. At Egina and Nullagine several rich gold-bearing reefs have been found. A gold-field on the Ashburton River, 8200 square miles in extent, was proclaimed at the end of 1890, and I learn from recent private correspondence direct from Western Australia, that the alluvial field is marvellous, miners with the rudest appliances taking out from £10 to £15 a day each. At a place called "Top Camp," on the same river, some large flat bar-shaped pieces, found in ledges of a clay-slate bottom, weighed from six pounds downwards. Yet no reefs carrying gold have been discovered, although many thousands of ounces of gold have been extracted from the workings. Numerous other auriferous areas might be enumerated of a character not less promising, which are expected to prove rich and lasting. These facts are cited, for the most part, on the authority of Government officials resident in the several districts, but are not meant to convey the impression that in Western Australia mining is a lottery in which there are only prizes and no blanks. Like every other new auriferous country in the infant stage of its development, access to the mining regions is often attended with serious difficulties, although these may be expected gradually to disappear. Still, any indiscriminate "rush" to the colony by adventurers, especially without adequate means, is to be emphatically deprecated. But I have no hesitation in saying that for associated British capital, employing Kanaka or Indian labour, there exists a field for mining enterprise

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in Western Australia offering encouragement rarely to be met with in any other part of the world.

Of railway lines there are 589 miles open for traffic, 204 miles being owned by the Government. A line, 110 miles in length, has been surveyed between Perth and Bunbury, in the south-west corner of the colony. The Eastern Railway extension to the Yilgarn gold-fields, 164 miles, and 80 miles between Geraldton and Mullawa, northwards, have also been surveyed, and these additions to the railway system of the country are expected soon to be commenced.

Out of a total of 678,400,000 acres in the colony, only 5,154,673 have been disposed of to purchasers, leaving 673,245,327 acres, more or less, available for occupation. At the end of 1890, 102,603,060 acres were held under lease for grazing sheep and cattle. There is a poisonous plant in certain regions, which, however, can be cleared with the aid of Chinamen for about a shilling an acre, and under the regulations for leasing land of this description there was a total held, at the same period, amounting to 1,845,288 acres. The quantity of land held under mineral leases was 7032 acres, and there were six timber licences, giving the right to cut timber over an area of 452,640 acres. In the year referred to, the following was the return in acres of the principal crops:

| Wheat. | Oats. | Barley. | Maize. | Potatoes. | Hay. | Vines. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 33,820 | 1933 | 5322 | 81 | 510 | 23,183 | 1023 |

Cereals are chiefly cultivated south of latitude 28°; but so easily do most farmers earn a livelihood that these are not yet produced in sufficient quantity to supply the wants of the inhabitants. It ought to be stated, however, that the increase of facilities for transport by railways cannot fail to give an impetus to production on a larger scale, especially as the grain is generally regarded as of a superior quality. The average production in tons in 1890, per acre, was—of wheat, 13¾; oats, 19½; barley, 16½; potatoes, 3; and hay, 1¼. The value of cereal produce imported in the same period was—of flour, £27,856; wheat, £609; oats, £12,517; barley, £17,970; potatoes, £28,212; hay and chaff, £2574. This deficiency in local production was despite extremely slow growth in population during sixty years.

The capabilities of the colony for fruit-growing have been placed beyond all doubt, particularly kernel fruits, as apples, pears, almonds; and stone fruit, as peaches, plums, apricots, &c. Grapes and oranges are grown to perfection. The scope for the export of all kinds of temperate and semi-tropical fruits to the countries of the northern hemisphere is enormous, if the art of suitable packing be carefully followed, the winter season north of the equator being summer south of the equator, and *vice versâ*. The vine thrives anywhere between the latitude of the Blackwood River and that of Geraldton.

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Excluding a few small sections of country unfit for its culture, 5000 square miles, at a low estimate, might safely be reckoned upon as splendidly adapted for the growth of this product. I have tasted wine in Western Australia that could not be surpassed in any other colony. Citrous fruits grow well in the same latitude with the vine, but require a moister soil. The olive is found in luxuriant vigour in the south-west part of the colony, but is very little cultivated, except at the Roman Catholic Orphanage of Subiaco, from which samples of olive oil were sent to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, and received very favourable mention. At the end of 1890 the distribution of live stock was as follows:

| Horses. | Horned Cattle. | Sheep. | Pigs. | Goats. | Camels. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 44,384 | 130,970 | 2,524,913 | 28,985 | 4047 | 45 |

This supply being insufficient, it was deemed necessary to import these descriptions of stock to the value of £11,500.

There is as yet only a single passenger train from Albany to Beverley *en route* for Perth each day, Sunday excepted, when traffic is entirely suspended. The hour for starting from the port named is 8 A.M., and Beverley is reached at 8 P.M., the distance run being 242 miles. A corresponding arrangement obtains from Beverley to Albany. The line from Albany to Beverley, which lies almost due north all the way, belongs to a private company of English capitalists, known as "The West Australian Land Company (Limited)." The Government agreed to give them 12,000 acres of land for every mile constructed, the blocks selected to be within a belt of forty miles on either side of the line, but with half the frontage reserved as Government property. This railway, which is called the Great Southern, was completed and opened for traffic on the 1st June 1889, and is without doubt a great boon to the colony, and a number of settlements have already sprung up along the line. Through the kindness of the Hon. J. Arthur Wright, the able local manager of the railway and of the landed interests of the company, and Mr. Fenwick, the assistant-manager, I had several opportunities of making detours of many miles into the bush at different points on the line. We passed through extensive tracts of country at a considerable distance from the railway. In some instances we shared the hospitality of squatters, who seemed perfectly satisfied with their position and prospects, and for miles at a stretch we rode through country that bore some resemblance to English parks, excepting, perhaps, that the grass was not so green as it would be at the corresponding season in England. But there is room for many thousands of fruit and vegetable growers within a radius of forty miles from Broomehill, Katanning, Wagin Lake, Arthur and Buchanan rivers, the Williams, and Narrogin. In most of these localities I saw vines and fruit-trees in the most healthy condition; and if only capital and industry were vigorously applied, an earthly

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paradise might soon be created throughout that part of the colony. The Land Company referred to are disposing of excellent fruit and vine lands at 16*s.* to £1 per acre, and if settlers were disposed to locate themselves further away from the line than the districts mentioned, and endure a little inconvenience in the transit of produce to the nearest railway station, they could obtain lands direct from the Government at 10*s.* per acre, and be allowed twenty years in which to pay for them, conditionally upon residence and certain specified improvements being effected. But I am convinced that the most advantageous plan, alike for settlers and capitalists, is for the latter to follow the example of Messrs. Chaffey Brothers in Victoria, and take up large tracts and prepare them for settlement. In the section of country through which the Great Southern Railway passes, there is sufficient rainfall without the need of resorting to irrigation. Settlers could be invited from Europe and elsewhere by agents and lecturers, and on their arrival they would find themselves already planted in a community, instead of having to contend, in isolation, with the trials of unbefriended desert life. The traveller who is bound for Perth is at present obliged to put up at a bush inn for the night, in the little township of Beverley. The "hotel," as by courtesy it is called, is a mere wooden cottage, and if he is a thoughtful man of the world he will find interesting scope for the exercise of his powers of observation upon his much travelled fellow-passengers going southward and northward. But if he is not content with the roughest fare and prepared for a preponderance of companionship of the backwoods stamp, he may not feel inclined to be amused. The train from Beverley to Perth starts about 8 A.M., and, after covering another 100 miles, reaches the capital about 2 P.M. Thus about a day and a half is consumed in a journey of 342 miles between Albany and Perth; but this slow mode of travelling cannot continue long.

Perth is a picturesque city of about 8500 inhabitants, and contains a considerable number of substantial stone and brick buildings. These include Government and Post offices, in stone, designed and executed in superior taste, and of dimensions sufficient for the accommodation of a very much larger population. Government House is the most important residence in the neighbourhood, and stands in a large and handsome plantation. The guests who assembled at a reception given by Sir W. C. F. Robinson, the Governor, during my visit, impressed me as persons, on the whole, of a decidedly superior social type, in proportion to the population of the city, compared with the average *habitués* of Government House in Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney. They were largely composed of bank managers, magistrates, lawyers, and merchants, with a good sprinkling of civil and military men connected with the public service, and the lady members of their families. The favourite resort for

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gentlemen in the city who are supposed to constitute "society," is the Weld Club, named after one of the most estimable and conscientious Governors who ever served his Sovereign in the colony. Here conviviality is carried on, from morning till late at night, between members of the Government, the high officials and members of the colonial Parliament, and the other classes who have just been described—clergymen, however, being conspicuous by their absence. One can see there a baronet, born in the colony, who was formerly, if he be not still, a working journalist, and who is also the President of the Legislative Council. The esteemed brother of an English peer and several K.C.M.G.'s are in frequent attendance, besides a considerable number of gentlemen of good English family and breeding, not unworthy the friendship of the best people in the Imperial metropolis. The hospitality of some of these cultivated Perthites exceeds belief, although I do not say that the possessors of titles in all cases carry the palm for that inimitable *otium cum dignitate* which forms a leading attribute of the person who, by virtue of heredity, personal culture, and refined associations from his infancy upwards, is entitled to the designation of a gentleman. The parties I attended in some circles struck me as remarkable, in so limited a population, for the harmonious and delicate mental tints of the guests who composed them. I should think such *recherché* private dinners as cultured hosts can extemporise and as I was occasionally privileged to share in Perth, could with difficulty be arranged in any eastern Australian colony that I am acquainted with. The *cuisine*, wine, and table decorations in some cases were far beyond what might be expected in a colony of which so little is generally known by the outside world; and the high class drawing-room music listened to afterwards was performed with exquisite taste by members of the families as well as by some of the guests. One of my respected hosts, himself well read in ancient and modern literature, had two sons at Oxford, and among the guests on one occasion were Oxford and Cambridge men, including a member of the Eighty Club, who was on a tour for the benefit of his health. A retired judge, to whose house I was invited, was as intimately acquainted with every turn in the political, literary, and social life of London as if he were a resident of Brighton, although he had not seen England for about fifty years. The Anglican bishop of the diocese formerly acted as assistant bishop to his father, who was Bishop of Barbados for many years. There is an excellent grammar-school, which grants scholarships to European universities; and a public library, which is free to all the citizens. The environs of Perth are interesting, and on the broad, flowing Swan River rowing and yachting may be carried on freely all the year round. The number and architectural importance of the local banks and insurance companies surprised me. But it seemed unaccountable that no purveyor to public convenience had

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yet been found bold enough to establish a high-class hotel, which would provide fare more nearly corresponding than at present to what a moderately well-to-do family may be supposed to be accustomed to in more populous colonies. There are two daily newspapers, conducted by competent editors, and though the contents of these journals are necessarily limited, they appear to be sufficient for the present requirements of the neighbourhood. During my visit I had an opportunity of witnessing the opening of the first Parliament established under the new *régime* of responsible government. The session was opened in the Upper Chamber by Royal Commission, Sir Henry Wrensfordly, the acting Chief Justice, presiding. There was nothing wanting in formalities to make this historic event pass off with *éclat.* This gentleman was attired in Windsor uniform, and members of both Houses were sworn by a puisne judge in wig and ermine. The President of the Council and the Speaker of the Assembly, when elected, duly assumed their official costume, after the Imperial method, and a mace was carried before them. Mr. (now Sir) John Forrest, a colonial native, born in a small township in the south-east corner of the colony, was invited by the Governor to form the first administration. Owing nothing to rank or early education, he has risen to his present position by sheer energy, persistence, and tact, passing through the various grades of service in the offices of the Surveyor-General and the Chief Commissioner of Lands. It was from the latter position that he was called to serve as first Premier and Treasurer. He earned distinction many years ago in crossing Western Australia to South Australia by a route which no white man had ever previously traversed, and was honoured, in consequence, with the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society of the United Kingdom. Nor was this the only exploratory feat which he had performed in lifting the veil of nescience which still, nevertheless, hangs over by far the greater part of Western Australia. Inexperienced both in scientific and practical politics as Sir John necessarily in a great measure is, it redounds to his credit that he has kept his still less experienced colleagues so well in hand, and has administered the affairs of the colony with so much prudence and success.

Fremantle is about twelve miles from Perth by rail, through a comparatively unredeemed wilderness the greater part of the way. This, though the port for Perth, has no real harbour, but only an open roadstead, exposed to the ocean swell from the Indian Archipelago. But, as its population is only a shade smaller than that of Perth, and as it boasts streets well laid out, and many buildings, public and private, of considerable size, and as it has become the chief commercial centre in the colony, it would not be easy to supersede it, even by the capacious land-locked harbour of Rockingham, which I had an opportunity of inspecting further south. Sir John Forrest's

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Government, moreover, appear resolved to strengthen the mercantile position of Fremantle by constructing a railway line from Bunbury to Perth, 111 miles in length, running so far northward, parallel with the west coast, and thus not only opening up for settlement one of the most fertile districts of the colony, but also multiplying channels for the export of products from Fremantle, and the distribution of products from abroad. Not the least notable spectacle in the town is that of the gaol, which was the scene of many barbarities in the fierce old times when the inhabitants were largely convicts sent out from England.

Centres of population to the north of Perth, including Geraldton, Shark's Bay, Carnarvon, Cossack, Roebuck Bay, and Derby, are reached by the West Australian Steam Navigation Company's vessels on their passage to Java and Singapore. Passengers bound for Wyndham and Port Darwin in the extreme north, may be conveyed by the Adelaide Steamship Compamy. Great efforts are now being made to push forward the Midland Railway, by which, when completed, the whole distance of about 300 miles between Perth and Geraldton will be bridged over. From Geraldton to Northampton there is a line of thirty-four miles, extending northward, and as the Murchison, Gascoyne, and Ashburton districts are developed by mining, squatting, and other pursuits, it will doubtless be the policy of the Government to continue existing railways into these very productive localities.

Some of the timber concessions in Western Australia are worked on an extensive scale. The greatest of all which I visited is that held by the Jarrahdale Timber Company, which occupies a quarter of a million acres. Four saw-mills are in operation on the estate, which is traversed by a railway thirty-three miles long, for the purpose of taking the jarrah to the port of Rockingham, where vessels are loaded with it for many remote destinations. Another jarrah concession in Geographe Bay, not far from Cape Leeuwin, has a line through its forests, eighteen miles long, in addition to a jetty and barges to facilitate the loading of ships, The coast fisheries of Western Australia will yet prove a mine of wealth, and the quantity of turtle found between Geraldton and Cossack is large beyond conception. Some who caught and cooked them assured me that they were the edible turtle of commerce; but without fuller knowledge than I possess, I do not feel justified in pronouncing an opinion on the subject.

The practical inquiry is: How are the fertile portions of this vast colony, with its boundless and varied resources, to be settled with a suitable population? I must confess that there does not seem any prospect of the local Government being able to do much in this direction. If, instead of building railways, themselves at an exorbitant cost, and working them at a heavy loss, they would encourage

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British and Colonial capitalists, more systematically, to undertake the construction of lines at their own risk in localities capable of supporting settlers, on a land grant system that would remunerate the concessionaires, a more rapid influx of immigration might fairly be looked for. If a land grant railway company were dependent for success on inducing people from a distance to purchase and cultivate the land along their line in order to enhance its value, they would spare no effort in this direction, and not many years would elapse before increasing numbers of townships would be established on the line to the advantage of the settlers, the railway company, and the Government.

MATTHEW MACFIE.



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# LAURENCE OLIPHANT.[1]

On the western edge of the Bay of Acre, four or five miles from the ruins of Athlit—the last resting-place of the Crusaders in Palestine—lies the little Syrian town of Haifa, or Caifa, as it is often called. There, in December of 1883, two men, who were as truly leading a crusade as Peter the Hermit himself had done, met, and spent a day or two together. They were General Gordon and Laurence Oliphant, each of them considered by the world as "one of the craziest fellows alive;" but for all that, or, perhaps, because of it, congenial spirits, ready to give their lives "to the turning of all the earth from evil to the love of God and his service." Both have since passed away from the world they tried to purify; but they have left upon it the mark of their strong individuality, which for many years to come will deepen and not diminish.

Laurence Oliphant is one of the most unique and interesting men of his generation, and yet one rises from reading his memoirs feeling that his wife Alice would make a more engrossing study still, and that his mother, Lady Oliphant, is the most lovable character of the three.

In his time Oliphant played many different parts, and in diverse places. He was born, in 1829, at Cape Town, where his father was Attorney-General; he was the only child of parents who lavished on him all their love, and made him the chief worldly consideration of their lives. Had the boy thus fostered and adored grown into the self-engrossed man the result could scarcely have caused surprise. But both father and mother were conscientious Christians, who carried their principles into every-day practice in an almost morbid degree, and taught their son the duty of constant self-examination, and that every idle word must be given an account of.

Indeed, in her letters to her son, Lady Oliphant is constantly inquiring as to his religious feeling and spiritual state; and no doubt from this habit of introspection and self-analysis, carried to an extreme length, arose some of the weakness his character showed in after life. If he had been educated in the usual manner of boys of his station, and had undergone the routine of a public

[1] *Memoirs of the Life of Laurence Oliphant, and of Alice Oliphant, his wife.* By Margaret Oliphant W. Oliphant. In two volumes. William Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

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school, followed by university training, he would have been improved and strengthened by the discipline and his eccentricities toned down.

But this was not to be. His fond mother could not be separated from "the darling," as his father mockingly calls him; and after a short time at an English school, he was sent for to join his parents at Ceylon, where his father was Chief Justice. Again, when in 1846 he seemed to be on the point of going up to Cambridge, and being trimmed into the ordinary pattern as far as his nature would allow, his father's return to England on a two years' leave turned the scale in an opposite direction. Lady Oliphant and Laurence persuaded Sir Anthony—not hard to persuade, we think—that two years of travel would be of more advantage to his son than scholastic training, and so ended the possibility of that wider culture which might have saved him from some of the mysticism and credulity of his later life.

At the end of the two years' travelling he returned to Ceylon, where he became his father's secretary, and was soon advanced to the position of a barrister, having been engaged, he tells us, in twenty-three murder cases before he was as many years old. His life is given in full detail in his letters to his mother, often absent at the hill station. Each little event is narrated, and even his thoughts and besetting sins confessed, as few lads would ever think of doing. Well, perhaps, that it is so, as that constant searching for sin in every action can hardly be conducive to a healthy moral nature. Laurence himself must have felt this, as he sometimes ends a confession by hoping that "there is no humbug in it;" while another time he tells her that "it is difficult to practise self-examination riding upon an elephant."

Wherever he went his bright pleasing ways made friends for him, one of his companions saying: "Why I never saw such a fellow as you, Oliphant, you are a favourite with everybody immediately." In 1851, Lady Oliphant and her son left Ceylon and returned to England, that Laurence might "eat his dinners" at Lincoln's Inn, and await the time when Sir Anthony would retire from public work. And now his letters are to his father, quite as full as the others of his various experiences and already showing his power as a social critic.

At this time his political sentiments were unformed, and he listened earnestly to the talk at the different houses he visited, gathering information from every conversation, until he wrote that "the best thing Lord Derby can do is to recommend the Queen to send for me if she wants advice." The advice he might have given in such a case is embodied in another letter. "I have become a friend of the people, think if they are only trusted they will show themselves worthy of the confidence reposed, that nobody has a right

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to bully them, or pull the Crystal Palace down if they wish it to stay up, and that education and kindness, so far from making Chartists, would make loyal subjects."

The Scottish Law Courts now attracted his attention. He thought there was more prospect of rapid advancement there, and that the faces of the Edinburgh barristers did not express the brieflessness of English lawyers. A residence in Edinburgh also was a pleasant idea to this Scottish family, and Laurence besought his father to come home. "We should all be so much more comfortable, and I would begin to look out for a wife under your auspices. I don't see any likelihood of finding one for myself."

In the August of 1852 he and a friend went for a tour in Russia. He had already published a small book on Nepaul, that had sold very well, and was again seeking for "something to write about." His letters home—brimful of fun—give a full account of his journey. His travelling companion meets with perfect approval, even to his personal appearance. "It is a great thing," he says, "having with one so handsome a young *Englander*, as all the pretty girls look our way, and I am humble enough to be quite content with the side glances I thus get, he being quite unconscious of his own attractions."

In the life story of most people, a vacation tour would be a very unimportant item; but the Crimea was unknown territory at that date, and when Oliphant's book, *Russian Shores of the Black Sea*, was published, it was almost the only source of information on the subject. Within a year a fourth edition was issued, and when Oliphant received a message that Lord Raglan wished to see him at once, his hopes of political employment were very highly raised. "I gave him all the information I could," he writes to his father, "and sent him my sketches, extracts from my journal, and everything I could think useful. I think Lord Raglan ought in civility to make me his civil secretary. It would be great fun."

But instead of his fate carrying him to the East, he had the offer—which he accepted—from Lord Elgin of going with him to Washington as his secretary. It is pathetic to read, in the light of after events, a letter from Sir Anthony to his wife, written at this time, on the eve of his final return to England, in which he expresses his willingness "to go to any place in Europe to which 'Lowry' may go, whether as *attaché* or anything else. So long as it pleases God to spare us let us all stick together." Their love was centred in "Lowry," and yet how little of the future was to be spent with each other; and a strong feeling of indignation rises in our hearts at the remembrance of the long separation of mother and son in obedience to the order of their strange guide and adviser.

From America his letters give the same vivid pictures of his life

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and feelings as of old. Clear criticism of his surroundings, and of the diplomatic circle in which he moved, mixed with strange religious questionings, as to why he was not bored by the gay life he was of necessity leading; finding it a difficult matter to glorify God in a ball-room at the French Ambassador's, and thinking he was in a dangerous condition if he was not sacrificing some favourite pleasure. Then breaking out into boyish fun as he tells how, "if I see pretty girls in the galleries who are friends of mine, I go up there and criticise members, and draw caricatures of them, which they throw down into member's laps, neatly folded, who pass them to the originals; by which time I have regained my seat, and the demure secretary remains profoundly political and unsuspected."

Declining the offer made to him of remaining in Canada as secretary to Lord Elgin's successor, he returned to England in 1855, and shortly afterwards started for Constantinople, to try to induce Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to sanction his visiting Schamyl, the Circassian chief, in his stronghold at Daghestan. Love of adventure was a strong trait in his character, and no sooner had he returned from one journey than he started upon another. His connection with the *Times* as correspondent brought him in "lots of tin," as he phrases it, and kept his name before the public, preparatory to his entering upon a parliamentary career as he intended, and for which his talents and knowledge of foreign politics eminently fitted him.

The United States was his next destination; then he made one of a band intended to reinforce Walker's army in Nicaragua, and in 1857 we find him setting out for China with his old chief Lord Elgin.

All this stirring life, enough to have occupied both heart and brains of most people, seems only to have touched the outside of Laurence Oliphant's nature; and the real problem to him was, how the practice of the Christian world came to be so totally different from Christ's teachings. The constraints of early beliefs were at this time giving way to new thoughts and opinions, the outcome, it seems to us, of over self-consciousness and introspection. Intuition, tempered by reason, was taking the place of revelation as his authority, and he had determined to follow out his conclusions to whatever end they might lead him. He writes from China: "I would sooner go to the stake than do violence to what I believe to be the yearnings and whisperings, weak and imperfect, no doubt, of my divine nature."

The news awaiting Lord Elgin at Singapore, of the mutiny of the Sepoys in India, caused him to send all his force of 5000 men to help to put it down, himself changing his course to Calcutta. When the mission did reach Hong-Kong, having no army to support

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them, they had to wait there for 1500 soldiers to be sent from England. Oliphant fretted at the inaction, his only consolation being, "that," as he says, "my mother will be much more relieved thinking of me being cooped up in a ship in harbour for the next three months, where there is neither women nor Chinese, than if I were doing anything else." But when the forces did come, and a move could be made, he of course had to be in front.

His return home this time was to be a sad event. His father had died suddenly at a dinner party, to which he had gone in his usual health. Still, although his mother was now alone, he could not stay long at home, and in 1860, he rushed off to Italy to investigate the state of political matters there, but was much disappointed to find that there was "not the slightest chance of a row, the people are like sheep."

Montenegro, Naples, and again Japan, then get flying visits from our traveller. To the latter place he was appointed First Secretary of Legation—the first and only formal position held by him direct from Government—and an abrupt close was put to this service by his adventure in the Japanese temple, when the Embassy was attacked in the night by robbers, and he was severely wounded. As soon as he was able to travel, he returned to London, arriving within a few months of the time he left, and having been only ten days at his post.

In 1862, though still suffering from his wounds, he went to Vienna, met the Prince of Wales and his suite there on their way to the Holy Land, accompanied them as far as Corfu, and then went on to Herzegovina.

In January 1863, the Polish insurrection broke out, and, as he says, "I had acquired the habit of fishing in troubled waters, I determined to go and see it." After this, Schleswig-Holstein claimed his attention; but, in 1864, he returned to give his mind seriously to the carrying out his long felt desire of entering Parliament. At home his life was as full of interest and incident, though of a different character, as it had been abroad.

"My life," he says, "is necessarily a good deal made up of excitements and reactions. For instance, just now here I am scarcely able to turn for a press both of business and pleasure. Half a dozen lectures to prepare, proofs constantly to correct, and book not yet finished; charming women at hand when I am inclined for a cosy chair in the drawing-room and a touch of the æsthetic; any amount of game merely for the trouble of strolling through a few turnip fields—I killed twenty-one brace of partridges the day before yesterday; any number of horses to ride—all the more to be appreciated after two years of filth, heat, and absence of social and intellectual enjoyment."

He was now, to quote from Mrs. Oliphant's memoirs, "a newly

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elected member of Parliament, one of the first authorities on foreign politics, the favourite of society, the friend of all that was best and highest in England, a courted guest, a brilliant writer, and a still more brilliant conversationalist, capable almost of any advancement." But this was the crisis of his career. About four or five years before he had met Mr. Harris, a minister of the sect of Swedenborgians, and that altered everything. From the first this man seems to have gained a strong hold on Oliphant's imagination. His principal topics were those that had interested the other for so long a time—indifference to creed, the opposition between the practice and profession of Christians, and the necessity for leading a perfect life, while some of the mystic elements of his doctrines appealed to the perplexed and unsettled mind in a most powerful manner.

When Oliphant entered Parliament the domination of the "prophet" over him was already complete. The House of Commons had been looked forward to for years as the place for which his talents fitted him, and where he might have scope for his energy and eloquence alike; and yet now that it was gained, he sat there dumb, forbidden, as he afterwards told his wife, to take any part in the debates.

In his strange novel, *Piccadilly*, he wrote: "Ah, Piccadilly! Hallowed recollections may attach to those stones worn by the feet of the busy idiots in this vast asylum for one sane man has trodden them, and I listened to the words of wisdom as they dropped from the lips of one so obscure that his name is still unknown in this land, but I doubted not who at that moment was the greatest man in Piccadilly." Though the hero of the novel is supposed to be more or less mad they are Oliphant's own sentiments that issue from his mouth. "Supposing now that you and I put into practice . . . . and tried to live the *inner* life ourselves." "Supposing . . . . that your own interest never entered your head in any one thing you undertook." "Supposing . . . . that you had no desire connected with this earth, except to be used while upon it for divine ends."

At the end of the book the hero starts for America under the care of the mysterious stranger, showing that when Oliphant did take that step it could not have been any sudden unpremeditated one, but had been under consideration for two years at least. Perhaps it had been decided upon at the time of writing, in 1865, but delayed in deference to the perfect obedience exacted from his disciple by Harris—the severe training spoken of in *Piccadilly* which the perfection of self-sacrifice involves.

The call came for him in 1867 to leave all and follow his master, and he obeyed it as readily and implicity as did the fishermen of old, though in this case it was a master who did not give his commands in the simple form of "Follow thou me." Oliphant

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thought he had got as direct "a call from God as Saul had done, and that he had submitted neither his reason nor his will to any man." Whether he had submitted his reason or not we cannot tell, but his will was entirely dominated by that of Mr. Harris.

To Brocton, where the community had settled, he accordingly went. There he slept in a straw bed over a stable, and ate his solitary meals on a deal box, a silent messenger, forbidden to speak to him, bringing them from the house. From four in the morning until eight o'clock at night he worked at farm work that wearied him body and soul, in order that "the devil might be thrashed out of him." Once the old man seems to have got the better of him. His horses took fright at something in the way, and Laurence, instead of trying to restrain them, threw himself into the bottom of the sleigh, kicking and shouting until they were nearly mad with fright. The alarmed villagers rushed after him, expecting every step to come upon the sleigh overturned and its driver crushed beneath its weight, but he was found quietly feeding his horses in the barn, very much refreshed by a taste of that excitement which he had so loved.

In the year following he was joined at Brocton by his mother, Lady Oliphant, or rather, we should say, she joined the community there; for the cruel test of sincerity exacted from her was that she should give up all close communion with her "Lowry." She, who had shared his every thought, who had no wish apart from him, and only lived upon his letters during his absence, had to see him and try to feel towards him only the love to be given to all the human race. The test required of Oliphant was the giving up of all congenial work and the brilliant society in which he had mixed, for the life of a farm labourer and the silence of a Trappist monk. A hard enough ordeal one would have thought; but the mother's was more bitter still—she had to give up her only son.

After three years of probation and entire self-sacrifice, Oliphant appeared again in London as suddenly as he had left it. His director had sent him back to his own sphere, and he brought with him all his keen wit, sharp satire, and boyish fun, as well as a still implicit faith in the little community as the ideal of society. The House of Commons or the diplomatic service was closed to him, as at any moment he was liable to be recalled, but the Franco-German war gave him the very work most suited to him.

His adventures as correspondent for the *Times*, related by him in his own racy style, often show a satisfaction in material comforts one would scarcely have expected from *him* who had chosen the Brocton life as an ideal one. Graphically he tells of his intense desire always to have clean sheets; of the prospect of a game of hide-and-seek round a haystack in the dark, dodging a body of French cavalry; the discovery that Frenchmen cry more *fluently* than

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Frenchwomen do; the amusing incident of the old man and his housekeeper, who "had hopped into bed just as she was and feigned the death agony to perfection," but when assured that he was English and not German, got a bedroom ready for him at once, and within an hour he was eating a first-rate *bouillon*, followed by a *filet*, and washed down with a capital bottle of excellent Burgundy.

The church belfry was his favourite place for observation, as being both safe and commanding. In entering one village, the colonel gave him the sneering invitation to keep to his side and he would be in his steeple in ten minutes. The regiment was put in motion, and says Oliphant, "I found myself leading it, at the tail of the colonel's horse. It was simply sickening, and I don't know exactly what it did—I mean the regiment—when we got so near the bullets began to ping all round us. It probably formed in columns of companies, or deployed on its pivot flank, or did something incomprehensible; but it had the excellent effect of enabling me to get well mixed up with it, so that when we all went on at a run, I got carried along and into the village, only drawing my breath at the door of the church, into which I bolted like a rabbit into a warren."

Another time he describes what he calls capturing a burning village with not a soul in it, then telling the colonel of Hessians who marched in, that "you ought to have been here half-an-hour ago, when I came, you could have given the enemy a tremendous slating," to be chaffingly answered by the officer that he "could not be everywhere at once like a newspaper reporter."

Before leaving America Mr. Harris had given him to understand that the sign of recall would be a ball crashing through a window of a room in which he was, a very likely thing to happen where bullets were flying in every direction. This occurring in Paris in the time of the Commune, he considered that his protection was withdrawn, and departed at once.

In the winter of 1871, he was again in Paris as *Times* correspondent, and this time his devoted mother was with him, having gone through her terrible probation. It was now that he made the acquaintance of Alice le Strange, his future wife. She is described as "one of the most charming of God's creatures, with considerable beauty and much talent, full of brightness and originality, sympathetic, clear-headed, yet an enthusiast, and with that gift of beautiful diction and melodious speech which is one of the most perfect ever given to man." Laurence said "she had the sweetest and frankest nature that I ever met, in thorough sympathy with all my vagaries, which she utterly agrees with and understands, with the intellect of a man, and the intuitions of a woman."

The couple seem honestly to have fallen in love in the old-fashioned way; but obstacles to their marriage rose on every side. "Father," as Harris was called in the community, ordered the post-

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ponement if not the breaking off of the marriage, while Miss le Strange's family did not look favourably on a lover who would make no settlements, and even objected to the bride's fortune being settled on herself. The lovers, by patience and submission, overcame all difficulties. The devoted girl wrote offering her life, fortune, and services to "Father," confessing that giving over her private judgment into his hands was the most difficult to do, but promising "absolute submission both in word and deed." Laurence had warned her: "He *senses* the least coldness towards himself, and it stops everything. We have each of us to feel more knit into his organism than into each other."

The marriage took place June 1872, at St. George's, Hanover Square. A happy year followed, but as abruptly as before the summons came, and Lady Oliphant, Laurence, and Alice set out for Brocton. There virtually husband and wife were separated, Laurence being kept fully occupied by the claims of business, and constantly moving from one place to another. "All the mysteries of rings," he declared, "are becoming familiar to me. I am at this moment making four contracts, with four separate companies, all managed by—not to put too fine a point upon it—swindlers."

Until 1876 he was too busy to write except an occasional contribution to a New York paper. Then came the article in *Blackwood*, *The Autobiography of a Joint-Stock Company*, a pungent piece of satire; followed by *The Recollections of Irene Magillicuddy*, the first of the long procession of New York belles that has since figured on the literary canvas. Recalled from Wall Street operations, he made a journey into Palestine in 1879, his purpose being to obtain a concession from the Turkish Government on which to found a Jewish colony. The project failed and he returned to England. These travels were afterwards published under the title of *The Land of Gilead.*

In the meantime what had been the life of his wife and mother? On arriving at Brocton they had established themselves in a cottage, where they lived alone with no help but that of a boy for one hour each day. Alice was "going through the ordeal, a very hard one," writes Lady Oliphant to a friend, "of putting aside all the old and much admired refinement, polish, intellectual charm, &c." But this was not enough, and shortly after she had orders to proceed to Santa Rosa, near San Francisco, and the three who loved each other so devotedly were completely separated. Laurence made the long journey to California to bring his wife back if allowed, but was not permitted even to see her. Soon after we find her sent out to earn her bread by her own labours, living in a poor lodging, and teaching the children of miners and a like class.

At this time there seems to have been an attempt made to

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separate husband and wife by more than distance. It was insinuated to Oliphant that they never had been true spouses, that Alice was not his counterpart, who had already passed into the unseen state. But people began to ask why the husband was among them, to all appearance enjoying life, while the wife was so far away; and both wife and "Prophet" saw the necessity for her joining him in England. What a change it must have been for her, from the teaching of the miners' children in California to London, where she was received everywhere with almost an ovation.

They were both worn and ill with what they had passed through, and were ordered by the doctors to winter abroad. Egypt was chosen as the place of sojourn, and *The Land of Khemi* is the record of their travels. After their return Mrs. Oliphant settled down at Windsor, but Laurence, having heard some disquieting rumours in reference to his mother's health, left for America, May 1887. Little, if any, correspondence had been allowed between mother and son, but he had not been anxious, as he believed she would be sustained by her counterpart "on the other side"—his father.

He found her ill, suffering from cancer, and still more troubled by a doubt that had arisen in her mind as to the truth of her guide. Her son, expecting the best help from him on whom they had so long relied, took her to Santa Rosa. There they were badly received, and Harris was still more angry with them when he knew that other means had been tried to relieve and cure the patient. All help was, however, unavailing. Her sorrowing son laid her in a foreign grave, and turned from it with his faith shattered and his bonds broken. The waters of affliction went over him. The worst conflict of his life had to be fought, and but for some tried and trusted friends who were with him, he might have fared ill in the strife. These friends also interested themselves in rescuing all they could of his property, and were at least partially successful.

But what would Alice say? was Oliphant's chief thought. How would she receive him after his break with their "Prophet"? Luckily, her eyes had also been opened. A telegram had been received by her, from Santa Rosa, demanding the aid of her authority in order to place her husband in a madhouse, which could not be done without the sanction of his nearest relative. But this was too treacherous and cruel a thing to ask, many as were the hard commands she had obeyed. So she met her husband, when he landed at Plymouth in the end of January 1882, and for the first time husband and wife were together without any dictator to interfere between them.

Again taking wing for the East, they spent some time trying to obtain concessions of land from the Turkish Government on which to plant Jewish colonies; but at length, in November of 1882, they

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settled down at Haifa, a little Syrian town on the Bay of Acre, Laurence supporting his household by his pen. At Haifa, they found a small community of German Americans—an earnest, homely people, really trying "to live the life," and who waited there the coming of the Lord.

Their life here Alice Oliphant describes as being "like Paradise after Purgatory." They were "bent on leavening the world with a knowledge of the love of God, and of working together with Him to purify and elevate it;" yet they rejected all public religious service, considering work the real worship of God. Here he wrote many articles for *Blackwood; The Turkish Effendi*, giving the opinions entertained on the different religions by the most enlightened Turks; *The Reconstruction of the Sheepfolds;* the drawing-room comedy of *Adolphus;* and published in numbers *Altiero Peto*, his most popular and successful work. Here General Gordon visited them, and here also was *Sympneumata* produced.

This extraordinary book was dictated by Alice, written out by Laurence—revealed to the woman, but communicated by the man. It was their confession of faith, but more perplexing than enlightening. General Gordon read the MS. on his way to Khartoum, and wished it written from a more Biblical point of view, as, though, he said, "it contained nothing that was not to be found in the Bible, yet few would recognise it, and it would frighten the majority."

*In Haifa; or, Life in Modern Palestine*, Oliphant gives an account of the many expeditions and explorations he made, and he also at this time published the volume entitled *Episodes in a Life of Adventure.*

In December of 1885, travelling in Galilee, they had the happiest fortnight of their lives. It was a prolonged picnic; but a chill was caught by Alice, which in her overstrained condition she could not throw off, and this gifted woman passed away just when there seemed at last some glimpse of possible happiness for her. The German colonists were stricken with grief. The Druses said, "If five of our best shieks die village not so sorry," and when asked for eight volunteers to carry the coffin down the mountain fifty presented themselves. So they "laid her to her rest in view of Mount Carmel and the Sea and the hills of Galilee, and poor and rough as the other surroundings may be, still rich in the grateful love of the poor people she had so much benefited."

To Laurence it seemed impossible to go on living without her, but this feeling passed away. "Suddenly," he says, "one night the light seemed to burst through, and she came to me so radiant, and at the same time so sad, at seeing me so unhappy, that my grief seemed to be lifted by the effort she made to dispel it." After this he considered that she was always with him, pervading his being, and filling him with an ineffable joy and peace.

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He went to England, as Alice and he had planned they would do, and while there we find a hint given that he was now returning to his early child belief in Christ, but still mixed up with much mysticism. Soon he was back again at Haifa, and wrote his last book in the room where Alice died. He pronounced it the final conclusion at which he had arrived after twenty-three years' struggle, and entitled it *Scientific Religion*.

In 1888 he paid a last visit to America, where he met Rosamund, the daughter of Robert Dale Owen. After an hour's interview they felt they must work together in the future, and she decided to go to Haifa with him. But during the passage home it was impressed on them that Alice wished him to give his new helper the protection of his name. The marriage accordingly took place at Malvern, August 16, 1888.

In a few days Oliphant was attacked by pleurisy, and from the first the doctors gave no hope. Still he lingered on, and in November was removed to Twickenham, to the house of Sir Mountstuart and Lady Grant Duff. But the end came very soon. A day or two before his death he expressed himself as being "unspeakably happy." "Christ has touched me," he said. "He has held me in his arms. I am changed—he has changed me. Never again can I be the same, for his power has cleansed me. I am a new man."

And so passed away Laurence Oliphant, a man of whom the most diverse opinions have been formed. To some he is merely "the rolling stone" he often called himself, never able to settle down steadily to serious work, an erratic genius, only too ready to obey any call that gave him an excuse for being eccentric. Their indignation is greater against the husband who could take his young wife away from dear friends and congenial society to leave her alone among strangers, doing menial work without even money enough to live upon; and against the son whose judgment could be so warped that he allowed that doting mother whose life had been so bound up in his to live the life she did at Brocton, deprived of even his letters that she had prized so much, than against his guide and dictator, Mr. Harris, even though it might be all done at his express command.

But, again, there is another view of his character—the one that looks upon him as a man who, from his earliest years, was seeking for the right path amongst the tangled ways of this world. Weighing not his deeds merely to see if right motives actuated them, but his every word and thought is passed in scrutiny. Afraid when doing the most kindly actions, that it may be for the purpose of pleasing, rather than because it is right, until at last he gives up all —strips himself of riches, fame, position, even love itself—for the sake of duty.

Neither of those judgments seems to us to be the true one.

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Laurence Oliphant had a dual nature, one side of which differed entirely from the other. If he had been a character in fiction, the author might have been accused of borrowing at least the idea of his creation from Mr. L. Stevenson's *Dr. Hyde and Mr. Jekyll*. No wonder Lord Elgin told him he never knew what he would be at; "at one time going to the extreme of gaiety, at another to that of disgust and despondency." Writing with scorn of a chaplain who could preach to soldiers as if it was possible that to kill could be a duty, at another time sorrowing because there "was not the slightest chance of a row." Seeking official employment, entrance into Parliament, anxious that his books should sell; then turning from it all "to endeavour to live the inner life," and "to have no desire connected with this earth except to be used while upon it for divine ends." No ascetic, at times taking any trouble to get a proper dinner and clean sheets, yet again living as a farm-labourer and feeding on the coarsest food, writing such satires as *The Autobiography of a Joint-Stock Company* and *The Tender Recollections of Irene Magillicuddy*, and yet talking of his counterpart in Heaven, and repeating the doggerel with which she inspired him. The principal dogma of his new faith was, that in marriage "these twain shall be one flesh;" yet he left his wife Alice to fight her own battle in the world for seven or eight years. He could not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures. At one time intuition had more weight with him than faith, and at another he could believe in Harris and his divine mission, in the spirit of Alice taking possession of him after her death, and in all the mysticism of the *Sympneumata*.

In his writings sometimes the one nature is in full possession, sometimes the other. In *The Autobiography of a Joint-stock Company*, *The Tender Recollections of Irene Magillicuddy*, *The Episodes of a Wandering Life*, *The Land of Gilead*, *Haifa*, &c., we have the bold satirist, the cynical philosopher, the boyish fun of the young *attaché*, or the observing traveller.

In others, such as *The Turkish Effendi*, *Sympneumata*, *Scientific Religion*, &c., we have the opposite side—the dreamer, the mystic, who can find no use for life but to "cast it before the feet of the human brotherhood in ceaseless and organic service."

Then we have *Piccadilly*, *The Reconstruction of the Sheepfolds*, *The Land of Khemi*; *Altiero Peto*, in which both natures intermingle. In *Piccadilly* we have keen satire mixed with the most serious exposition of the duty of living "the inner life." In *The Sheepfolds* he is in his most flippant mood, and yet the purport of it is to prove that there is "a dead silence on the part of the Church on the intricate problem of human life." *The Land of Khemi* is a rather bald description of the country in which he was travelling, not written in his usual fascinating style, but towards the end bringing forward his

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peculiar views on the Egyptians and Buddhism. *Altiero Peto* has more of human interest in it, and has been the most popular of his novels, though the author shows in it the society satirist and the mystic combined as surely they never were in any other being. The manner in which he lashes at the views of modern society, and yet almost condones the deeds of the dynamitard, is very amusing.

Hannah is the real heroine of the story, and we cannot but believe her to be a likeness of some quaint specimen of humanity met at Brocton. Still Altiero is a very charming creation, and gives us her views of life in a very naïve manner. It is not often that we have the heroine of a novel talking of the mistake of constructing "the life out of the religion instead of the religion out of the life," or sending for a lover to explain to him her theory about the crisis in our lives, about free-will and moral responsibility, about organic influences and the necessity of evolving the highest ideal conception of daily life; and, when Keith had proposed to her, declaring that a protoplasmic modification took place.

Nor do we know of another hero than Keith Hetherington, who, instead of making love in the ordinary fashion, tells Altiero that not only are marriages made in heaven, but "the time when they should be consummated here is registered there, and for them that time might never come"; lectures her on "matter and spirit," on how the "real man is to be evolved out of the present one"; and when asked seriously if he was in love with anybody, answers as seriously, "I love humanity as a whole, and of course I am in love with all the several units that go to make it up." Certainly their love, as he said, could not have been a common one, since it was "of a kind that the world knows nothing of, and depends on something far more internal, and therefore solid, than that which unites ordinary mortals."

But passing from Oliphant's writings to his life as a whole, what are we to think of it? It seems to us that the judgment upon it must have two sides, like his nature. Looked at in one way, it is most disappointing that such an earnest good man and brilliant genius could be so deluded as he was, and waste his time and energy to so little purpose. But, on the other side, no life can be called a failure that ends in such a burst of triumphant joy as his last words—"The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"—indicated, and that leaves behind it such a lesson in self-sacrifice.

The mysterious prophet, Thomas Lake Harris, who had such an influence on the life of Laurence Oliphant, still rules the community at Santa Rosa. On the 27th of February last he married his amanuensis, Miss Jane Waring, and it is reported that, before departing on his wedding trip, he arranged the finances of the community, so that any member could at any time gain possession of his or her

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portion of the funds. The Miss Waring, who has now become the second Mrs. Harris, has been "the Father's" amanuensis for a number of years, and the medium of communication between him and his followers. It is said the prophet was much in need of change of air and scene, his nervous system having been greatly shaken by the numerous articles that have lately appeared concerning him. One might have expected that if the power he considers he wields over the wills of others did not save him from adverse criticism, the "divine respiration" would have prevented his suffering any harm from it.

EVELINA FAIRBAIRN.

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# LAND NATIONALISATION.

LAND Nationalisation has passed through the initial stages of neglect and ridicule, as inevitable to all great reforms, as measles or whooping cough to a child. It has arrived at the next stage, the one in which it has to endure with what composure it may "the contradictions of sinners." Its opponents are playing with it a kind of mental "Aunt Sally." They caricature its objects, misrepresent its reasons, invent for it strange doctrines, and then amuse themselves by demonstrating the absurdities of this creation of their own imaginations. The exercise is easy and, I suppose, pleasant. Certainly it were ungenerous to grudge them their amusement if it were not for the fact that the uninitiated, after watching their dexterous blows, go away with the impression that the lay figure, whose destruction they have witnessed, is the real thing.

It is to help, as far as I can, to dispel this illusion, that I propose to state what Land Nationalisation really means to an ardent disciple. I speak only for myself, my opinions bind no society. They are only entitled to such weight as earnestness of conviction can carry. That merit, and that only, they claim.

If I may begin by defining my terms, I mean by

Land: The raw material of wealth, untouched by human labour—the surface of the earth, coal in the mine, a natural stream, and the like; by

Nationalisation: The recognition of the fact that land is the common inheritance of all, and should be secured for the use of all, by being directly vested in the State as trustee for all its citizens.

Land Nationalisation, then, is more than a reform; it is a revolution—a complete reversal of the economic laws and ideas obtaining among all civilised nations; a change so far-reaching that it is at once difficult to exaggerate its effects and fraudulent to attempt to conceal its purposes. The abolition of private property in land means so much that no man should join the ranks of the reformers until he has convinced himself of the absolute righteousness of their cause. Once he has done this, he will have found a new social gospel: a ground of hope rather than despair for the future of his race—something worth working for; an end for whose sake he may even rejoice to be called a dreamer of dreams.

The burden of proving the justice of the abolition of private property in land lies upon him who affirms it.

Whatever weakness an ancient institution may have, it has this much strength, at any rate, that it holds the field until some more excellent way is shown, and it casts the burden of proof of superior



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excellence upon the reformer. I hope in this article to prove the injustice of individual ownership of land, and to show that land nationalisation is the true remedy.

The proposition that land is not a fit subject for individual ownership may be demonstrated in several distinct ways. It may be shown, for instance, that to allow a few citizens of a State to own the land comprising the State leads to the practical enslavement of such of the rest of the citizens as are not capitalists, and that if chattel slavery is wrong, private ownership of land is wrong. Another way of arriving at the same result is to consider the only true title to ownership. Is it not the right of every man to the product of his own labour. If so, then only that which can be produced can be the subject of ownership. Now land cannot be produced, and so cannot properly be owned. Good and convincing as these reasons are, I prefer to rest the claims for land nationalisation upon the two following propositions:

1. All human beings should have an equal right to live.
2. If some human beings own land and some are landless, all human beings have not an equal right to live.

All human beings should have an equal right to live. This is a proposition which will scarcely be seriously contested. I am not now concerned to inquire whether human beings should be allowed to multiply according to the taste and fancy of every irresponsible pair. I am not concerned to inquire whether the theories of Malthus are true or false. All I care to assert for present purposes is that once a human being is born he has, or ought to have, equally with every other human being, a right to live. This right is in certain aspects recognised by law. It is as much murder for Ginx to throw his last baby into the canal, as if the superfluous brat was heir to a dukedom. The poor-laws, again, are a grudging acknowledgment of the same principle. The proposition is perhaps the only one among the series promulgated in the famous proclamation of the founders of the American Republic, to which the general consent of mankind has accorded the term "self-evident." That this right is paramount, and takes precedence of all other possible rights, is almost equally self-evident. "Skin after skin, yea, all that a man hath, will he give for his life." "Is not the life more than food?" It follows that if any existing right is inconsistent with this paramount right of a human being to live, the former and not the latter must yield.

My second proposition is that the private ownership of land is inconsistent with this paramount right of all human beings to live. Upon this proposition I rest the whole case for land nationalisation. What is land? Land is a necessity of existence incapable of being increased in quantity. Some persons do not own land. Not to own a necessity of existence is not to own life. But some persons do own land. Some persons, therefore, own life, the right to live.

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But *ex hypothesi* all persons ought to have an equal right to live. Therefore all or none ought to own land. Q.E.D. The sequence is as irritatingly irresistible as a proposition of Euclid. If this theory that the owners of land have a better right to live than those who do not own land is true, it should bear practical results. The landowner should live in ease at the expense of the landless, and the landless should have to toil in order to keep both themselves and the landowner alive. Is not this a correct statement of the conditions of men's lives to-day? Only a week or two ago the London *Daily News* stated that in a certain Durham colliery the miners' wages upon a ton of coal were eleven-pence, while the royalty was one shilling. The colliers had to pay the colliery owner for the right to live by working in his colliery a sum greater than the total sum earned by themselves. In other words, the collier, in order to take home 25*s.* to his wife at the end of the week, had to earn 52*s.*, and to pay more than half his earnings to a fellow citizen for the right to live. Half his working life spent in earning the right to live—half his working life appropriated by another human being. Do the colliers submit to this because they like it,—out of affection for their landlord? If not, why, except because they are landless men?

Now, as in our complicated state of civilisation and our habit of crowding together in small areas, all cannot own and cultivate sufficient land to live by, the only means by which all can own land—the right to live—is for land to be vested in some person or persons, the State for example, as trustee for the community, and this is Land Nationalisation. No other remedy meets the case. Free trade in land is of no use to a man who has no money. Enfranchisement of leaseholds will not benefit that enormous mass of citizens who are as likely to become the Great Llama as to become leaseholders. Peasant proprietorship would answer the purpose if all were peasants, all wanted to get their living by cultivating the soil, and there was enough soil to go round. Even then the proprietors of the most favoured plots should in fairness pay rent by way of compensation to their less favoured fellows.

The objects to be attained by vesting the land in the State are twofold. First, to secure the actual occupation of the land for all who want to occupy and cultivate; secondly, to secure the payment of land rent to the State for the common benefit. The first object would apply to rural districts chiefly; the second to all land, both town and country. One principle must, however, be applied to urban and rural land alike. There must be no sub-letting. Every tenant must hold direct from the State. To allow sub-letting would only be to substitute small landlords for big—a totally undesirable change. The little finger of the small landlord is thicker than the thigh of the big landlord.

What is to be done with the present landlords? How are they to be got rid of? This is, of course, the great practical difficulty

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in the way of any scheme of Land Nationalisation. Unfortunately, great reforms are not carried out on strictly logical lines. If they were, landlords would come poorly off. The claim to own land is, we have seen, a claim to a superior right to live; to the right to charge other human beings for the right to live. Rent paid to an individual is the price paid to one human being by a fellow being for the right to live. The abolition of landowning is the abolition of this claim, this receipt of the fine paid for life; the destruction of an inferior claim by a superior. Where, then, in strictness, is the right to compensation? Are we to compensate individuals for loss sustained by them by the triumph of the principle that all men have an equal right to live? Is truth to compound with error because error has been long established? Of course, I know that compensation will be demanded, and, alas! paid. On what scale shall it be computed—what is to be its standard? Is it to be purchase, or a system of State annuities, terminable or perpetual, or what is it to be? I protest that the discussion of terms is, as Mark Twain would say, a little previous. Such a discussion has no relevancy until the principle of Land Nationalisation is adopted, and the only effect of entering into details now is to becloud the first issue. Land Nationalisation, fast as it is making headway, has not yet got beyond the stage of agitation. Now, an agitator has no business with details; his concern is with principles. It is the statesman's duty, not the agitator's, to translate those principles into an Act of Parliament.

For the same reasons the machinery by which Land Nationalisation is to be worked is not ripe for definition. There is a general consensus of opinion in favour of State ownership with local administration. Beyond this it would be unwise to go for the present. The boldest land nationaliser may well be content as yet with challenging contradiction of the righteousness of his principles.

The ultimate triumph of the reform is assured. Personally, I believe it will come sooner than some of us expect, but what is to be done meantime; what is to be the attitude of us land nationalisers with reference to those reforms which are from time to time offered us? The answer is surely obvious. Try them by the test of whether they lead in the direction of our desired haven. If so, support them, accept them as vantage grounds from which to renew the conflict. If, on the other hand, projected reform, while promising a temporary or partial improvement, would, if carried, render Land Nationalisation more difficult to procure, reject it, oppose it, in every possible way. The distinguishing characteristic of your land nationaliser is his "sweet reasonableness." If he is walking from London to York he is quite prepared, for the sake of the companionship of his weaker brethren, to stay awhile at St. Albans or even Barnet. He is not, however, prepared to go round by way of Brighton. A land nationaliser, for instance, will, on the one hand, be an enthusiast for taxation of ground rents, for the London County Council's

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principle of betterment on the other hand. He will oppose to the uttermost the suggestion of leasehold enfranchisement as proposed to be carried out. The fundamental idea of Land Nationalisation is that private ownership of land is robbery. The sole object of leasehold enfranchisement is to increase the number of owners of land—in other words, the number of robbers. It would no doubt be a satisfaction to those persons who hold leases and could afford to pay the price to be turned from leaseholders into freeholders, but the infinitely larger class of persons who are either not leaseholders at all, or could not afford to buy their freeholds, would derive no benefit from the change, and their chance of becoming landowners themselves in their corporate capacity—"the State"—if not seriously impaired, would at least be postponed. When occasionally an over-eager candidate for Parliament is found declaring his willingness to support both leasehold enfranchisement and land nationalisation one is tempted to laugh. As well might an old crusader have embroidered on his banner the crescent and the cross.

Sometimes a reform is projected with the principle of which land nationalisers are in fullest sympathy, but are compelled to oppose the proposed method of carrying it into effect even at the risk of defeating the reform. Such a measure is Mr. Chaplin's Small Holdings Bill. It is permissive. They would have it compulsory. It is to be managed by County Councils. They would place it in the hands of Parish Councils. It proposes to buy out the landlords; they would have the local bodies take the lands on lease only. The position is embarrassing. The practical solution appears to be to approve the principle, oppose the details, accept with gratitude such modifications as they can carry, and get more at the earliest opportunity.

Great reforms do not as a rule realise all the expectations of their more ardent supporters. It may well be that the nationalisation of the land will prove no exception to the rule. When private ownership of land is abolished, the Millennium may still be a little way off. The diseases of society are so various that no one remedy may be a complete cure for them all. What of that? Shall a man who is suffering from gout and a broken arm refuse to take medicine for his gout because it will not also mend his arm, or refuse to have his arm set because that will not cure his gout?

Land Nationalism may well claim to have justified its existence if, as I believe it will, it destroys wage-slavery, permits every man to enjoy the fruit of his labour undiminished by the fine levied by the landlord as the condition of his right to live, enables every honest industrious man to make a competent livelihood, and—not least—destroys the undue wealth and grinding poverty, which are a perpetual menace to the happiness of men and the safety of society.

For the sake of such a reform a man may well be content to be sneered at, to work, to wait.

CLEMENT M. BAILHACHE.

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# THE ETHICS OF GAMBLING.

In the recent awakening of the national conscience to the evils of gambling there is evident a praiseworthy zeal for righteous living which is not wholly according to knowledge. In one form or another the practice has of late become so widespread through all classes of society that the public mind could not but be deeply exercised in the matter, and the accidental notoriety of an instance in point from the annals of life in high places has served to call forth vehement expressions of feeling in which a sound basis of reason is not often apparent. In cases where the excess is manifest, or where there are aggravating circumstances, it is perhaps permissible to condemn without resting our judgment on first principles; but confusion of thought is at any time an unsatisfactory background for moral conviction, and we shall do well to prepare ourselves for the reasonable demands: "What do you mean by gambling?" and "Why is it wrong?"

No definition of gambling has ever been generally accepted, and it is doubtful if any has even been proposed. Many acts are universally allowed to be included in the term, but many others hover on the borderline, and even among the former class there is hesitation in applying any absolute ethical standard, owing to a vague consciousness that below the surface distinctions may perhaps exist which would affect their significance. I propose to consider first what is the essential character in gambling, and what are the broad classes into which the practice must be divided. Only by this means will it be possible to pass a moral judgment with any confidence.

In the throwing of dice, which has been a favourite pastime in all ages and among many nations, we seem to have an illustration of gambling in its simplest form, but the origin of this custom in the casting of lots will bring us still nearer to the right point of view. In primitive times, when every occurrence was referred to a personal cause, there was no doubt a full belief that what we now speak of as determined by chance was a genuine expression of the will of a deity, and the appeal to such a decision would wear the aspect of a religious observance. Among the Greeks and Romans, as well as the Hebrews, we have many indications of this feeling, and we find traces of it still in the belief in "runs of luck," as if a

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good or evil genius were influencing our fate through the trivial issues on which we allow our fortune to depend. The belief in a supernatural sanction for the practice of casting lots has been involved in the general decay of superstition, brought about by the growing recognition of the facts of Nature as determined according to uniform laws. The idea of any divine purpose being shown in such a manner has been gradually disappearing; fate has lost its personal characteristics. Only by a few is it still credited with far-reaching designs or individual preferences; it is fast gaining a reputation for absolute impartiality. It seems at first sight as if the removal of religious sanction would naturally have thrown the habit of appealing to chance into discredit.

In certain departments of conduct such a change of feeling has occurred, and we no longer determine important actions according to the flight of a bird or the appearance of a victim's entrails. But at the same time the very blindness and impartiality of chance has in another aspect been its recommendation. Most gamblers are still superstitious, but superstition is by no means necessary to the passion. The modern gambler of the better class is perfectly well aware that the decrees of fate are neither for nor against him; when he speaks of chance he is thinking neither of a personal agency nor of a mysterious principle. He knows quite well that when he tosses a penny into the air it depends entirely on ascertained physical forces whether heads or tails will be uppermost when it falls; but he knows also that the particular result of the action of these forces is in such a case practically incalculable, and this is the condition he demands. Indeed he is too honourable to have it otherwise. He would scorn to load the dice himself, and he does not wish the gods to load them for him. All he asks is a fair field and no favour.

It seems, then, that in their origin appeals to chance were in reality prayers to the gods for guidance in difficulty, and that their development into their present forms has arisen through the competition of one individual with another—a competition which may become continuous. The stages may be illustrated as follows: I am uncertain whether to do this thing or the other, the reasons for each course being nearly equal. I toss up a coin to decide which I shall do. According to my belief or disbelief in obtaining supernatural guidance in this way will be my confidence in the decision, and though I should have ceased to believe in it altogether as evidence of wisdom of any kind, I may still have recourse to it in cases of small importance to turn the balance of judgment when I wish to avoid delay. This is the first stage undergoing an evolution of its own. But another case may arise. Suppose I live with a friend and some small service falls to be performed for our mutual benefit, but only requiring one of us to do it. We decide it by

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drawing lots. In early times this would be a competitive appeal to the gods, and would be employed even in circumstances of the highest moment, the one who was exempted being regarded as favoured by heaven. As in the simpler stage, such a competition is now found only when the matter is of slight importance, and when intelligent grounds of decision are so nearly balanced that any consideration is welcome which will serve to turn the scale. The next step is easy. It is only the difference between finding and making an opportunity. If I appeal to chance as to whether I or another should enjoy or forego some advantage which arises incidentally, why may I not also stake my claim to any advantage we may agree upon. If my friend and I may cast lots for the possession of a shilling which we find lying on the road, we may also agree that each shall stake a shilling of his own property on the cast of a die.

It will be well to consider the ethical position at this point. We may begin by dismissing the objection so frequently made against gambling, that it is *dishonest*—not merely that it is commonly associated with fraud and deceit, and is likely to lead to these, but that the practice is in itself an offence against justice, on the ground that no equivalent is given to the person from whom the money is won. When the word *honesty* has its ordinary meaning, as dealing with the relations of one man to another, and representing merely respect for the rights of property as established in any community, the objection cannot be maintained. The conditions of fairness in exchanging property are freedom of contract between the parties, and equal opportunity of acquiring information as to any circumstances which affect the bargain. It is not for outsiders to determine what is a fair equivalent, the parties themselves being the only competent judges of that. Now if men are free to barter anything that belongs to them, there can be no reason why they should not also barter their chances of possessing anything. If you and I throw for a stake to which we have contributed equally, we are making a perfectly open and honest bargain. Neither of us has any advantage over the other; we agree to let the result be decided in what we know to be an entirely impartial manner, and we accept it with perfect acquiescence in the fairness of the transaction.

All arguments against gambling therefore which rest on this basis are idle. It is no doubt a reasonable objection in its way that many forms of gambling are beset with temptations to dishonesty but it may be fairly replied that we must not argue from the abuse of a practice against there being any place for its legitimate use. Granted that none of the objectionable accompaniments are really necessary, does there still remain any well-founded reason against it?

Let us first ask what are the reasons *for* it. Why do men wish

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to gamble? Without speaking at present of cases where skill is demanded, wherein lies the inducement to exchange the risk of losing one's money for the prospect of gaining more? Why do boys toss for halfpence at the street corners? Why are the roulette and rouge-et-noir tables crowded with eager faces? Why do lotteries flourish wherever they are allowed? In part it is owing to the desire of gain, and in part it is for the sake of the nervous excitement attending this form of seeking for it.

As to the desire of gain it will be admitted that in so far as it represents the struggle for existence, the effort to live according to the conditions of Nature, it is wholly worthy of approval. But it will also be admitted that the most essential of these natural conditions is productive labour, and that the desire to gain possessions without working for them is an anti-social feeling which deserves the strongest repression. On this ground there can be little hesitation in condemning the professional gambler outright. But the chief difficulty arises with those who rejoin: "We do not gamble for the sake of winning money; we know perfectly well that in an issue of chance we are just as likely to lose as to win—nay, we know that at the roulette table those who keep the bank will take care that their customers are rather more likely to lose than to win; and that the managers of lotteries will adjust the prizes and blanks so that their expenses at least shall be safe. We do not look to profit. We do not wish to enjoy what another has laboured for, or to live as parasites on the community. Gambling is not our occupation. We earn our bread otherwise, and we gamble *for pleasure*." This is a plausible reply, and demands careful examination. And first, how far is it true? We need not impeach the good faith of those who make it; but is there no likelihood of their deceiving themselves? It is one thing to admit theoretically the rational grounds for expecting no balance of advantage in the long run from a course of gambling on pure chance, and quite another thing to be always influenced in practice by so sound a theory. Superstition survives among us in many shapes, and one of the most alluring is a sneaking conviction that we were born under a lucky star, that the gods have a genuine personal liking for us, of which they will be glad to give us tangible proof when opportunity occurs. Such a selfish optimism seems foolish enough when expressed in words; but it probably lurks in many a bosom, unmolested by the neighbourhood of very sound views as to the theory of chances. Our sins and blunders will linger on in the blood after they have been expelled from the reason and the conscience. Optimism is more a matter of temperament than of conviction. The despondent and unimaginative do not gamble; it is the sanguine man, in whom hope *will* assert itself over fear in defiance of all sobriety of judgment, that stakes his fortune on the decisions of fate, firm in the

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belief that the future must have something good in store for him. Especially to the young, in the first buoyancy of energy and hope, does the temptation come with subtle force. They feel that life is good, that the world is in their favour, and they are impatient to appeal to fortune for a payment on account, an earnest of the benefits that await them in the future. Why should they not discount some of them now?

But let us suppose that the perfectly reasonable gambler really exists, the man who not only knows the doctrine of chances, but is guided by his knowledge; who, without any wish or hope for more gain than loss, stakes his money for the mere pleasure of the excitement. "I grant you," he will say, "that gambling is no legitimate occupation for a man as a serious calling; that in the economy of society there is no place for the gambler among useful citizens. But surely a man's leisure hours are his own. You find relaxation from work in the pleasures of art, in music, in the drama; I find mine in gambling. To me it is an æsthetic gratification, and, as such, what have you to say against it?" This is a perfectly fair defence. We cannot refuse to allow gambling a place among the arts of pleasure, and we must apply to it the same principles of criticism as we should use towards other forms of æsthetic enjoyment. Now, it will not do to impose any narrow standard in estimating the value of pleasures. Joy is the flower of life, and if the point of view be wide enough, pleasure may be held to be its own justification. The happiness associated with healthy and useful labour may be the highest kind of pleasure, but it is not the only kind. Play is not to be defended only for its recreative effect; it is a lawful end in itself. Further, we must be careful not to dogmatise on such a relative question as the comparative value of pleasures. But when all this is admitted, there remain certain negative tests which cannot be resisted. It may be too much to claim that our pastimes should always be such as to increase our capacity for work, but at least their effect must not be to *diminish* the sum of our available energy. We may not be bound in our amusements to minister actively to the common good, but we must be careful not to interfere with it. Leaving the latter point an open question in its bearing on gambling, we may be content to press only the former.

In gambling you are playing with the emotions, bringing about unnatural alternations of hope and fear, of pleasure and pain. There can be no manner of doubt that this drain of nervous tissue represents in perfection the waste without repair which is directly subversive of life, and unless there are definite advantages to be set on the other side, which can be shown to overbalance the disintegrating process, there is no alternative but to condemn the practice utterly. In cases where trials of strength or skill are associated with gambling, I shall presently try to show that there is some question of com-

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pensating benefits, but where the issue is one of pure chance, and can neither be influenced nor forecast, I am quite unable to see how any plea in mitigation can possibly be urged.

Let us now pass to consider cases of gambling where the issue is apparently not so simple. In a certain class of transactions it is a recognised part of the bargain that each is at liberty to use whatever skill or knowledge he may possess to influence the result in his own favour. In the game of whist, for instance, this may be readily seen. Two factors are present; the distribution of the cards is determined by chance, but beyond this the result depends on the ability of the players. It is plain that any trial of skill, or any form of competition whatever, may be used as a means of gambling, bodily vigour, or endurance, correctness of eye or hand, strength of memory, or almost any other physical or mental endowment.

Through all these forms we may trace the same principle. In every case the process is *betting on one's skill*, using the term "skill" to embrace all kinds of special capacity. Now, leaving out of account at present those cases where the result is merely *forecast*, and confining ourselves to those where it is a question of *influencing* it, we may ask: Is betting on skill essentially different from betting on pure chance? At first sight these seem very different forms of gambling, and I have frequently heard it urged that, while it is no doubt foolish and wrong to stake money on pure chance, there can be no reasonable objection to betting on our skill. Now, a little consideration will, I believe, make it clear that no such distinction exists. In fact, gambling on one's skill is an impossibility. Let us take an example. You and I meeting as strangers have a game at billiards for a shilling a side. Suppose we are both honest and play as well as we can. I win the game by twenty-five points and get your shilling. Now, at first sight, this seems to be really betting on our ability to play. But is it genuine gambling? The shilling was of little consequence to us, but would we have staked a sovereign without knowing anything of each other's play? And if I ask you to play a second game on the same terms as the first, will you do so? You would not be so foolish. You will not play again unless I give you points. Now what is the significance of this? Why that, so far as the money interest is concerned, the difference in skill is to be allowed for: our chances of winning are as far as possible equalised by making the result of the wager turn on the action of causes which are practically beyond our control, the temporary condition or "form" of the players, and other influences which cannot be modified. This is not peculiar to billiards. In all games or other contests of skill which are used as occasions for gambling, the same practice will be found. Some advantage is given or taken by the competitors that they may start as nearly as

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can be arranged on a level. This is the recognised system of handicapping, and it is clear how necessary it is to the very existence of gambling. Without it the results of all trials of skill would very soon become foregone conclusions, and though an occasional wager of insignificant amount may be made on an issue of pure skill, no one would go on staking his money with almost a sure prospect of losing it. If every one wished to bet on the same side no business could be done. An artificial uncertainty is arranged to balance the inducements. To admit of this being conveniently done under all circumstances, gamblers have introduced the device of giving and taking odds, by which an inequality in the amounts staked by either side compensates for an inequality in the calculable chances of winning.

The inference from all this is that in continuous and persistent gambling, whether associated with trials of skill or not, the issue is invariably one of pure chance, *as nearly as it can be made so.*

This qualification, however, is of vast importance. For though the competition of interests *tends* to make everything depend on chance, it is practically impossible to do so completely. There will always remain a margin within which the result, if it cannot be influenced, may at least be forecast; and it is on this narrow margin that the immense superstructure of gambling has been mainly reared. The issue, in fact, so far as it is not a matter of pure chance, really depends not on the special capacity of those engaged, but on the correctness with which you can estimate the effect of such capacity on both sides. This may be made clear if we recur to the illustration from billiards. If, after I have won a game from you by twenty-five points, we wish to play again, it will naturally be on different terms; either I must stake several shillings against your one, or I must give you a start. From our experience of the first game we each forecast the result of a second. We have, no doubt, been playing our best, but the inevitable chance advantages have probably been distributed unequally, and there is room for calculation up to a certain point. The difference in our estimates will be adjusted by a process of bargaining. I offer fifteen points, and you ask twenty-five; finally we may agree to call it twenty. Now, it is not probable that the figures we respectively named at first represented perfectly dispassionate judgments; but let us suppose that they did. It is evident, then, that the final agreement, coming exactly between our estimates, either of which is as likely to be right as the other, has balanced the calculable chances, and leaves the result to be determined entirely by causes whose action cannot be foreseen. Again, we may both have thought twenty points a fair thing, but each of us tried to gain an advantage in the bargain. Here also the final agreement leaves all to pure chance. Another case still is where our estimates overlap. I may think I could give you twenty-five, although

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I only offer fifteen; you may expect to beat me with fifteen, although you ask twenty-five; and in this case we both consider twenty points a good bargain. That there is in none of these cases any backing of our skill at billiards, any attempt to profit by our superior play, will be readily seen, if we reflect that there is no necessary reason why I should not bet on my opponent as readily as on myself. Practically there would always be the suspicion of not playing one's best in such a case, but apart from this we might as well be onlookers, with freedom to back whichever side we thought most likely to win on the conditions agreed upon. It is a mere accident that we are at the same time bringing about the result and betting upon it. The two cases are quite distinct, and in most cases, indeed, are found separate. Gambling, in fact, is never a trial of skill; it is either an appeal to chance, or it is a contest of judgments. In so far as it is an appeal to chance it has been already condemned. It remains for us now to consider whether the condemnation holds when there is a contest of judgments.

Here again we must make a distinction between serious occupation and pastime. Our games effect no one directly but ourselves. In seeking a livelihood we are entering into economic relations with the world, and our action must be judged by its social effects. On issues of pure chance it is not possible for any one to make a living continuously, though some may attempt to do so for a time, for the excellent reason that loss and gain are bound to balance each other in the end. But in a contest in judgments the victory falls to the sharper wits, and thus the whole system of competitive industry has arisen to supersede more barbarous methods of warfare. There is no need here to place this system on its trial, as it will be generally admitted that the sole value of competition is as a stimulus to industry, and this is enough for our purpose. For gambling on the result of a contest of judgments is simply *competitive industry with the industry left out.* While we may be obliged for the present to suffer a certain admixture of predatory tendencies with our productive labour, there can be no hesitation in condemning utterly the persistence of such tendencies when dissociated from industry. Gambling as an occupation is the modern form of civil war, or rather of primitive anarchy, where every man's hand is against every other man's, the destruction of life and property being exchanged for the negative vice of non-productiveness. Its significance will be best understood from an illustration. Betting on horse-racing naturally occurs first to the mind, but, honeycombed as it is with fraud, it cannot be so well dealt with as other forms of gambling. Commercial speculation has the apparent disadvantage of being so far associated with genuine industry, but its true character can readily be distinguished by a little examination. Let us inquire as to the real nature of speculative transactions on the Stock Exchange, or, better still, on the Liverpool

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Cotton Market, where there is a tangible article of consumption, so that there may be no suspicion of injustice in the inclusion of such quasi-industrial operations under the name of professional gambling.

Between the plantation and the manufactory the cotton passes through the hands of several middlemen, and at each step competition naturally appears. So long as this is combined with the functions necessary for the transport of the goods, nothing can be said; but a class of men has arisen who compete with each other, not in doing anything with the cotton that the world needs to have done, but simply in forecasting the course of the market. While others are working, they stand by, watching them, estimating whether prices will rise or fall, and staking money on the correctness of their estimates. Every bale of cotton that arrives in Liverpool passes through the hands of at least ten people on an average before it is sent to be manufactured—that is, while the bale was on its way to England ten men were occupying their time in gambling over the price it would fetch. Are they not cumberers of the ground? "No," they will say, "we are not idlers. We have toiled hard to fit ourselves for our task. We have taken great pains to secure the most trustworthy information; we have given much intelligence and care to drawing sound conclusions from it. If we are successful in our calculations, are we not entitled to the reward?" This is all very well, but wherein have their efforts benefited the world that it should give them of its substance in return? If there should occasionally be an incidental advantage to the trade from the action of speculation in equalising prices, there are serious disturbing influences to set on the other side. In truth, these men are reaping where they have not sown. Their conduct may not sin against the negative morality of the law, but at the bar of a wider social justice they stand condemned. They fulfil no function that could not be equally well entrusted to those who carry on the necessary transactions of the trade, and they form as a class an excrescence on commercial enterprise which the growth of a healthy public opinion must remove. Speculation, whatever be its medium, cannot exist in divorce from the discharge of genuine industrial services without injury to society; and there is no rational ground why such a misuse of time and energy and intelligence should escape the opprobrium which other similar practices at present receive when they are stigmatised with the name of gambling.

There remains the final question whether it is wrong to gamble on a contest of judgments as a pastime. It is evident that the economic argument does not apply to playing games of skill for money, except in cases where the amounts at stake are of sufficient consequence to make an appreciable difference in the players' resources. It may, perhaps, be said that this is an impossible line to draw; but I do not think that can be maintained. Though what is a small stake to

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some is, no doubt, large to others, and though each of us may have difficulty in defining the limit of sport and earnest, even for himself, it would savour of moral pedantry to insist on a rigorous responsibility for even the smallest coin. Life would hardly be worth living without liberty to throw away insignificant sums of money on harmless pleasures. This is a point for distinction between use and abuse.

Gaming on issues of pure chance was condemned for its subjective effects in debilitating the nervous system; and, in the absence of any benefit on the other side, no question of degree was admitted. The smallest injury here is equally real with the most serious. But in games of skill it is certainly different. The mental strain they demand may be so slight as to be easily outweighed by the advantages they afford. What, then, are the advantages to be gained from betting and gambling? Games naturally reflect the actual conditions of life, and so long as sound judgment is an important element in a successful career, recreations which tend to develop it have a very definite value. This is no mere *à priori* argument. It is a matter of observation that those who are accustomed to betting are much more careful and accurate in their statements than those who refuse this artificial but useful test of conscientiousness. Some of the games in which the mental and moral discipline is most prominent cannot be played without a money stake; indeed, it is the existence of such a stake that calls forth the qualities that give them their interest and value. It may, of course, be urged that such qualities are mainly of the egoistic order, and that is true enough; but they cannot be condemned on this ground without imposing a standard impracticably high for the existing conditions of life. It cannot be denied that all these advantages are only to be sought at a very serious risk, but we must be careful to guard against any narrow or ill-considered censure of those who run the risk, and while we are free to condemn the many who manifestly fall into abuse of gambling, we may respect the self-restraint of the few who are able to indulge in it without injury as a pastime. It must be admitted, however, that the gambler is always playing with edged tools. There is no habit that is more insidious, or lays a greater strain on self-control, and those who prefer to avoid it altogether may be commended for their discretion.

JAMES OLIPHANT.

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# THE SOCIAL REFORMER IN FICTION.

"THE majority of people," wrote Mr. Oscar Wilde in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*, "spoil their lives by an unnatural and exaggerated altruism. They find themselves surrounded by hideous poverty, by hideous ugliness, by hideous starvation. It is inevitable that they should be strongly moved by all this." It is seldom that I have met an untruth more obvious. So far from the majority of what are called the comfortable classes spoiling their lives in the way suggested, it is questionable whether any but a small minority have suffered a day's unhappiness by the hideous surroundings of which Mr. Oscar Wilde speaks. Misery in the mass may be appalling when it is the subject of investigation and discussion, but to what extent does it actually detract from the pleasures of home or society? At the opera my lady is not haunted by the face of the poor wretch who begged her charity as she alighted from her carriage; at the dinner-table the feast of reason and the flow of soul do not suffer because we are well aware that thousands of London children go breakfast-less to school. Love's young dream is seldom disturbed by horrid visions of slum life, and the bliss of no man's wedding-morn is destroyed by thought for the thousands whose union is only one of grinding poverty and fearful toil. There is a deal of human nature in all this, and it would be pitiable were it quite otherwise. The people who die of broken hearts for the sorrows of the unseen millions are not of the world they inhabit, and even those whose lives are spoiled in the way Mr. Oscar Wilde avers are like the sensitive plant in Shelley's fanciful garden. But in contemplating the evils of society, fewer of us have the consolations that were once the common possession. Some have not the assurance that the inequalities of this world will be rectified in the next; others cannot lay the pleasing unction to their souls that, as all pleasure and all pain are comparative, such inequalities are more imaginary than real, while we find no satisfaction in shifting the responsibility of them on to some divine law or natural order of things. In short, it is largely recognised that the present conditions of society are not quite natural; that great wealth among the few and extreme poverty among the many are accidents and not essentials. It is to this change in the point of view, rather than to exaggerated altruism or morbid sensitiveness, that we must attribute the appearance of the social reformer in fiction.

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In nearly all the novels that have yet been written wide-spread poverty has been treated as if it were part of Nature, rather than a condition of society as at present constituted. It has furnished forth incident much as the catastrophe of fire and water might do. It provided motive in the same way, although doubtless in a lesser degree, as love and hatred, jealousy and ambition. It was one of the accepted facts, one of the inevitable circumstances of the universe, with which the novelist had only to deal for the sake of artistic effect or dramatic setting. Of its influence on the conduct of life we have had no adequate reflex in the pages of fiction, according to which falling in love is the only important event in a man's history, and the marriage-service its natural end.

But this is a negative way of describing the change in the spirit of fiction of which I speak. Let us consider its concrete examples. Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* and Charles Kingsley's *Alton Locke* may be said to have signalised the new departure, both being written in the middle of the present century. In their literary qualities no two books are more unlike; Victor Hugo, pungent and epigrammatic, full of concentrated energy and weird meaning; Charles Kingsley, eloquent and impulsive, now terribly in earnest, then overflowing with boisterous humour, were two of the greatest contrasts in the artistic temperament. And yet the books can be coupled together as pictures of society as the social reformer sees it; as character-sketches of men and women who move and have their being, not in accordance with the Church catechism or the conventional code of the drawing-room, but under the influence of social injustice, of class wrong, of political error. The French writer's work is more profound; his insight into the character of the individual and the society is deeper; his philosophy of life is less tangible, although not therefore the more true. There is a wider survey, a more comprehensive challenge of the justice of society in the life-story of Jean Valjean than in the autobiography of Alton Locke. *Alton Locke* is generally regarded as a book which had the purpose of exposing the evils of the sweating system. In reality its purpose was wider than that; it practically embraced "the condition of England question" which Carlyle was ventilating in *Chartism* and *Past and Present*. Even so, it fell short of Victor Hugo's work in the greatness of its scope. There is a well-known passage in Emerson's essay on "The Conservative," in which the penniless youth is brought into conflict with the established order of things, finding that all the seats at Nature's tables are already taken. "In his first consideration how to feed, clothe, and warm himself he is met by warnings on every hand that this thing and that thing have owners, and he must go elsewhere. Then he says: 'If I am born in the earth, where is my part? Have the goodness, gentlemen of this world, to show me my wood-lot, where



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I may fell my wood, my field where to plant my corn, my pleasure-ground where to build my cabin.'

"'Touch any wood, or field, or house-lot on your peril,' cry all the gentlemen of this world; 'but you may come and work in ours, for us, and we will give you a piece of bread.'"

In *Les Misérables* Victor Hugo has put into dramatic form this cry of the disinherited, this challenge of the new-comers for whom society provides the prison, should they practically impeach the sanctity of private property. In Jean Valjean we have the man whose instincts are of the noblest, whose nature is innately of the best, yet whose life is doomed by the cruelty of society. In the highest conception it is a terrible picture of the hero whom injustice has made a criminal; in its lowest, it is an example, full of significance for the social reformer, of the malefactor who is as much sinned against as sinning.

There is an old saying that "fictitious sorrows harden the heart to real ones." Like many old sayings, it has lost the little truth it may have once possessed. Of the deep impression which *Alton Locke* produced upon the public mind there is ample testimony on every hand. Those who cared to read the reports of Royal Commissions and lengthy articles in the newspapers could have fully acquainted themselves with the iniquities of sweaters' dens and the misery of the agricultural labourers long before Kingsley wrote the book; and yet the novel did as much as numberless articles and reports to bring about the improvement which, in its later editions, Kingsley himself admitted to have taken place. Why was this? Mainly because the average man loves the dramatic, abhors the impersonal. Philosophic principles he passes by on the other side; soulless statistics are put away as if they were phantoms. But when the personal pronoun is called into play, when the philosophy and the statistics are turned into a narrative which, like *Alton Locke*, touches the different chords of human feeling, the newspaper articles and the Commissions' reports gain a meaning for the popular mind. How many of Kingsley's middle-class readers, who during the troublous days of the great petition eagerly enrolled themselves as special constables, must have admitted the moral good and right feeling behind the Chartist movement, when they reached that last scene of all in the tailor-poet's history—that pathetic end on the shores of a foreign country of a life which had been so distorted. On public platforms and in the newspaper press Kingsley spent a considerable part of his life in justifying the movement to gentlemen of his class, but all his propaganda had smaller results than this one work of fiction.

Of this special power of the social reformer in fiction, Walter Besant's novel, *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, has become a familiar example. For years all the wisest teachers and preachers

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in the East-end of London lamented the deadly dulness of the people's lives, the absence of healthy pleasures to compete with the prosperity of public-houses. But these lamentations availed little until they reached the ears of the popular novelist, musing upon the difference in the lot of Hampstead's well-to-do residents and of those whose discordant cries filled its heath on bank-holidays. Then, lo and behold! the romancer took his magic wand and reared amidst the ugly roofs of Whitechapel a Palace of Delight, wherein people of all sorts and conditions might enjoy the pleasure that art and science can afford. Through the coloured glasses of imagination many people saw the Palace, and realising that Whitechapel had great want of it, gave of their substance to give it brick and mortar existence. In the romance it is the glory of a Girton girl, the heiress of vast wealth, to create the Palace of Delight; in the reality the effort has to spend itself among moneyed people by means of collecting boxes and subscription lists. But the wondrous rapidity with which the romance ushered in the reality might well persuade Mr. Besant that as a fiction writer he had a work to do for social reform, might well inspire him to another attack upon that oppression of women which drew from Tom Hood "The Song of the Shirt." In *The Children of Gibeon* Mr. Besant succeeded in writing a work second to none of the fiction of the day in absorbing interest, which had as its theatre so seemingly dreary and impossible a neighbourhood as Hoxton. Of the daily life of Hoxton he gives us almost a complete picture. Around the toiling sisterhood, the three sewing-girls whose united earnings provide one miserable room, about half as much sustenance as the human body properly requires, and practically no pleasures, are grouped all the figures and facts which make up Hoxton life. We are introduced to the various men who, in this neglected part of London for which our Imperial greatness and municipal patriotism have done so little, make for righteousness according to their several lights. There is the assistant priest at the ritualist church, who toils much to little purpose, but whose enthusiasm for matins and evensong is entitled to respect so long as he does not profess to carry on his watchchain the keys of the gate of the Kingdom of Heaven. As his counterpoise there is the young doctor, saturated with scientific doubt and full of cynical sayings, but with a good nature that is ever at the service of the poor. There is a Socialist schoolmaster whose promotion from the ranks of the working class has filled him with visions of a social revolution, to be brought about as the sequel of national education. In some respects this last character is very unsatisfatory; his crude outbursts do not seem natural in the mouth either of a capable schoolmaster or a convinced Socialist.

I have said that in this work we have a picture of the daily life of Hoxton, and it is a picture which seems far truer than that which

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many philanthropic persons have before them in their mind's eye. The light and shade are more correctly distributed; the novelist has a truer eye for Hoxton's virtues as well as Hoxton's faults. The book has force and meaning that all who read must pause and ponder upon. The scandalous payment and shameful treatment of the Hoxton working-girls have a lesson for the ladies among whom, I believe, this novelist is so popular. Will they learn it, I wonder? He has given them food for thought when they expected perchance only dainty *morceaux* with which to trifle away the time. Will they think when the book has been laid aside? If so, the circulating library should be of some service to render less necessary the movement led by Lady Dilke for the spread of trade unionism among women.

In its bearing upon social questions, however, another feature of the book has an even greater and more abiding interest. It touches the very root of social distinction, class inequality. Walter Besant starts with this problem: Given two girls of the same age, one the daughter of a burglar and a washerwoman, the other the daughter of a baronet and his lady, what will be the result if they are brought up together in precisely the same way, with all the advantages which culture can give and wealth can buy? Supposing that no secret is made of these circumstances, but that no one—not even the girls themselves—know which is the daughter of the baronet and which the daughter of the burglar, will the mystery reveal itself before they attain to womanhood by some marked difference in their nature or their manners? Will the child of baser birth proclaim her inferiority by some moral blemish, some mental deficiency, or at least by some unconscious defect in her bearing towards others? It is a great problem, involving the whole question of heredity; but not for one moment does the novelist leave us in doubt about his solution of it. No one could solve the conundrum which Lady Mildred offered to society; no one could distinguish between the blue-blooded heiress and the penniless daughter of the people, although all the match-making mothers and the fortune-hunting young men were engaged in the task. And not one of his readers, I should say, guesses the riddle until the novelist himself chooses to give the answer. When the two girls take a journey from Hyde Park to see the people who are the kith and kin of one of them, it is Valentine who makes the great renunciation. It is Valentine who resolves to spend three months alone in Hoxton as the companion of the girl toilers, while Violet, shrinking from their loud talk, their rough manners and squalid surroundings, goes back in tears to Lady Mildred's beautiful house. Yet in the result Valentine is found to have the claims of long descent, while Violet belonged to the people whose wretched lives she contemplated with a shudder and could never bring herself to share.

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Such an answer to such a problem would not, I think, be given by George Gissing, another notable novelist of the day, whose *Demos* and *The Nether World*, and in a secondary degree, *A Life's Morning*, have much interest for the social reformer. Indeed, in *Demos* we have human nature exhibited in a somewhat different light from *The Children of Gibeon*. As a study of social conditions, it takes much more account of the differences implanted by birth and breeding. We have a Socialist workman, a young engineer, whose study of the literature of politics and economy, and natural abilities as a speaker, have made him a platform apostle, a leader of his class, suddenly, by a relative's death, enriched with money and estate. Richard Mutimer's first thought is of the Cause; in some shape or other Socialism shall be put into practice, capital shall be fought with its own weapons. He resolves to devote all the profits of the Wanley estate, with its mines and ironworks, to the Socialist propaganda. So far, so good; but before proceeding further, let me quote the author's portrait of his hero:

"Richard represented—too favourably to make him anything but an exception—the best qualities his class can show. He was the English artisan as we find him on rare occasions, the issue of a good strain which has managed to procure a sufficiency of food for two or three generations. His physiquewas admirable; little short of six feet, he had shapely shoulders, an erect well-formed head, clean strong limbs, and a bearing which in natural ease and dignity matched that of the picked men of the upper classes—those fine creatures whose career, from public school to regimental quarters, is one continuous course of bodily training. But the comparison, on the whole, was to Richard's advantage. By no possibility could he have assumed the aristocratic vacuity of visage which comes of carefully induced cerebral atrophy. The air of the workshop suffered little colour to dwell upon his cheeks; but to features of so pronounced and intelligent a type this pallor added a distinction."

Bearing this portrait in mind, the sequel to Richard's reverse of fortune is profoundly disappointing. Arrived at Wanley, the observed of all observers in its little circle of gentility, Richard almost at once falls a prey to its social blandishments. His first proceeding is to jilt the London workgirl he had promised to marry in favour of a young lady whose family had seen better days. Thenceforth nearly every circumstance of his life is a practical recantation of his former faith. He dismisses a man from the works without mercy, and is deaf to his wife's appeal on behalf of the woman and children. In various ways he acts upon the maxim —to quote the novelist's words—that "men with large aims cannot afford to be scrupulous about small details." And when Mrs. Mutimer one day finds a will, by which Richard's inheritance should be the property of another, the Socialist proposes to suppress the

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document, and it needs the entreaties and the threats of his genteel wife to induce him to make the surrender of wealth and comfort. There is again this pointed contrast between the righteous instincts of class and the ignoble desires of common men; but in this case we are left to conjecture how far Mrs. Mutimer was influenced by the fact that the rightful heir had been her lover, and was the man whom in other circumstances she would have accepted as her husband.

From that point the story has an ever-darkening aspect. Mutimer does not return to the engineer's shop. Under the will he has a small legacy, and when he is about to resume his Socialist propaganda in London a cheque for £500 comes from an anonymous donor, with an intimation that the same sum will be sent annually during the next ten years. With ample means thus provided, Mutimer spends his time writing pamphlets and making speeches, and organising a new system of saving for the working classes. Unhappily the money placed in his hands by the thrifty poor is indiscreetly invested in an unsound and dishonest undertaking, which utterly fails, bringing suspicion and discredit upon Mutimer. Feeling becomes terribly strong against him, and it is in vain that he attempts to justify himself; a mob on Clerkenwell-green clamours for his life, and he takes refuge in a stranger's house, on the appeal of a woman who proves to be his cast-off lover. There is a supreme pathos, intense dramatic interest, in this scene. In admitting Mutimer his preserver had been savagely struck across the face; outside the house the mob is yelling itself hoarse and threatening to break in the door. "Listen to them!" exclaims Mutimer. "That's the people, that is! I deserve killing, fool that I am, if only for the lying good I've said of them." Mutimer goes to the window in the faint hope of pacifying the rabble, and is rejoiced to find that the police have arrived. As he is leaning forth again, casting defiant looks below, a sharp stone strikes his temple and kills him on the spot. . . . . The closing incidents of the story are in keeping with this melancholy climax. Richard Mutimer's widow marries the patrician youth, whose æsthetic tastes the industrial development of the Wanley estate so grossly outraged, and whose first act on becoming its proprietor was to demolish the works and turn away the work-people.

On the whole the book, in its relation to social reform, can be pleasing to none but the pessimist. It lays far too much stress, from the point of view of art as well as of truth, upon the inherent value of class distinctions. It puts too fine a gloss upon the fiction that mankind has in caste a porcelain clay made in some other fashion than the common china. Yet in some respects there is hope, there is good cheer and inspiration in the book; in the character of Emma Vine, the forsaken lover, for instance, and

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idealism of the artist Westlake and his beautiful wife. George Gissing is too much oppressed with the darker features of the present condition of Demos to be sufficiently hopeful of his future destinies; he is too painfully impressed by discordant traits in his character, which, saddening as they are now, would in a happier social state pass away like June mists before the rising sun. The novelist is no obscurantist in regard to social reform. If such an impression could be drawn from *Demos*, it would be destroyed by *The Nether World*. In this story there are the same shadows cast across the scene by the instinctive brutality, the depraved taste, the gross ignorance of the inhabitants of this nether world. But there are bright gleams of hope in the possibility of social regeneration, fitful rays of faith in

> . . . nobler modes of life,
> With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Sidney Kirkwood, the young artisan, who begins with self-culture and resolute protest against social injustice, and has to spend his life battling against a sea of private troubles, embodies the brighter side of George Gissing's philosophy. But in this piece of fiction the circumstances actually go as much awry, events turn out as perversely as they have the habit of doing in real life. A working man who returns from Australia with moderate wealth, resolves that it shall be devoted after his death to the advancement of the cause of the poor and suffering. He rescues from the cruelty of a vulgar virago, to whom she had been as a slave, a young granddaughter that his son had deserted years before. Sidney Kirkwood forms an affection for her, and the old man designs that the two shall be the instruments of his beneficent purpose. But his glorious vision gradually vanishes into thin air. Sidney, not daring to put his love into words when its object may be under such strong pressure from circumstances to accept it, chivalrously marries a poor girl who had obtained his love before her ambition for the higher things of a theatrical career had caused her to come to grief. Jane shrinks from the terrible responsibilities which her grandfather wishes to place upon her. The old man dies suddenly, not having made a will, so that the wealth which was to have helped the oppressed and succoured the miserable is left to be squandered by his unscrupulous son in reckless speculation. There is not much "poetical justice," as the novel reader understands the phrase, in this conclusion, and the feelings with which he reads the last chapter will hardly be brightened by the tender eloquence of its closing words:

"In each life little for congratulation. He, with the ambitions of his youth frustrated; neither an artist, nor a leader of men in the battle for justice. She, no saviour of society by the force of a superb example; no daughter of the people, holding wealth in trust

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for the people's needs. Yet to both was their work given. Unmarked, unrecognised save by their love of righteousness and mercy, they stood by the side of those more hopeless, brought some comfort to hearts less courageous than their own. Where they abode it was not all dark. Sorrow certainly awaited them, perchance defeat in even the humbler aims that they had set themselves; but at least their lives would remain a protest against those brute forces of society which fill with wreck the abysses of the nether world."

This strikes the key-note to George Gissing's message, as Carlyle would call it, to the present generation of novel-readers. Circumstances do not adjust themselves as prettily and complacently in our social system as we might imagine from ninety-nine out of every hundred novels that are written. The forces that lead to unhappiness are at present frequently the stronger for the majority of mankind, even when a fair share of virtue and righteousness is not wanting. This view finds similar expression in *A Life's Morning,* although the *denôument* is not full of tears like that of *The Nether World.* "I am impressed," says one of the characters, "by the power of circumstances. Emily would always have been a remarkable girl, no doubt; but without her education you and I should not have been talking about her like this, even if we had known her. We cannot dispense with these aids; that's where I feel the cruelty of depriving people of chances. Men and women go to their graves in wretchedness who might have done noble things with an extra pound a week to live upon."

John Morley recently said that the unemployed workman was often as great a tragedy as *Hamlet* or the *Œdipus.* In the character of James Hood, the father of his heroine, Mr. Gissing has realised some such feeling. Failure has marked James Hood for its own, and, although of some natural ability, with healthy moral qualities, for years he struggles on the wages of a miserable clerkship, until in one terrible hour he succumbs to a great temptation and misappropriates a bank-note. The shame of discovery drives him to suicide. The dire tragedy of this man's life is scarcely counterbalanced by the romance of his daughter's love for a man of wide sympathy and great intellectual attainments. Their acquaintance, begun in the house of Wilfrid's aunt, where Emily was employed as governess, passes through much trial and tribulation, but ends in the approved good fashion, a concession to the conventionalities of the novelist which impairs not at all Mr. Gissing's creed as a social reformer.

Between Charles Kingsley and Victor Hugo, Walter Besant and George Gissing, I am not going to make comparison; they have at least one thing in common, the union between the art of fiction and the aims of the social reformer. Victor Hugo's faith in organic changes would hardly be justified by those developments of our

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civilisation of which George Gissing gives such merciless pictures. Charles Kingsley's plans for ameliorating the common lot would as certainly not suffice in view of the deeper discontent, the wider hope, which obtains recognition from the pen of Walter Besant. But each alike, by the power of the imaginative faculty, by the stirring influence of the artist's skill, has quickened, and is quickening, the energies that make for a more righteous state of society, and his services in this way the politician and the economist must readily acknowledge.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

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# THE REMNANT OF A GREAT RACE.

MODERN History is, in its rapid march onward, making sad havoc of old races. New nations are rising up; but only like new banks and headlands on our coast, by the accumulation of drifted shingle, which the very same tide is washing away from wasting older rocks. A generation or two hence, in the making of a new German people, the last remnant will have finally disappeared of an interesting race, which historians and archæologists alike, to whom it is known, will be loth to miss. There are probably few Englishmen who have any very clear idea as to what and who the "Wends" or "Sorbs" are. Early in the last century, we read—I think it was in the year 1702—our Ambassador at Vienna, one Hales, travelling home by way of Bautzen, to his utter surprise found himself in that city in the midst of a crowd of people, strange of form, strange of speech, strange of garb—but unquestionably picturesque—such as he had never before seen or heard of. They are there still, wearing the same dress, using the same speech, looking as odd and outlandish as ever. We need not go back to the records of Alfred the Great, of Wulfstan and Other, to learn what a powerful nation the Wends, one of the principal branches of the great Slav family, were in times gone by. In the days when Wendish warriors, like King Niklot, were feared in battle, their ships went forth across the sea, side by side with those of the Vikings, planting colonies on the Danish Isles, in Holland, in Spain—aye, very ambitious Slav historians will even have it that our own *Sorbiodunum* (Salisbury) is "the town of the Sorbs," founded by Sorb settlers in 449, and that to the same settlers—also styled *Weleti* (Alfred the Great calls them *Vylte*)—do our "Wilton" and "Wiltshire" owe their names. On the Continent they once overspread nearly all Germany. Hanover has its "Wendland," Brunswick its "Wendish Gate." Franconia, when ruinously devastated by intestinal wars of German races, was, at Boniface's instance, recultivated by immigrant Wends, famous in his days, and after, for their husbandry. The entire North German population, from the Elbe eastward, and north of the Bavarian and Bohemian mountains, is in descent far more Wendish than German. Wendish names, Wendish customs, Wendish fragments of speech, bits of Wendish institutions, survive everywhere, to tell of past Slav occupation. Altenburg is Wendish to a man, the Mecklenburgs

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are to the present day ruled even by Wendish grand dukes. Berlin, Potsdam, Dresden, Lübeck, Leipzig, Schwerin, and many more German towns, still bear Wendish names.

There are now but a poor 150,000 or 160,000 left of this once numerous people. And that handful is dwindling fast. Every year sees the tide of spreading Germanism making further inroad on the minute domain which the Germanised Wends have left to their parent race in that much disputed territory, the Lusatias. Prussian administration, Prussian education, Prussian pedantic suppression of everything which is not neo-German, are rapidly quenching the still smoking flax. It boots little that the Saxon Government, kinder in its own smaller province, has, very late in the day, changed its policy, and is now striving to preserve what is, at its lowest valuation, a most interesting little bit of ethnographic archæology. It is much too late to stop the march of Germanisation, which has grown so rapidly that even in the same family you may now find parents still thoroughly Wendish, and priding themselves on their Wendish patronymics, and children wholly German, bearing newly-coined German names. Evidently the race is dying fast.

Its death was in truth prepared a long time ago. Once the Saxons had obtained the mastery, the poor Slavs were oppressed and persecuted in every way. They were forbidden to wear their own peculiar dress. They were forbidden to trade. The gates of their own towns were closed against them, or else opened only to admit them into a despised "ghetto." No man of culture dared to own himself a Wend. Accordingly, though they possess a language unique for its plasticity and pliancy, up to the time of the Reformation written literature they had none. For centuries their race has been identified with the lowest walks in life. They must have their own parsons, of course; but that was all. Otherwise, hewers of wood and drawers of water, toiling cultivators of the soil, they were doomed to remain—very "serfs," lending, it is said, in the north, a peculiar name to that servile station ("serfs," from "serbs"), just as in the south "Slav" became the distinctive term for "slave."

To the eye of the archæologist, all this hardship has secured one compensating advantage. It has left the Wends—in dress, in customs, in habits of mind, in songs and traditions—most interestingly primitive. Everything specifically Wendish bears the unmistakable stamp of national childhood, early thought, old-world life. There has been no development within the race, as among other Slavs. There have been modern overlayings, no doubt; but they are all foreign additions. The Wendish kernel has remained untouched, displaying with remarkable distinctness that peculiarly characteristic feature which runs through all the Slav kindred, at once uniting and separating various tribes, combining a curious unity of substructure with a striking variety of surface. Among the "Serbs,"

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or "Sorbs,"—really "Srbs"—of Germany, occur names which reveal a close kinship with Russians, Bohemians, and Croats. By some strange common features their language links them plainly with the Old Bulgarians. Their national melodies exhibit a marked resemblance to those melancholy airs which charm English visitors in Russia. Yet a Pole, one of their nearest neighbours, is totally at sea among the Wends. His language is to them almost as unintelligible as that of their "dumb" neighbours on the opposite side, the *Njemski*—that is, the Germans. Even among themselves the Lusatians are divided in speech. In Lower Lusatia, for instance, where the population are descended from the ancient Lusitschani, if you want to ask a girl for a kiss, you must say: *gulitza, daj mĕ murki.* In Upper Lusatia, where dwell the Miltschani, the same request takes the shape of: *holitza, daj mi hupkuh.* It will terrify linguists among ourselves to be told that this Slav language—which the Germans despise as barbarous, which has scarcely any literature, and which is spoken by very few men of high education—possesses, in addition to our ordinary verbs, also verbs "neutro-passive," "inchoative," "durative," "momentaneous," and "iterative"; an aorist like Greek, and a preterit aorist of its own; a subjunctive pluperfect, and in declension seven cases, including a "sociative" case, and a "locative." The most remarkable characteristics of the language, however, are the richness of its vocalisation, and its peculiar flexibility and pliancy, which enable those who speak it to coin new and very expressive words for distinct ideas almost at pleasure, yet subject to no misconstruction.

In outward appearance the Wends are throughout a powerful, healthy, and muscular race, whose men are coveted for the conscription. The first Napoleon's famous "Bouchers Saxons"—the Saxon dragoons—were nearly all Wends. And in the present day, it is the Wends who contribute the lion's share of recruits to the Saxon household regiments. Their women are prized throughout Germany as nurses. They are all well-built, well-shaped, rich in muscle, and nimble in motion, like the Lacedæmonian women of old. Next to stature, the most distinctive external feature of the race is their national dress, which, as in most similar cases, survives longest, and in its most characteristic form, among women. As between different districts it varies very markedly, but throughout it has some common features. Short bright-coloured skirts, with the hips preternaturally enlarged by artificial padding, and an unconscionable amount of starch put into the petticoats on Sundays; close-fitting bodices, under which in some districts, by an atrocious perversion of taste, are placed bits of stout cardboard, designed to compress a strongly developed bust to hideous flatness; small tight-fitting caps, into which is gathered all the hair, and which are often concealed under some bright-coloured outer head-gear, with an abundance of

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ribbons dependent; and a goodly allowance of scrupulously clean collar, frill, and neckerchiefs, at any rate on Sundays; and, on festive occasions, stockings of the same irreproachable whiteness—these are, briefly put, the main characteristics of the women's dress. Oddly, the Roman Catholics, who elsewhere—in the Black Forest, for instance—affect the gayest colours, among the Wends show a partiality for the soberest of hues, more specifically brown and black. The men delight in big buttons, bright waistcoats, and high boots, long coats which pass on from father to son through generations, and either preternaturally stout hats of prehistoric mould, or else large blue caps with monster shades. Their peculiar customs are simply legion, and so are their traditions and superstitions. Their fairs are a thing to see. Old-fashioned as the Wends are, ordinary shopping has no attraction for them. But the merry fair, with its life and society, its exchange of gossip, its display of finery, its haggling and bargaining, its music and its dancing, is irresistibly alluring. At the great fair at Vetzschau in olden days you might see as many as a thousand Wendish girls, all dressed in their best, formally but merrily going through their Wendish dances in the market-place. In matters of faith the Wends are all great believers in little superstitious formulas and observances, such as not turning a knife or a harrow edge or tine upward, lest the devil should sit down upon it. Their favourite devices for attracting a man's or a maiden's love are a little too artlessly natural to be fit for recital here. One great prevailing superstition is the belief in lucky stones—*kamushkis*. Stones, in truth, play a leading part in their traditions. They have a belief that stones went on growing, like plants, till the time of our Saviour's temptation, in the course of which, by an improvement upon the authorised text, they assert that he hurt his foot against one by accident. In punishment for having caused that pain, their growth is understood to have been stopped. They have other stones as well—"fright-stones" and "devil-stones," for instance. But the *kamushkis* are more valuable than all. They are handed on as precious heirlooms from parent to child, and often put down at a high value in the inventory of an estate. The supernatural world of the Wends is as densely peopled as any mythology ever yet heard of. There is the *pschesponiza*—the noon woman, to avoid whom women in pregnancy and after their confinement dare not go out of doors in the midday hours; there is the *smerkava*, or "dusk-woman," who is fatal to children; the *wichor*, or whirlwind; the *plon*, or dragon, who terrifies, but also brings treasure; the *bud*, or Will-o'-the-Wisp; the *bubak*, or bogey; the nocturnal huntsman, *nocny hanik;* and the nocturnal carman, *nocny forman*; the *murava*, or nightmare; the *kobod* or *koblik*; the *chódota* (witch); the *buzawosj*, who frightens children; the *djas*, the *graby*, the *schyry zed*, the *kunkaz*, spirits "black" and "white," and any

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number more. Every mill has its peculiar *nykus* or *nyx*, who must be fed and propitiated. And then there are roguish sprites such as *Pumpot*, who is a sort of Wendish "barguest," doing kind turns as often as he plays mischievous pranks. All this curious Slav mythology alone is worth studying. If in a family children keep dying young, the remedy certain to be applied is, to christen the next born "Adam" or "Eve," according to its sex, which is thought absolutely to ensure its life. Like most much-believing races, the Wends are remarkably simple-minded, trustful, leadable, and docile, free from that peculiar cunning and malice which is often charged, rightly or wrongly, to Slav races—not without fault, but in the main a race whom one grows fond of.

To see the Wends ethnographically at their best, you should seek them in their forest homes, all through that vast stretch of more or less pine-clad plain, mostly sand, extending northwards from the last distant spurs of the "Riesengebirge" (which bounds at the same time Bohemia and Silesia), to the utmost limits of their territory in the March of Brandenburg, and much beyond that—or else in that uniquely beautiful Spreewald, some hundred of miles or so south of Berlin, a land of giant forest and water, an archipelago of turfy islets. That is the ancient headquarters of the Wendish nation, still peopled by a peculiar tribe, with peculiar, very quaint dress, with traditions and customs all their own, settled round the venerated site of their old kings' castle. It is all a land of mystic romance, sylvan silence, old-world usages, such as well become the supposed "Sacred Forest" of the ancient "Suevi." Alders and oaks—the former of a size met with nowhere else—cast a dense, black shade over the whole scene, which is in reality but one vast lake, on whose black and torpidly moving waters float wooded *kaupes* or isles, scattered upon which dwell in solitude and practical isolation the toilsome inhabitants, having no means of communication open to them except the myriads of arms of the sluggishly flowing Spree. A parish covers many square miles. Each little cottage, a picture by itself amid its bold forest surroundings, stands long distances away from its neighbours. The outskirts of the forest consist of wide tracts of wobbling meadow, a floating web of roots and herbage, over which one can scarcely move without sinking into water up to the hips. Were you to tread through, down you would go helplessly into the fathomless black swamp. On those vast meadows grow the heavy crops of sweet nutritious grass which make the Spreewald hay, valued at Berlin for its quality as is the hay of the Meuse at Paris. On their little islands, as in the *Hortillonages* of the Somme, the *kaupers* raise magnificent crops of vegetables (more particularly cucumbers, without which Berlin would scarcely be itself), which, as on the Somme, they are constrained to carry to market by boat. Boats and skates, in fact, supply in that wooded Holland the only means of locomotion.

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And thanks to its canals and its water, all in it is so fresh, and so luxuriant, and so remarkably silent, that, while one is there, there seems no place like the Spreewald in which to be thoroughly alone with Nature. On a mound artificially raised upon one of these islands, at Burg, once stood the castle of the great Wendish kings, whose sceptre is supposed still to descend in secret from sire to son in a particular family, known only to the best initiated of Wends. To this country more specifically, together with some scores of distinct water sprites (each endowed with its own attribute), does Wendish mythology owe its numerous legends about snakes wearing precious crowns, which on occasion they will carelessly lay down on the grass, where, if luck should lead you that way, you may seize them and so ensure to yourself untold riches—provided that you can manage to get safely away.

In the mountainous country about Bautzen and Loebau in Saxony, where the scenery is fine, the air bracing, the soil mostly fat, nineteenth century levelling has been far too long at work for race customs to have maintained themselves altogether pure. There stand the ancient sacrificing places of the Wends, the Czorneboh, sacred to the "black god," the Bjeliboh, sacred to the "white" one—respectively, the Mounts Ebal and Gerizim of Wendland—and many more. Wendish traditions and Wendish speech are still very rife in those parts. And most of the brains of the race are to be found in that well-cultivated district—the "Wendish Schiller," the "Wendish Mozart," Immisch, Hornigk, Pfuhl—all the literary coryphæi of the race. From Bautzen, certainly, it is quite impossible to dissociate Wendish traditions. That is to the Upper Lusatians what Cottbus is to the lower, *mjesto*, "the town," *par excellence*. There are very true Wends in those regions still. In a village near Hochkirch the community managed for a long time successfully to keep out Germans, refusing to sell any property otherwise than to a Wend. But under the influence of advancing civilisation so many things externally peculiar to the race have disappeared—their forests, and their wooden buildings, much of their ancient dress; they live so much in the great world, that they can scarcely be said to have kept up their peculiar race-life in perfect purity.

In the forest, on the other hand, where, in fact, dwell the bulk of the not yet denationalised race, you still see Wends as they were many centuries ago. It is a curious country, that easternmost stretch of what once was the great forest of Miriquidi, almost touching Bautzen and Görlitz with its southernmost fringes, and extending northward far into the March of Brandenburg. At first glance you would take it to be intolerably prosaic. It spreads out at a dead level, flat as a rink, for miles and miles away, far as the eye can see, with nothing to break the straight sky-line—except it be clouds of dust whirled up by the wind from the powdery surface of

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this German Sahara. The villages lie wide apart, divided by huge stretches of dark pine forest, much of it well-grown, not a little, however, crippled and stunted. The roads are often mere tracks of bottomless sand, along which toils the heavy coach at a foot pace, drawn by three horses at least, and shaking the passengers inside to bits by its rough motion across gnarled pine-roots which in the dry sand will never rot. But look at it a little more closely, and you will find a peculiar kind of wild romance resting upon it. If you take the trouble to inquire, you will find that all this forest is peopled with elves. There are stories and legends and superstitions attaching to almost every point. Hid away among it are the sites of ancient Wendish villages—you may see where stood the houses, you may trace where were the ridged fields, you may feel, Wends will have it, by a creeping sensation coming over you as you pass, where were the ancient burial grounds. Here is an ancient haunted Celtic barrow. There is a cave in which are supposed to meet, at certain uncanny hours, the ghosts of cruel Swedish invaders, barbarously murdered in self-defence, or else Wendish warriors of much older time. Yonder, again, is a mound beneath which lies a treasure. Here "spooks" this spirit, there his fellow. By the Wends, the forest is regarded with peculiar awe. It is to them a personality, almost a deity, exacting, as they will have it, every year at least one victim as a tribute or sacrifice. Every now and then you will come upon a heap of dry branches, on which you may observe that every passer-by religiously lays an additional stick. That is a "dead man," a Wendish "cairn," raised up in memory of some person who on that spot lost his life. Between the forest and dry fields picturesquely stretch out sheets of water, some of them of large size. And where there is water, the scenery at once assumes a hue of freshness and verdure which is most relieving. Dull and bare as this country generally is, no Switzer loves his own beautiful mountain home more fervently, or admires it with greater appreciation, than do the Wends their native patch of sand and peat and forest; nor does he miss it, when away, with more painful home-sickness.

In this flat tract of land you may see the German Slavs still living in their traditional timber or clay and wattle houses, built in the orthodox Wendish style—with a little round-roofed oven in front, and a draw-well surmounted by a tall slanting beam, with a little garden, the *Ausgedinge-haus* for the pensioned-off late proprietor, the curious barge-board, ornamented at either end with some crudely fantastical carving (which was borrowed more than a thousand years ago from the early Saxons), and with that most characteristic mark of all, the heavy arched beam overshadowing the low windows. The house would be thatched, but that the Prussian government absolutely forbids thatch for new roofing. The entire settlement is laid

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out on the old nomad plan, reminding one of times when for security villagers had to dwell close together. In the middle of the village is the broad sreet or green, planted with high trees, which, by their contrast with the surrounding pine forest, indicate the site to the traveller a long way off. The Wends are devoted lovers of trees, and in every truly Wendish village you are sure to find a large lime tree, tall or stunted, but in every case spreading out its branches a long distance sideways, and overshadowing a goodly space. That tree has for generations back formed the centre of local life, and is venerated as becomes a "sacred tree" of ancient date. Here young and old are wont to assemble. Here, on Saturday afternoons in spring-time, gather the young girls to blend their tuneful voices in sacred song heralding the advent of Easter. Here used to meet the village council—which has in recent times, for reasons of practical convenience, removed to the public-house—the *gromada*, or *hromada*, summoned by means of a *kokula* or *hejka*, that is, "a crooked stick" or a hammer, sent round from house to house. Every householder, large or small, has a right to be present and to take his full part in the proceedings; for the Wends are no respecters of persons. In the centre sits the *solta*, as president, supported by his "sidesmen," the *starski*. And there are discussed the affairs of the little community, heavily and solemnly at first, but with increasing animation as the *pálenza*, or *schnaps*, gets into people's heads. The most interesting by far of these periodical meetings is the *gromada hoklapnica*, the "gromada of brawls," that is, which is held in most villages on St. Thomas' Day, in some on Epiphany Day, to transact, with much pomp and circumstance, the business which has reference to the whole year. The annual accounts are there settled. New members are received into the commune, and if any have married, the Wendish marriage tax is levied upon them. If there are any paupers in the parish, they are at that meeting billeted in regular succession upon parishioners. Another important matter to settle is the institution of paid parish officers, none of whom are appointed for more than a year at a time. Watchman, field-guard, blacksmith, road-mender, &c., all are expected to attend, cap in hand, making their obeisance as before a Czar, thanking the *gromada* for past favours, which have secured them infinitesimal pay, and humbly supplicating for new, which are, as a rule, granted with a rather pompous and condescending grace.

The village homesteads line the common or street on either side, standing gable outwards, as every Wendish house ought to stand. From them radiate in long narrow strips the fields, as originally divided, when the settlers were still a semi-nomad race, when each member was scrupulously assigned his own share of loam, clay, high land, low land, peat, sand, meadow—not only in order that none might be better off than his neighbour, but also that the workers in



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the fields might at all times make sure of fellowship, to lighten their toil by chat and song, and by taking their meals in company. By intuitive instinct the Wends prefer cultivating light land, whereas the Germans give the preference to heavy. All their implements seem made for light soil. Such are their wooden spades, tastefully edged with steel, which, though not perhaps as useful as our all-steel implements, look incomparably more picturesque. And from light soil the Wends know better than any race how to raise remunerative crops. They understand heavy land, too, as witness their excellent tillage in Upper Lusatia, and above all in that German "Land of Goshen," the Duchy of Altenburg. But on sand they are most at home. And in the poorest districts you may make sure that whenever you see a particularly fine patch of corn, or potatoes, or millet, or buckwheat, that patch is peasant's land.

The church, as a rule, is placed right in the middle of the village. The Wends value their church. For all their stubborn paganism in early days, against which St. Columban, and St. Emmeran, and St. Rupert and St. Eckbert all contended in vain, the Wends have always been a devoutly religious people, and at present—barring a little drinking and a little stealing (which latter, however, is strictly confined to fruit and timber, upon which two commodities they hold communistic opinions)—they are exemplary Christians. With their parsons they do not always get on well. But that is because some of the parsons, raised from peasant rank, are, or were—for things have altered by the introduction of fixed stipends—a little exacting in the matter of tithes and offerings, and the demand that there should be many sponsors to a christening, for the sake of the fees. There are some queer characters among that forest-clergy. One in my neighbourhood was a good deal given to second-hand dealing. He attended every sale within an accessible radius, to bring home a couch, or a whip, or a pair of pole-chains, or a horse-cloth, for re-sale. His vicarage was in truth a recognised second-hand goods store, in which every piece of furniture kept continually changing. Another was greedy enough to claim a seat at the Squire's table, at the great dinners given in connection with the annual *battues*, as a matter of "prescription." A third drank so hard that on one occasion he had to be propped up against the altar to enable him to go on with the service. The most curious of all, however, was the "chaplain" of Muskau, who married his couples wholesale, on the Manchester "sort yourselves" principle. Sometimes, when things went a little slowly, and he grew impatient, it was *he* who "sorted" the couples, and then occasionally it would happen that, giving the word of command like a Prussian corporal, he would "sort" them wrongly. They were far too well drilled to discipline not to obey. But when the ceremony was over they would lag sheepishly behind, scratching their heads and saying:

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"*Knès duchowny, I* should have married that girl, and this girl should have married *him*." However, the Church had spoken, and the cause was finished. Married they were and married they must remain. Even to this the patient Wends submitted.

But all this has nothing to do with the Church proper, as distinct from the parson. Their religious instinct appears born with the Wends. Religion seems to be in all their thoughts and most of their acts. The invariable greeting given is "God be with you." They talk habitually of "God's rain," "God's sun," "God's crops," "God's bread,"—to them "every good gift and every perfect gift cometh from above." Worshippers returning from church are hailed with a "Welcome from God's Word." When the sun goes down, it is to "God" that it goes to rest. Whenever a bargain is struck, the appeal to the other party is "God has seen it," or "God has heard it." And although German jurisdiction, with its partiality for oaths slily extracted after a statement, has imported here and there a little false swearing, in the main that ancient confirmation of the contract is still respected. In Wendland the churches are filled as nowhere else in Germany, and however prosily the parson may preach—as he generally does—nowhere is he more attentively and devoutly listened to. In Wendland alone of all Germany have I noticed that Protestants bow at the mention of the name of "Jesus." Barring some ten thousand Roman Catholics in Saxony, the Wends are all staunch Protestants of that nondescript Lutheran-Calvinist creed, which the kings of Prussia have imposed upon their country. But not a few of their beliefs and superstitions and legends hark back to older days. They still keep *Corpus Christi*. In their religious legends, which are of very ancient origin, the Virgin plays a prominent part—leading off, among other things, a nocturnal dance, in which the angels all join, clad in silken gowns with green wreaths on their heads, meeting for the purpose, of all unsuitable places, in the church, and carefully locking the door against human intruders. The Virgin spins; the Virgin sews shirts; the Virgin does all that Wendish women are taught to do. In Scripture-lore the Wends have their own localised versions of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; of the fight of St. George and the Dragon; and an even more localised tale of the doings of King David. The archangel Michael is made to fight for Budyssin against the Germans. Judas Iscariot, according to their national tradition, comes to grief mainly through gambling. The Saviour gave him thirty pieces of silver to buy bread with. These he staked—tempted by Jews whom he saw gambling by the wayside—on an unlucky card; and to recover them it was that he sold his Master. To cap all this unorthodoxy, the Wends make the Creator call after Judas that he is forgiven. But remorse drives him to hang himself, notwithstanding. He tries a pine and a fir, but finds

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them too soft, so he selects an aspen tree—hence its perpetual agitation. One of their peculiar legendary saints is Diter Thomas, who was so holy that he could hang his clothes when going to bed—which he appears to have done in the daytime—on a sunbeam. One day, however, at church this devout man espied the Devil seated behind the altar, engaged in taking down on a fresh cowhide the names of all whom he saw sleeping in church. There must have been an unusually large number, for the cowhide proved too small, and Satan was fain to stretch it by holding one end with his teeth and pulling at the other with his hands. As it happened, his teeth let go, and back went his head against the wall, with a bang which woke up all the sleepers. This aroused in pious Thomas so much mirth that he forgot the respect due to the holy place, and laughed aloud—in punishment for which offence his grace departed from him, and he was reduced to the necessity of using pegs. For their regularity in attendance at church, I half suspect that the peculiar Wendish fondness for singing is, in not a small degree, accountable; and, it may be, also the attraction of a little gossip after service, and the excitement of an occasional little fair.

The Wends would indeed not be Slavs if they were not engrossingly fond of singing. Singing is, in fact, among young folk reckoned the principal accomplishment. And they have a rich store of songs, set to exceedingly melodious airs. They have them of all descriptions—legends and convivial songs, martial songs, sacred hymns, short *róncka* and *reje* for the dancing-room, and long elegies and ballads for the field, to shorten the long summer's day out at work. They have their own curious instruments, too, still in use—a three-stringed fiddle, a peculiar sort of hautboy, and bagpipes of two different sizes, the larger one invariably ornamented with a goat's head. To be a *kantorka* (precentress) in church, or even in a spinning-room, is a thing for a Wendish girl to be proud of, and to remember to her old age. What a Wendish village would in winter time be without those social spinning meetings it is difficult to imagine. To no race do conviviality, mirth, harmless but boisterous amusement, seem so much of a necessary of life. And none appears to be so thoroughly devoted to the practice of homely household virtues. Spinning, poultry-breeding, bee-keeping, gardening, coupled with singing, and nursing children, and making model housewives—these are the things which occupy girls' thoughts. At her very christening the baby-girl, borne back from church "as a Christian," is made to find a spindle and a broom carefully laid in the room, to act as charms in setting her infant thoughts in the right direction. Her "sponsor's letter" is sure to contain some symbolic grains of flax and millet. And a lover's principal gift to his sweetheart invariably consists of a carefully-turned and brightly-painted "kriebatsche," an antiquated spindle

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and distaff that is, which is held dear as a family Bible. Spinning, indeed, is among Wends a far more important occupation than elsewhere. For men and women alike wear by preference linen clothes, made of good, stout, substantial stuff, thick enough to keep out the cold. In rural Germany a peasant girl is expected as an indispensable preparative for marriage to knit her "tally" of stockings. In Wendland the *trousseau* consists all of spun linen. Servants invariably receive part of their wages in flax. Spinning accordingly is about the most important work to be accomplished in a household. And as it lends itself capitally to sociability and mirth, the Wendish maidens take to it with peculiar zest. The date for beginning these gatherings throughout Lusatia is the 11th of October, St. Burkhard's Day in the Wendish calendar. On that day the young unmarried women tell themselves off into *psazas*, that is, spinning companies, consisting of twelve at the outside, all of them girls of unblemished character. Among no race on earth is purity more valued and insisted upon—in both sexes—than among these poor forest Wends. Wherever corruption has crept in, it is wholly due to the evil seductions of Germans, who have taken advantage of the helplessness of Wendish girls when away on service. In a Wendish village, to have made a *faux pas* deprives a young fellow and girl alike of their character for life. The girl must not sit with the other girls in church when the young are catechised; she must not walk up to the altar on high festivals; she must not join in the singing; and the spinning companies will not have her. In olden times she was not even allowed to dance. Young men going notoriously astray used to be punished in their own way.

Some time before the eventful eleventh, the *psaza* assemble to decide in whose house the spinning gatherings are to be held. In that house they meet throughout the winter, spinning industriously with wheel or with spindle from seven to ten, and requiting the housewife for her hospitality with welcome assistance in various kinds of domestic work. On the first evening the company quite expect to be treated to a good supper of roast goose. How all the spinners, with the resident family, and those young fellows who, of course, will from time to time pay the lasses a visit—either in disguise or in their own proper garb—manage to meet, and work, and lark, and dance, where they do, it is rather a problem to solve. For many of the rooms are not large. They are plain, of course, in their equipment, like all Wendish rooms (in which paint is allowed only on chairs; all the other woodwork being subject to the scrubbing-brush), but strikingly peculiar. Almost in one corner—but far enough away from the wall to leave space for a little, cosy nook behind—stands the monster tile stove, very adequately heated with peat or wood, and showing, tolerably high up, a little open fireplace, in which

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burns a bright little wood fire, rather to give light and look cheerful, than to diffuse warmth. That is the vestal hearth of the Wendish house, without which there would be no home. In another corner stands the solid, large deal table, with painted chairs around. The walls are all wainscoted with deal boards; and round the whole room runs a narrow bench, similar to the *murka*, a seat far more tempting, which encircles the stove. Nearly all the household implements in use are neatly ranged about the walls, or else placed on the floor—the *boberzge*, a peculiar plate rack; the *polca*, to hold pots and spoons; and the *standa*, for water. There are baskets, cans, tubs all round, and a towel hung up for show. This room grows tolerably lively when the spinning company assemble, telling their tales, playing their games, gossiping and chatting, but mostly singing. "Shall we have any new songs?" is the first question invariably asked when the *psaza* constitutes itself. And if there is a new girl come into the village, the inquiry at once passes round, "Does she know any new songs?" Indeed, the *psazas* serve as the principal singing classes for the young women in the village. They are kept up throughout the year as special choirs and sub-choirs, so to speak, singing together on all sacred and mundane occasions where singing is required. Whenever "the boys" look in, there is great fun. Sometimes one will dress up as a "bear," in a "skin" made up of buckwheat straw; or else he will march in as a "stork," which causes even greater amusement. Once at least in the season the funny man of the set makes his appearance transformed into what, by a very wild flight of imagination, may be taken for a pantomime horseman, with a horse made up of four big sieves, hung over with a white sheet. Before calling in a real, formal way, the boys are always careful to ask for leave, which means that they will bring *piwo* and *pálenza* (beer and spirits), the girls revenging themselves by providing cake and coffee; and then the entertainment will wind up with a merry dance. One very amusing occasion is the *dopalowak*, or *dolamowak*, that is, the last spinning evening before Christmas, when the boys sit in judgment upon the girls, and, should they find one or the other guilty of idleness, condemn her to have her flax burnt or else her spindle broken, which penalties are, of course, in every case commuted into a fine. This sort of thing goes on till Ash Wednesday, when the "Spinte" is formally executed by stabbing, an office which gives fresh scope to the facetiousness and agility of the funny man. The night before is the social evening *par excellence*. It is called *corny wecor*, "the black evening," because girls and boys alike amuse themselves with blackening their faces like chimney-sweeps, and with the very same material. The boys are allowed to take off the girls' caps and let down their hair—the one occasion on which it is permitted to hang loose. And there is rare merrymaking throughout the night,

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Indeed, all Shrovetide is kept with becoming spirit, perhaps more boisterously than among any other folk, and in true excitable Slav style. The boys go about a-"zampering," and collecting contributions; the girls bring out their little savings; and then the young people dance their fill, keeping it up throughout Lent. Indeed, they dance pretty well all the year round.

"Njemski rady rejwam,
Serski hisce radsjo;"

which may be rendered thus:

"The German way I love to dance,
But the Wendish dance I dote on."

To witness the *serska reja*—the only truly national dance preserved among the Wends—at its best, you should see it danced on some festive occasion, when the blood is up, out in the open air, on the grass plot, where stands the sacred lime tree. There is plenty of room there. The very sight of the green—say of the young birches placed around for decoration at Whitsuntide or Midsummer—seems to fire the susceptible spirits. The dancers throw themselves into the performance with a degree of vigour and energy of which we Teutons have no notion. The *serska reja* is a pantomimic dance. Each couple has its own turn of leading. The cavalier places his partner in front of him, facing her, and while the band keeps playing, and the company singing one of those peculiarly stirring Wendish dance tunes, he sets about adjuring her to grant him his desire, and dance with him. She stands stock still, her arms hanging down flop by her side. The cavalier capers about, shouts, strikes his hands against his thighs, kneels, touches his heart—with the more dramatic force the better. At length the lady gives way, and in token of consent raises her hand. Briskly do the two spin round now for the space of eight bars, after which for eight more they perform something like a cross between a *chassez-croïsez* and a jig, and so on for a little while, after which the whole company joins in the same performance. As a finish the cavalier "stands" the band and his partner some liquor, and a merry round dance concludes his turn of leading, to the accompaniment of a tune and song, *róncka*, selected by himself.

Lent is a season more particularly consecrated to song. Every Saturday afternoon, and on some other days, the girls of the various *psazas* assemble under the village lime tree, the seat around which is scrupulously reserved for them, to sing, amid the rapt attention of the whole village, some of their delightful sacred songs peculiar to the season. This singing reaches its climax on Easter night, when young fellows and girls march round the village in company, warbling in front of every door, in return for which they receive some refreshment. For a brief time only do they suspend their music

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to fetch "Easter water" from the brook, which must be done in perfect silence, and accordingly sets every mischief-maker at work, teasing and splashing, and playing all sorts of practical jokes, in order to extract a word of protest from the water-fetching maidens. As the clock strikes midnight the young women form in procession and march out to the fields, and all round the cultivated area, singing Easter hymns till sunrise. It produces a peculiarly stirring effect to hear all this solemn singing—maybe the same tunes ringing across from an adjoining parish, as if echoed back by the woods—and to see those tall forms solemnly moving about in the early gloaming, like ancient priestesses of the goddess Ostara. While the girls are singing, the bell-ringers repair to the belfry (which in many villages stands beside the church) to greet the Easter sun with the traditional "Dreischlag," the "three-stroke," intended to indicate the Trinity.

I have no space here to refer to anything like all the curious Wendish observances which ought to be of interest to folk-lorists: the lively *kokot*, or harvest home, the *kermusa*, the merry children's feast on May Day, the joyful observance of Whit Sunday and Midsummer, the peculiar children's games, and the rest of them. It is all so racy and peculiar, all so merry and yet so modest in the expenditure made upon it, it all shows the Wends so much to advantage as a contented, happy, cheerful people—perhaps a little thoughtless, but in any case making the best of things under all circumstances, and glad to show off their Slav finery and throw themselves into whatever enjoyment Providence has vouchsafed, with a zest and spirit which is not to be excelled, and which I for one should be sorry to see replaced by the more decorous, perhaps, but far less picturesque hilarity of the Germans. If only the Wends did not consume such unconscionable quantities of bad liquor! And if in their cups they did not fall a quarrelling quite so fiercely! It is all very well to say, with truthful pithiness, that "there is not a drop of spirit on which do not hang nine devils." But their practice accords ill with this proverbial wisdom. The public-house is to them the centre of social life. Every newcomer is formally introduced and made to shake hands with the landlord. They have a good deal of tavern etiquette which is rigidly adhered to, and the object of which in all cases is, like George the Fourth's "whitewash," to squeeze an additional glass of liquor into the day's allowance. Thus every guest is entitled to a help from the landlord's jug, but in return, from every glass served is the landlord entitled to the first sip. Thus again, after a night's carousal, the guests always expect to be treated by the host to a free liquor round, which is styled the *Swaty Jan*—that is, the Saint John—meaning "the Evangelist," whose name is taken in vain because he is said to have drunk out of a poisoned cup without hurt. All the invocation in the world of the Saint will not, however, it is to be feared, make the wretched *pálenza* of the Wends—raw potato

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fusel—innocuous. It is true, their throats will stand a good deal. By way of experiment, I once gave an old woman a glass of raw spirit as it issued from the still, indicating about 82 per cent. of alcohol. She made a face certainly, but it did not hurt her; and she would without much coaxing have taken another glass.

This article has already grown so long that of the many interesting customs connected with the burial of the dead and the honouring of their memory I can only refer to one very peculiar and picturesque rite. Having taken the dying man out of his bed, and placed him (for economy) on straw (which is afterwards burnt) to die, put him in his coffin, with whatever he is supposed to love best, to make him comfortable—and in addition a few bugs, to clear the house of them—the mourners carry him out of the house, taking care to bump him on the high threshold, and in due course the coffin is rested for part of the funeral service in front of the parsonage or the church. In providing for the comfort of the dead the survivors exercise some ingenuity. No male Wend is buried without his pipe, no married female without her bridal dress. Children are given toys, and eggs, and apples. Money used to be put into the coffin, but people found that it got stolen. So now the practice is restricted to the very few Jews living among the Wends, who, it is thought, cannot possibly be happy without money; and with a degree of consideration which to some people will appear excessive, some stones are added, in order that they may have them "to throw at the Saviour." In front of the church or parsonage the coffin is once more opened, and the mourners, all clad in white—which is the Wendish colour for mourning—are invited to have a last look at the body. Then follows the *Dobra noc*, a quaint and strictly racial ceremony. The nearest relative of the dead, a young person, putting a dense white veil over his or her head and body, is placed at the back of the coffin, and from that place in brief words answers on behalf of the dead such questions as affection may prompt near friends and relatives to ask. That done, the whole company join in the melodious *Dobra noc*—wishing the dead one last "Good-night." After that, the lid is once more screwed down and the coffin is lowered into the grave.

There are few things more picturesque, I ought to say, than a funeral procession in the Spreewald, made up of boats gliding noiselessly along one of those dark forest canals, having the coffin hung with white, and all the mourners dressed in the same colour, the women wearing the regulation white handkerchief across their mouths. The gloom around is not the half-night of Styx; but the thought of Charon and his boat instinctively occurs to one. The whole seems rather like a melancholy vision, or dream, than a reality.

Hard pressed as I am for space, I must find some to say, at any rate, just a few words about Wendish marriage customs. For its

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gaiety, and noise, and lavish hospitality, and protracted merriment, its finery and its curious ways, the Wendish wedding has become proverbial throughout Germany. Were I to detail all its quaint little touches, all its peculiar observances, each one pregnant with peculiar mystic meaning, all its humours and all its fun, I should have to give it an article by itself. It is a curious mixture of ancient and modern superstition and Christianity, diplomacy and warfare. The bride is still ostensibly carried off by force. Only a short time ago the bridegroom and his men were required to wear swords in token of this. But all the formal negotiation is done by diplomacy—very cautiously, very carefully, as if one were feeling his way. First comes an old woman, the *schotta*, to clear the ground. After that the *druzba*, the best man, appears on the scene—to inquire about pigs, or buckwheat, or millet, or whatever it may be, and incidentally also about the lovely Hilzicka, whom his friend Janko is rather thinking of paying his addresses to—the fact being all the while that long since Janko and Hilzicka have, on the sly, arranged between themselves that they are to be man and wife. But observe that in Wendland girls may propose as well as men; and that the bridegroom, like the bride, wears his "little wreath of rue"—if he be an honest man. The girl and her parents visit the suitor's house quite unexpectedly. And there and then only does the young lady openly decide. If she sits down in the house, it means "Yes." And forthwith preparations are busily set on foot. Custom requires that the bride should give up dancing and gaiety and all that, leave off wearing red, and stitch away at her *trousseau*, while her parents kill the fatted calf. Starve themselves as they will at other times, at a wedding they must be liberal like *parvenus*. Towards this hospitality, it is true, their friends and neighbours contribute, sending butter and milk, and the like, just before the wedding, as well as making presents of money and other articles to the young people at the feast itself. But we have not yet got to that by a long way. The young man, too, has his preparations to make. He has to send out the *braska*, the "bidder," in his gay dress, to deliver invitations. How people would stare in this country, were they to see a *braska* making his rounds, with a wreath on his hat, one or two coloured handkerchiefs dangling showily from different parts of his coat, besides any quantity of gay ribbons and tinsel, and a herald's staff covered with diminutive bunting! Then there are the banns to be published, and on the Sunday of the second time of asking, the bride and bridegroom alike are expected to attend the Holy Communion, and afterwards to undergo a regular examination—in Bible, in Catechism, in reading—at the hands of the parson. By preference the latter makes them read aloud the seventh chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. At the wedding itself, the ceremonial is so complicated that the *braska*, the master of ceremonies, has to be specially trained for his duties.

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There is a little farce first at the bride's house. The family pretend to know nothing of what is coming; their doors and windows are all closely barred, and the *braska* is made to knock a long time before the door is cautiously opened, with a gruff greeting which bids him go away and not trouble peaceable folk. His demand for "a little shelter" is only granted after much further parleying and incredulous inquiry about the respectability of the intruding persons. When the bride is asked for, an old woman is produced in her stead, next a little girl, then one or two wrong persons more, till at last the true bride is brought forth in all the splendour of a costume to which it is scarcely possible to do justice in writing. As much cloth as will make up four ordinary gowns is folded into one huge skirt. On the bride's neck hangs all conceivable finery of pearls, and ribbons, and necklaces, and strings of silver coins—as much, in fact, as the neck will carry. There is any amount of starched frilling and collar above the shoulders; a close fitting blue silk bodice below; and a high cap, something like a conjuror's—the *borta*, or bride's cap—upon her head. Even her stockings are not of the ordinary make, but knitted particularly large so as to have to be laid in folds. The wedding party driving off to church, preceded by at least six outriders, make as big a clatter as pistol-firing, singing, shouting, thumping with sticks, and discordant trumpeting will produce. On the road, and in church, a number of little observances are prescribed. At the feast the bride has her male attendants, *swats*, like the bridegroom, whose duty it is, above all things, to dance with her, should she want a partner. For this is the last day of her dancing for life, except on Shrove Tuesdays, and, in some Prussian parishes, by express order of the Government, on the Emperor's birthday and the anniversary of Sedan. The bridegroom, on the other hand, must not dance at the wedding, though he may afterwards. Like the bride, he has his own *slonka*—his "old lady," that is—to serve him as guide, philosopher and friend. Hospitality flows in unstinted streams. Sometimes as many as two hundred persons sit down to the meals, and keep it up, eating, drinking and dancing, for three days at least, sometimes for a whole week. It would be a gross breach of etiquette to leave anything of the large portions served out on the table. Whatever cannot be eaten must be carried home. Hence those waterproof pockets of phenomenal size which, in olden days, Wendish parsons used to wear under their long coat-tails, and into which, at gentlemen's houses, they used to deposit a goodly store of various meats, poultry, pudding and *méringues*, to be finally christened—surreptitiously, of course—with rather incongruous affusions of gravy or soup, administered by the mischievous young gentlemen of "the House" for the benefit of Frau Pastorin and her children at home. Sunday and Tuesday are favourite days for

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a wedding. Thursday is rigorously avoided. For two days the company feast at the bride's house. Taking her to bed on the first night is a peculiar ceremony. The young girls crowd around her in a close circle, and refuse to let her go. The young lads do the same by the bridegroom. When, at last, the two force an exit, they are formally received into similar circles of married men and women severally. The bride is bereft of her *borta*, and receives a *cjepc*, a married woman's cap, in its place. After some more hocus-pocus, the two are accompanied severally by the *braska* and the bride's *slonka* into the bridal chamber, the bride protesting all the time that she is "not yet her bridegroom's wife." The *braska* serves as valet to the bridegroom, the *slonka* undresses the bride. Then the *braska* formally blesses the marriage-bed, and out walk the two attendants to leave the young folk by themselves. Next morning the bride appears as "wife," looking very demure, in a married woman's garb. On that day the presents are given, amid many jokes—especially when it comes to a cradle, or a baby's bath—from the *braska* and the *zwada*—the latter a sort of clown specially retained to amuse the bride, who is expected to be terribly sad throughout. The sadder she is at the wedding, the merrier, it is said, will she be in married life. There is any amount of rather rough fun. On the third day, the company adjourn to the house of the bridegroom's parents, where, according to an ancient custom, the bride ought to go at once into the cowhouse, and upset a can of water, "for luck," her husband standing by, and waiting upon her. That accomplished, she should carry a portion of meat to the poorest person in the village. A week later, the young couple visit the bride's parents, and have a "young wedding" *en famille*.

I have said enough, I hope, to show what an interestingly child-like, happily disposed, curious and contented race those few surviving Wends are. And they are so peaceful and loyal. Pan-slavist agitators have tried their wicked arts upon them all in vain. Surely these quiet, harmless folk, fathers as they are of the North German race, might have been spared that uncalled-for nagging and worrying with which they have been persecuted from Berlin, and allowed to die in peace. Death no doubt is bound to come. It cannot be averted. But it is a death which one may well view with regret. For with the Wends will die a faithfully preserved specimen of very ancient Slav life, quite unique in its way, as interesting a piece of history, archæology and folk-lore as ever was met with on the surface of the globe.

HENRY W. WOLFF.

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# TWO EARLY ROMANCES.

It is not easy at first sight to account for the neglect with which the early Greek novelists have been almost unanimously treated by English scholarship and criticism. Longus, Heliodorus, Achilles Tatius, and Xenophon of Ephesus have no part whatever to play in the perfecting of the classical education. They are not even to be met with on the shelves of most libraries, and where they do find a place, the name "Erotici Scriptores," under which they are bound up and catalogued, exercises a deterrent influence upon a would-be reader. Moreover, they are classed under the title of late authors, and reminiscences of school, where a dread of post-classical words was so sternly inculcated, incline one to judge them beforehand, and condemn them for the frigid accuracy, the lifeless polish, the laboured eccentricities of diction that are supposed to be the characteristics of a decaying language.

On the other hand, it might reasonably have been expected that the novel would have found no dearth of champions among the students of the historical method, of whom there has been no lack in the other branches of literature; and in an age where realism commands such high authorities in literature, these forgotten authors might have afforded no slight grounds for argument in their quarrel with their opponents.

Yet it is probably just this realistic tone, which is so pre-eminent in these writers, that has had so much to do in keeping them in obscurity. Realism always finds objectors on the score of morals, and tradition says that Heliodorus himself was attacked on this count. He was Bishop of Tricensis in Thessaly, but his provincial synod thought that his writings were dangerous, and gave him the choice of burning his books or resigning his bishopric. He preferred the latter alternative. It is the same reason that explains the fact that for the last hundred years barely half a dozen translations of these authors have been issued from an English press.

But the interesting point remains clear, that the novel is impossible without this realism; at least, no country has produced a novel for the first time without it possessing these qualities. No new branch of literature can arise spontaneously; there must be some special need to call it into existence; and the most superficial glance at the history of literature discloses the fact that the novel is a late

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growth—so late that it would be no paradox to say that before the third or fourth century A.D. the rise of the romance was impossible, owing to the soil upon which it should spring up not having yet been sufficiently matured. "Romance," says Disraeli in his *Curiosities of Literature*, "has been defined as the offspring of Fiction and Love." Of fiction there had been little in the older Greek literature; of love, in the sense required for the purpose of the novel, none whatever. For the love of romance requires the steady flame of affection rather than the purely spasmodic and emotional outbursts that are some of the chief characteristics of lyric poetry. Occasionally, it is true, there are glimpses of such love in Greek and Latin poetry, but usually on the side of the woman. Penelope is faithful to Odysseus, while Odysseus, though faithful in heart and eager to return, has yet his little interludes with Calypso. But the very celebration of Penelope's virtues, and the air, almost of surprise, with which the poets recount them, point to the commonness of the want of such wifely affection. The *casta conjux*, the *mater pudica*, the touches of home life that are met with in Lucretius and Horace, in the letters of Cicero and Pliny, are famous just because they are rare. Chastity, in other words, was not recognised in its true extent, did not imply so much, and had not so full a meaning as it came to have after the advent of Christianity. The pride of the Romans in the purity of their Vestal Virgins was real and meant much, but it meant mainly that they recognised the importance of the purity of the family, and the family centred around the father, and unchastity on the part of any one of its members was to his detriment. Christianity introduced the new idea of chastity as a virtue in itself, and coinciding, as it did, with the breakdown of the power, both in practice and theory, of the Patria Potestas, its effects were far-reaching. The women of the family at once acquired a new and important position; they acquired as distinct a personality as the males. Under such influences the virtue of chastity was fostered, and was aided in its free expansion by the part which the Madonna played in the new religion. Nor was this without its effect upon the other sex. Purity came to take over the part that had previously been played by temperance. The expression of the new virtue found vent in a new literature, and this new literature was the romance. This much may be allowed without falling into so dangerous a theory as to imagine that these novelists had a didactic purpose. To claim for realism a didactic purpose, as is done in modern days by some of its defenders, presupposes that its readers cannot know too much, and that they have always the good sense to see the warning that the delineation of vice is supposed to carry with it. Defence of such realism may be difficult when the novel is 1500 years old; it is easy when it has just emerged into the light. In emphasising a truth, in delineating a fact, if both the truth and the fact are new, the author

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is led insensibly into exaggerating his message. It is the only way to fix the attention of his readers. This is doubtless the true apology to make for the realism of the early Greek novelists. Virtue is triumphant in the end. To emphasise the victory, what more natural than to emphasise the difficulty with which it has been won, the dangers by which it has been imperilled? The key-note is always virtuous, though the episodes are vicious. The same thing is to be seen in the early English novel—in Fielding, where the narration of facts is given in one chapter and is followed in the next by a moral dissertation. Richardson's novels are full of similar situations, but, while at the present day the reader is struck with the enormity of the vices, its seventeenth-century reader might marvel at the strength of the virtue. Moreover, it is to be remembered that the professional *roué* has disappeared from the comedies and novels of the present day. He has become *blasé*. Even in his own day he was often quite conscious of the misery he caused; in some instances he almost regretted his profession; but then it was his *métier* and etiquette—professional etiquette—would not allow him to withdraw. Let us turn to the *Cleitophon and Leucippe* of Achilles Tatius. It is perhaps the most purely artistic of the series, and his description of the picture representing the Rape of Europa, with which the novel opens, is a good example of his style as a descriptive writer:

"On the land was a meadow and a troop of maidens, while in the sea a bull was swimming towards Crete, bearing a fair maiden seated on its back. Many flowers were blooming in the meadow, and here and there were plants and groves of trees. Close together stood the trees, and their leaves were thickly shaded. The young branches bound the leaves together, and, twining close, were as a roof to the flowers beneath. A stream was flowing in the middle of the meadow, bubbling up from the earth, and watering the plants and flowers; and a man, spade in hand, was bending over the water-channel, and preparing the way for the stream. In that part of the meadow which joined the sea the painter had set the maidens, with both joy and fear in their faces. Crowns of flowers were on their heads; their hair streamed loose over their shoulders, and their tunics were looped up by their girdles above the knee. Their faces were pale, their eyes fixed upon the sea, their lips just open, as though they were about to cry out in terror, and their hands were stretched out towards the bull. They had advanced into the water till the waves just covered their ankles, and seemed wishful to make their way to the bull, yet afraid to trust themselves to the sea. The sea itself was reddish in colour near the shore, and deep blue out in the open. Rocks there were, too, and waves and foam; the rocks jutting out from the land, and the foam whitening the rocks as the waves arched and broke upon them. And in the mid-sea was painted the bull, riding on the waves, and towering like a

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mountain above them. In the middle of its back sat the maiden, sideways, holding with her left hand the bull's horn, as a horseman holds the bridle. Round the bull dolphins were leaping, and little Loves were playing. You would have said the painter had set their very movements on the canvas. One was drawing the bull along; another, a little child-Love, had unfolded his wings, and was waving his quiver and brandishing his torch, and, looking towards Jupiter, was slyly laughing, as though making sport of him for having changed into a bull through love."

All his descriptions of pictures show the same minute observance of detail. On a temple at Pelusium were two pictures by Evanthes, representing the rescue of Andromeda by Perseus, and the punishment of Prometheus. This is how he describes Andromeda:

"Beauty and fear were mingled in her countenance; fear sat in her cheeks, and beauty shone from her eyes. Nor were her cheeks so bloodless but that a gentle colour relieved their pallor; nor was the beauty of her eyes wholly undimmed, but they were like to violets that had just begun to wither."

Passages like these are not to be found in earlier Greek authors, and the reason would seem to lie in the fact that it is not until the time of actual artistic creation has passed by that the art criticism comes into being. Just as verbal criticism and the niceties of grammar were most studied and valued when literature showed least signs of life; so art criticism arose when men had sufficient of the artistic spirit in them to appreciate art, but not sufficient to enable them to create for themselves.

The novel opens with an account of how Cleitophon, the hero of the story, is betrothed to his half-sister, and is quite ready to be pleased with the choice that his father has made for him. Then suddenly his cousin, Leucippe, and her mother arrive at Tyre from Byzantium, which is threatened with trouble from Thrace. They are to stay at Tyre until the danger is past; and Cleitophon at first sight falls hopelessly in love. Their first meeting at dinner Cleitophon describes as follows: "My father and I had the middle table, the two elderly ladies the table to the left, and the young girls the one on the right. When I saw that this was to be the arrangement, I could hardly restrain myself from kissing my father for thus placing the maiden before my eyes. What I ate I really cannot say. I leant my elbow on the cushion, and gazed heart and soul upon the maiden, though taking care that no one observed me. And this was my dinner!" Of course, Cleitophon cannot sleep for love; so, after three days of sighs and moans, he betakes himself to an elder cousin, called Cleinias, for advice. Cleinias is somewhat of a cynic and man of the world, and recommends a bold attitude. "No woman," says he, "is sure that she is beautiful till some one is in love with her. Therefore my advice is, convince her that you love her, and she will soon

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love you." But Cleitophon is still distrustful of himself, and appeals to his slave Satyrus, who is more explicit in his advice: "It is not enough to make trial of a maid's affection with the eyes simply, but a man must speak out, and speak boldly: clasp her hand, squeeze her fingers, and as you squeeze them, sigh. And if she be content, and shrinketh not, then is your moment come—call her 'Fair mistress,' and kiss her on the neck." Fortune favoured Cleitophon. He had noticed that, as Leucippe and her maid were walking in the garden, the maid was stung by a bee, and Leucippe cured the sting by uttering a charm. Cleitophon was quick enough to turn the incident to good account; for the next day, while they were in the garden, a wasp flew buzzing around his head. He clapt his hand to his mouth, pretending that he had been stung. Leucippe ran to his side, removed his hand, and asked where the wound was? "On the lip," he answered, and begged her to utter the charm. Then, while she just brushed his lips to murmur the charm, he stealthily and quietly kissed her. Nay, the charm itself was changed into a kiss, as her lips now opened, and now shut, to pronounce it.

Leucippe returned Cleitophon's love, and then another piece of great good fortune overtook him. His father had fixed the day for his wedding with his half-sister, and all the preparations were made, when the bride is carried off by a young Byzantine, and Cleitophon once more breathes freely. However, soon afterwards a scandal occurred at the house, and the two young people, with their two slaves, fled from home, and went on board a ship bound for Alexandria. This is the beginning of their wanderings and troubles. There is a most graphic account of the shipwreck that befalls them on the voyage: a rush is made to the single boat, and a pitched battle ensues between those who were the first to get into it and those who attempted to leap into it afterwards. Swords, axes, and oars were freely used: "The great peril," says the author, "doing away with all the laws of friendship." At last the boat was cut adrift, and the passengers left on the ship tried to get revenge by throwing heavy things at it to sink it. Then the ship broke up, and Cleitophon and Leucippe got safely to land. Their prayer to Poseidon was rather a curious one: "If it is thy will to kill us, divide us not in death: let one wave engulph us both! But if it be fated that we become the prey of monsters, let one fish swallow us, let one belly find room for us, so that even among the fishes we may have a common sepulchre."

After being a few days on shore they were captured by pirates while going up the Nile, and were taken a two days' journey into the interior. These pirates play a very important part in the Greek romances of this period. During the latter days of the Roman Republic the pirates of Cilicia had been strong enough to



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defy the powers of Rome, often boldly landing on the shores of Italy and carrying off travellers from the Appian Way. And though Pompey had swept them from Italian waters, they had become a power again under Sextus Pompeius in Sicily, and were practically unassailable in their mountain fastnesses at home. Under the Empire, when there was better and more constant communication between Rome and the provinces, the seas were more carefully guarded than before; but at this time when the bonds that held the Empire together were breaking up, and civil war was rife, they would naturally venture farther afield. At any rate, traditions of these pirates would be sufficiently common to guarantee their place in romance, and afforded scope for adventurous scenes and hair-breadth escapes.

Then there comes an order from the robber-king to the effect that if there is a maiden among the captives, she is to be sacrificed to the gods to bring success to his arms. Cleitophon is distracted with grief, and is on the point of committing suicide, when he meets Satyrus and Menelaus, who had managed to get safely ashore from the wreck, and they tell him how they deceived the robbers by making a figure resembling Leucippe and stabbing it with a knife, the blade of which ran up into the hilt on meeting with a hard substance. The knife had belonged to a travelling actor who recited Homer in the theatre, and the actor himself, dressed in his Homeric robes, had just died fighting against the pirates.

After many hazards the party arrive at Alexandria, and there once more Cleitophon loses Leucippe, for Chaereas, one of his companions who was in love with her, invited the lovers to spend the day with him at Pharos. Once there, the crew of the vessel that had been lying close by at anchor, fall upon Cleitophon, half kill him, take the girl on board, and then set sail. They are pursued, and when the pursuers are close to the ship, the pirates place a girl in the prow, cut off her head, and throw the body overboard. Just then another pirate ship appears in sight, and the pursuing ship returns to Alexandria. Thereupon a lady in Alexandria sees Cleitophon and falls passionately in love with him, and after some hesitation on his part they are married, and set sail for Ephesus, where the lady has property. On reaching there he finds that Leucippe is a slave in his wife's household, and the lady's husband, who was supposed to have been drowned at sea, reappears and threatens Cleitophon with a trial for adultery. Moreover, this husband also falls in love with Leucippe. Cleitophon is thrown into prison. The trial comes on, and Cleitophon is acquitted. Leucippe is proved to be a maiden by the ordeal of the pipe that hung in the temple of Diana. Cleitophon's father appears, and the nuptials are prepared. On the way they find that the brigand who ran away so opportunely with Calligone, has mended his ways, and,

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after rendering his country good service, now intends to quietly settle down.

Such is the general outline of a story full enough of episode to make a very bad tragedy, and, withal, one of the earliest of the world's romances. How shall we proceed to discuss its merits, and from what point should it be judged? There are two possible standpoints—the antiquarian and the æsthetic. But if it be looked at from the purely antiquarian standpoint it ceases to be a living thing at once, and becomes a picture of dry bones going through the strangest possible situations. Such it certainly is not. On the other hand, an aesthetic criticism can hardly shake itself loose from present associations, and would find much in it that is tawdry, affected, and insincere. The truth is, that it should be regarded from both points of view, and the two instincts will explain to one another what either one of them by itself would fail to understand.

It was unfortunate for Greek romance that it could not have arisen when Greek thought and Greek life were at its freshest, and its blitheness was unaffected and real. But when the saying, that "silence was woman's best adornment," was universally applauded, and was felt to be in keeping with the best traditions of the age, the romance was impossible. Antigone gives up her lover without a moment's hesitation, to perform the last rites to her brother's corpse. Moreover, at that time they found the realities of life quite exciting enough to dispense with the stimulant of fiction. Their fiction was their histories. *Græcia mendax* lied with all the appearance of earnest truth. Nor was there anything in the Roman genius capable of creating a romance. Never was a nation so sober-minded and matter-of-fact. Everything almost in their poetry and their religion that at all appealed to the imagination was borrowed from one or other of the nations they had conquered. True, Apuleius of Madara, some time before our Greek romancists, had written his *Golden Ass*, but he had been born in Africa, and the entire setting of his story is Greek. Thessaly had been the witches' home from time immemorial. On the other hand, it is noticeable how small a part witchcraft plays in these romances, where one would naturally have expected it to be all-important. Nor is the reason difficult to find, lying as it does in the fact that the authors were Christians, and that the severest punishments were in force for those who in any way tampered with the unholy thing. The strange point is, that both Christians and Pagans fully believed in its force and efficacy, and never for a moment doubted that the spirits could exercise an influence for evil. Consequently, the Christian Emperor made it a penal offence purely as a matter of personal safety.

Whence, then, came the inspiration necessary to the production of a romance? It can only have come from the East, unless we suppose that it sprang up without foreign and outside suggestion.

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One thing may be said with certainty—namely, that, whether the air of adventure and peril, of which these romances are full, came from the East or not, certainly the central idea around which the plot is grouped—the preservation of chastity through the midst of danger—is hardly an Oriental idea. Moreover, in the *Anthia and Abrocomas* of Xenophon of Ephesus the hero and heroine are already married before they are separated from one another, and the author is as zealous to preserve the character of the hero as he is that of his heroine.

One of the most interesting points in these romances is to see the way that religion is there treated. Certainly there is no internal evidence to show that their authors had adopted Christianity. It is to the old Pagan deities, to Zeus, Diana, and Neptune, that the prayers of the characters are addressed in time of danger. The temple of Diana at Ephesus is often mentioned, and plays an important part in the closing chapters of Cleitophon and Leucippe. Cleitophon was on the point of being tortured when a holy embassy came from Byzantium to return thanks to Diana for a victory over the Thracians, and the Ephesian law was, that in such cases all prisoners obtained a respite. It was in a grotto within the precincts of the same temple that the sacred pipe hung which gave out sweet music whenever a maiden entered; and it was on a great festival day, in the same temple, that Anthia and Abrocomas first saw one another, when the young men and maidens of the city all assembled to worship the virgin goddess. Nor is there anything in Tatius that would seem to suggest that the events were supposed to have taken place in an earlier age, the truth being that Paganism supplied quite freely the necessary incidents for romance, of which at that time Christianity was conspicuously destitute. The old gods and goddesses are treated with as much respect as though their title to worship had never been challenged, and as though they possessed still the undivided homage of the world. There is, however, one exception to this rule, and that is the case of the *Daphnis and Chloe* of Longus. Here the Pagan mythology is treated much in the same way as it is to-day; the gods and goddesses are good fairies, and one feels that they have an air of morality about them. The author seems to have thrown his mind back for centuries into the golden age, and chooses for the scene of his romance the island of Mitylene, which he peopled with simple shepherd folk, living in the sunshine during the summer, and gathering close round the fireside all the winter. In short, the story is almost a prose rendering of Theocritus:

"It is a rich man's demesne, a fair possession. Wild beasts roam on the mountains, grain grows on the plains. Vine-clad are the hills, and flocks graze in the pastures. And the sea laves the long line of beach with its fine soft sand."

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It is in such a scene as this that Daphnis and Chloe grew up together, under the guardianship of the country deities, Pan and the Nymphs, who had protected them as babes when they were exposed in the fields to die. It is to Pan and the Nymphs that they hasten to offer thanks for their deliverance from danger, for the safety of their flocks, and for their interference to restore them to one another after their capture by the pirates who landed on the shore:

"Right joyfully they paid homage to the Nymphs, bringing them bunches of grapes on the vine branches, the first-fruits of the vintage. Nor ever at any time had they forgotten their service, but ever as they led their flocks afield they paid them homage, and again, when returning from the pastures, always with some present in their hands, whether flower or fruit, green bough or bowl of milk. And for this in aftertime they received full recompense from the gods."

When Daphnis is bewailing the loss of Chloe he repairs to the grotto of the Nymphs, and upbraids them for not taking care of her, saying that such heedlessness is but scant return for all the offerings she had made at their shrine, when suddenly he is confronted by the three Nymphs, "tall and lovely, with feet unsandalled, and with flowing locks, in feature like their images," who comfort him by saying that Chloe is their especial care.

This intercourse of gods with mortals is quite a new phase of Greek mythology, and, with the exception of Homer, no author had so conceived them. Nor is Homer's case a parallel to this, for he is dealing with heroes who are themselves related to the gods in near relationships. Romulus, too, might hold converse with the nymph Egeria, but no ordinary mortal pretended to have been so highly favoured. And for the most part the religion of the country people had been one of fear rather than of love. The words "numen inest," that they muttered as they passed the thick dark groves, were inspired by terror, and it was only at certain seasons of the year that they paid their worship with any degree of cheerfulness to the goddess Ceres, who, for all her lavish bounty, yet called Proserpina mother. This conception of Longus' may no doubt represent the local traditions concerning the Nymphs which were rife in the Greek districts of Asia, or, since Christianity was gaining to itself the majority of adherents, the Pagan mythology, in falling from its supreme place, may have become transmuted to this less harmful form.

But perhaps it is best not to question too closely the personages that play their part in pastorals, for the simple reason that pastorals are never written in a pastoral age. So far from this being the case, they have for the most part been produced in a society that, however much it praised the country life, yet took care to never leave the town. The praises of rustic simplicity and innocence are never so

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loudly sung as when the general tone of society is most corrupt. Virgil wrote his Eclogues and Georgics as the Court poet of Augustus. Pope's pastorals were quoted and admired by Court ladies who may have dressed like shepherdesses, but who carried the similarity no further. And certainly in Longus there are traces, strong traces, of the same thing. Living as he did in the fifth century, he could not escape altogether from the literary faults of his age. The rhetorical taint shows itself in the minuteness of description and the prevalence of antithesis. Yet, for all that, we may claim that Longus was the first author who displays any appreciation of landscape, and attempts to introduce it into his writings. It is true that in the idylls of Theocritus there are a few charming backgrounds, but Virgil has none of them. He is fond of dwelling on the sea in storm, on rushing rivers swelling over their banks; but there are no pictures of Nature at rest such as we find in Longus, whose descriptions, though somewhat stilted, are yet honest in their appreciation. Yet not even Longus has a good word to say for winter. To him, as to Horace, it was *acris hiems*. Soracte, with the deep snow lying on it, made Horace shiver, and tell his slave to pile the logs upon the fire. Here is Longus' description of it:

"The snow fell densely and blocked the roads, keeping all the husbandmen within doors. The swollen torrents rushed down from the mountains; the ice was thick; the trees looked nipped and shorn; and the earth was covered up from sight, save by the side of the springs and running streams. No one led his flock to pasture, nor passed beyond the doors." So keen was the winter, that he goes on to add that "all sat round the fire, and not even the farm-cock ventured afield."

These descriptions of Nature are far more interesting to a modern reader than the incidents which make up the romance; for the *Daphnis and Chloe*, while beginning as a pastoral, yet ends in the same way as the romance of Tatius and Heliodorus. But one hardly looks for a skilful management of incident in the beginnings of romance. They are not led up to gradually; there is nothing to prepare the reader's mind for the coming shock. The pirates appear on the scene and disappear in a rather wooden manner. But this is a fault that may be easily condoned, in consideration of the many beauties that these romances do undoubtedly possess, and it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that in many respects they are more akin in tone and feeling to the domestic novel of the present day than the long romances which were so popular in the Middle Ages.

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# CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

## SCIENCE.

THE Meteorological Department of the Government of India have issued the *Monthly Weather Review*[1] for May of last year. It is based on observations taken at 8 A.M. daily at 158 stations, and on additional observations taken at 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. at 89 stations. It contains a carefully prepared summary of the chief features of the weather in India during the month; accounts of the oscillations of barometric pressure illustrated by two charts, and of the depression, and periods of disturbance; summaries of the weather and snowfall in the mountain districts to the north and north-west of India, and of special storm reports; together with the usual sections on the temperature of the air, the direction and force of the winds, humidity and clouds, and the rainfall. This last subject is an important one, as the officers of the Department fully recognise, and observations are taken at upwards of 2000 stations. Two charts illustrating the distribution of the rainfall accompany the text, and show at a glance the lines of equal amounts of rain, and the variations of the rainfall from the normal, to tenths of an inch, over the whole of India and Burma, with the exception of Upper Burma. The *Review* gains an additional interest from the fact that May is usually the last month of the hot weather season in India, and completes the pressure and temperature conditions essential to the establishment of the south-west monsoon. That on this, as well as on other accounts, it is worthy of the attention of meteorologists, need not be urged, as they are already aware of the merits of the publications of the Indian Meteorological Department.

*Air and Water*[2] is another of those volumes, now numerous enough, in which scientific subjects are treated in a popular manner, and in language which ordinary people find it easy to comprehend. It is one of the publishers' "University Extension Series," and the matter is of the kind commonly met with in "Extension lectures." The topics dealt with have been wisely chosen, and are such as everybody should know something about. They are, in fact, topics which bear directly upon the well-being of both individuals and

[1] Government of India Meteorological Department: *Monthly Weather Review*, May 1891. By John Eliot, M.A. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing.

[2] *Air and Water*. By Vivian B. Lewes, F.I.C., F.C.S. London: Methuen & Co.

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communities, and one could wish that the facts here brought forward were universally known and applied generally to the affairs of daily life. In dealing with them the author is evidently engaged upon a congenial task, and one for which he is eminently qualified. As might be expected, there is little in the volume that can be regarded as original; but the author has his own methods of treatment, and these are in the main both commendable and effective. There is only one criticism which we shall venture to make, and that is that the volume would have been improved in many parts had greater prominence been given to scientific methods and scientific principles, and less to the mere enumeration of scientific facts. This fault, if fault it be, is common to many similar publications, and probably arises from the fact that they are in the main based upon courses of lectures in which the tendency seems to be towards a literary mode of treatment. It seems to be forgotten that a knowledge of a few facts with a firm grasp of principles and right methods is, as a rule, more effective and productive than a wider knowledge in which a due proportion of principles is lacking. Apart from this, the volume is an admirable one, and may be recommended to the notice of those who are in want of useful and attractive scientific literature.

In *Le Poil des Animaux et les Fourrures*[1] we have an addition to the "Library of Useful Knowledge," now in course of publication, which deserves to circulate widely among the classes who are interested in the subjects of which it treats. It is conceived in a comprehensive spirit, is written in an agreeable style, brings together a mass of information not easily obtainable elsewhere, and is tolerably well illustrated. The structure and development of the hair of animals and other appendages of the epidermis, and the classification of the various kinds met with, form a fitting opening to the volume, and are briefly but clearly explained. Furriery and furs come next, together with the natural history of fur-producing animals, and are followed by chapters on wool, hat manufacture, bristles and brush-making, and subjects of a similar character. Every topic is treated from industrial, commercial, and other points of view, and special sections are devoted to the markets both for the raw materials and the manufactured articles. Statistics are introduced with more than the usual discretion, so that the reader is not wearied by a multitude of figures, the utility of which he is not always clear about. Those that are introduced refer, among other things, to the quantities of goods produced, the number of people employed, and the amount of raw materials used in industries that depend on the hair and fur of animals, and will be found both reliable and serviceable. To give still greater completeness to the whole, fairly full accounts are given of the numerous parasites which are found in the raw materials, in

[1] Bibliothèque des Connaissances Utiles: *Le Poil des Animaux et les Fourrures.* Par Lacroix-Dauliard. Paris: Librairie J.-B. Baillière et Fils.

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which they are not only named and described, but methods are given by which they may be got rid of or the injury they cause diminished.

The general secretary of the Society of Practical Medicine of Paris, deserves the thanks of the profession and of hygienists generally for his very able volume[1] on Berlin from a medical and hygienic point of view. He was a member of the delegation sent from Paris in 1890 to attend the International Congress of Medicine, and it is to that visit that we owe the present publication. His object is to make known the results of his observations and inquiries, which are unquestionably of high practical value. He found that the city of Berlin is constructed and administered according to the strictest hygienic rules, and that the submission of the people to the authorities is absolute. The delegates to the Congress were presented with copies of an official publication giving a general idea of the organisation of the municipal services which are concerned with the public health, and from this the author has compiled a very interesting account of these services. Thanks to the kindness of the authorities at Berlin, he has been able to reproduce some of the plans of the hospitals and sanitary establishments given in the original, and thus to add largely to the value of this part of his volume. Following this general sketch, we have detailed descriptions of the municipal and private hospitals, the homes for incurables, infirmaries, &c., with which Berlin is so well provided, as well as of those which are dependent upon the Government of Prussia, and are not merely municipal institutions. The descriptions are accompanied by plans and sections of the buildings, illustrations of the ventilating apparatus and other arrangements, together with statistics showing the cost of maintenance, number of beds, and other details, all of which will be found of great value to those who have any share in the management of similar institutions.

In addition to the work already referred to, the delegates were also provided with other official publications, which the author found to be of great importance to students of practical medicine. One of these, the *Clinical Annual*, is specially mentioned as containing valuable reports on the state of clinical instruction in the various universities of Europe, a treatise on the development of ophthalmology in Germany, with chapters on medical education in France, and the conditions of examination, and other important subjects. Two other volumes are also spoken of in high tones of commendation, one dealing with all the institutions of Prussia which relate to public instruction, and the other giving a review of the medical and sanitary situation in Germany in accordance with the legislation of the Empire and the confederated kingdoms. Of the contents of the

[1] *Berlin au point de Vue de L'Hygiène et de la Médecine.* Par Le Dr. Gillet de Grandmont. Paris: Société des Editions Scientifiques.

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latter the author gives a careful summary, which shows how complete are the regulations for the maintenance of the public health, and how efficiently they are carried out. The subjects of education and military service are also briefly dealt with, so that the volume may be said to present a complete picture of Berlin as it is to-day, so far at least as its medical and hygienic aspects are concerned. Moreover, the facts, being derived from official publications and the author's personal observations and inquiries, may be regarded as having the highest possible authority and entitled to the highest confidence.

A want that has been long felt, and in some quarters acutely felt, will be supplied by the publication of Mr. Massee's *Monograph of the Myxogastres*,[1] and students who are interested in that singular group of organisms will henceforth find it possible to pursue their studies with the help of a good, comprehensive, and thoroughly reliable text-book. Hitherto the only available works for this purpose were the section on *Myxogastres* in Cooke's *Handbook of British Fungi*, and the translation of Rostafinski's treatise by the same author. Both, however, have long been out of date, if not actually out of print, and on other grounds are now altogether inadequate to the requirements of students, as probably all who have used them will be ready to admit. Hence, as we have said, the volume before us will supply a want, and on that account is sure to be accorded a hearty welcome. But apart from this, its merits are of a high order, and it will be generally recognised as the production of one who is thoroughly and personally familiar with the curious organisms which he has here so carefully monographed. The main object of the volume is to present a rigorously revised and up-to-date account of the orders, genera, and species of the *Myxogastres* as now known. But, in addition to this, the author discusses the affinities of the group, and the attempts made to classify the forms of which it consists, and endeavours, wherever possible, to indicate the lines along which they have probably been evolved.

In the discussion of the affinities of the *Myxogastres*, the question of their animal or vegetable nature, being a fundamental one, is dealt with at considerable length. The independent study which he has made of them has led the author to conclusions which are at variance with those put forward by De Bary, and which have been accepted by so many leading biologists. In other words, he dissents from the view that the affinities of the *Myxogastres* are with animals rather than plants, and criticises in a forcible manner the arguments used by De Bary and his followers in support of the contrary view. Those who have themselves endeavoured to formulate a rational and consistent opinion on this vexed question know the difficulties with which it is beset, and that these difficulties are not diminished by the fact that the one view or the other is often both accepted and taught without a sufficient explanation of the considerations which

[1] *A Monograph of the Myxogastres.* By George Massee. London: Methuen & Co.

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have determined the decision. De Bary, who was the first to sub ject these organisms to scientific treatment, is perhaps the only one who has put into a formal statement the arguments in favour of their animal nature. He admits that in their mode of nutrition, and in the close agreement between their organs of reproduction and the spores of fungi, they have many points of resemblance with that group of plants. But he points out that during the vegetative phase of the life-cycle their characteristics are unmistakably, and with scarcely an exception, animal, and he finds the characteristic mark of separation between them and fungi in the fusion or aggregation of swarm cells into plasmodia. In doubting the conclusiveness of this reasoning, our author in the first place justly insists that the characters of both the vegetative and reproductive phase should be taken into consideration in determining affinities. In the next place he reminds us that a coalescence of protoplasm, in some respects comparable to that seen in *Myxogastres*, is characteristic of many fungi, as shown by the "clamp-connections" found in the *Basidiomycetes*, and the complex irregular networks found in the mycelium of many of the forms included in the *Hyphomycetes*. This last argument is worked out and extended in an ingenious and original way by reference to the life-cycle of *Mucor lateritius* and other species of *Phycomycetes* and *Mucorini*, in which the author finds many remarkable reminiscences of what occurs among the *Myxogastres*. Details would be somewhat out of place here, but the result seems to be that the protoplasm within one of these plants, which are usually non-cellular, may be regarded as a sort of much-branched plasmodium, whose parts are enclosed in a continuous cellular envelope, and even the mode of reproduction is shown to bear some resemblance to that of a Myxogaster.

In the endeavour to estimate the weight of the considerations advanced by Mr. Massee, we may say at the outset that our leanings are decidedly towards the position he takes up, but we recognise the weakness as well as the strength of the reasoning employed. It is admitted on all hands that the *Myxogastres* are a terminal group in which evolutionary effort in a certain direction has come to a standstill. Necessarily, therefore, we are driven to seek for affinities among forms of more lowly organisation, and it seems to be generally admitted, with De Bary, that no such forms exist between them and the naked Amœbae. Certainly there are no less complex fungi with which they can be brought into any sort of phylogenetic relationship. The analogies between them and the *Phycomycetes* so ably brought out by the author cannot be held to indicate such a relationship, and it may be justly contended that they at most only show that both groups have descended, with much divergence, from a common stock. The author is right in maintaining that the *Myxogastres* exhibit, in some of their features, a tendency towards the assumption of characters met with among fungi; but the question

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is whether they have advanced so far from the primitive forms as to warrant us in regarding them as plants, or so little as to justify their retention in the animal kingdom. On this point the evidence of the vegetative stage is in conflict with that of the reproductive stage, and, on that account, we think that at present a neutral position is the safest. Hence, while we do not accept the current view that the *Myxogastres* are animals, we refrain from claiming them definitely as plants.

For the systematic part of the volume we have nothing but words of commendation and approval. Some will take objection, perhaps, to the name of *Myxogastres*, but we regard this as a detail of little importance. As here used, it includes the forms embraced by De Bary's *Myxomycetes* to the exclusion of Van Tieghem's *Acrasieae* and Cienkowski's *Monadineae*. The classification, too, which Mr. Massee has adopted may be open to minor criticisms, but we think it is at least as natural as those which are given for comparison, and, so far as we have been able to test it, seems capable of being applied with greater ease and certainty. The definitions of the natural orders, genera, and species have been drawn up with scrupulous care from actual specimens, and not merely compiled from previously published descriptions. They will be found at once direct and positive, full without diffuseness, and based upon natural rather than artificial characters. No doubt the author has had exceptional facilities for this part of the work, as he himself acknowledges, in the splendid collections which are lodged in the Royal Herbarium at Kew, but it is due to him to say that these facilities have been well and wisely used. In the matter of synonyms he has not gone back beyond Rostafinski's monograph, for reasons which are stated and which seem to us sufficient, and, on account of the difficulty of doing otherwise, has transferred Rostafinski's synonyms without any attempt at corroboration.

Not the least valuable part of the volume is the series of beautiful coloured plates, twelve in number, with which it is embellished, and which contain upwards of three hundred figures. Fortunately Mr. Massee is an accomplished artist, and has been able to render the appearance and structure of his specimens with scientific accuracy, accompanied by a finish and naturalness not always seen in works of this nature. In looking over the figures one cannot but feel an assurance that they will be of the greatest possible service in helping the student to a correct determination of the species he collects, while to the tyro, who is making his first efforts to get the leading types and distinctions into his eye, they will be invaluable.

In parting with the volume we may record our conviction that it is one of the most important contributions to systematic natural science which have lately appeared, and is certain to do much to promote the study of the organisms with which it deals.

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## PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

MR. MUIRHEAD'S volume on *The Elements of Ethics*[1] in the series of Mr. Murray's University Extension Manuals, deserves commendation for the amount of instruction it contains in a very compact form. Mr. Muirhead is something more than a compiler, though a good compilation would not be out of place in an elementary series; he is a vigorous thinker and an acute critic. To an outline of the various recognised systems of ethics he adds a critical investigation of their validity, and expresses his own views with admirable clearness. After raising the general question, he discusses the possibility of a science of ethics, as distinguished from a mere theological or intuitionist interpretation; and shows, in examining into the scope of ethics, where it differs from the natural sciences and how it is distinguished from politics. The object of moral judgment there is no dispute about, it is conduct; but the real difficulty arises when we try to decide upon a standard. Is the standard an external or an internal one? Mere obedience to an external authority, which may be arbitrary and ultimately resting upon force, does not deserve the name of morality. There are not less insurmountable difficulties in accepting the intuitional theory, which Mr. Muirhead clearly distinguishes. One which is often urged, however, he regards as baseless, that the judgments of conscience do not possess an easily recognisable character, and may easily be mistaken for less dignified judgments and feelings. An appeal to conciousness seems to reveal a clearly distinguishable line of demarcation between a mere sense of propriety or reverence for custom, and what we call the dictates of conscience. The most serious objection to the intuitionist theory is the relativity of judgments. Instead of the universal agreement on the main lines of moral obligation which the theory demands, we find a perfect chaos of contradictory principles at various times and various places. It is said, in reply to this objection, that "though men undoubtedly differ in different ages and countries as to what they judge to be right and wrong, yet they are all agreed that there is a right and wrong, and this is what is declared to be innate;" but Mr. Muirhead properly says this is to give up the whole position—it amounts to no more than the assertion that we know intuitively there is a standard, but that intuition is helpless to tell us what that standard is.

We come back then to the position that we must find the moral standard somewhere outside ourselves; but we have to pass beyond the conception of it as law, and substitute in its place the idea of an end. The moral law, which is authoritative and supreme, is not

[1] *The Elements of Ethics.* By J. H. Muirhead, M.A. London: John Murray. 1892.

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so by an indefensible right of its own, but in virtue of its relation to the true self, as the end which man, *qud* man, seeks to realise. Mr. Muirhead here points out that it is important to observe that we are dealing in ethics with a conscious being to whom the end is a possible object of *desire*. So ethics is a teleological, as opposed to an empirical, science. It is necessary to keep this in mind, as the science of biological evolution, which is closely connected with ethics, is liable to be confused with it. Biological evolution shows how efficient causes have been at work in bringing human consciousness to the birth as the soil out of which morality springs. We must not, however, refuse to recognise that in passing from biology to ethics we are passing from an empirical to a teleological science. The mistake, which is frequently made, arises from the fact that there is a sense in which biology is also teleological, as it deals with the tendency of organisms to adapt themselves to environment; but the difference is that, in biology, the end is being worked out by beings who are unconscious of it, and in ethics it is an end which is consciously conceived. We are thus in order led to consider the various theories of the end—the end as pleasure—Hedonism—and the end as self-sacrifice. None of these are regarded by our author as satisfactory accounts of the end, and evolutionary Hedonism is subjected to a detailed examination and criticism. Mr. Muirhead does full justice to the evolutionary theory of ethics, and shows that it makes individualistic pre-suppositions untenable; that moral ideas have a history, and it throws new light on the place of pleasure in ethics. Mr. Muirhead contends that the conclusions of biology support his criticism of the pleasure theory. They show that the impulse and desire precede the pleasure, and not *vice versâ*. The object gives us pleasure because we desire it; we do not desire it because it gives us pleasure; at least, if we do, it is condemned as unnatural. "Increase of life," which is the end of evolution, does not necessarily increase pleasure. To this pessimism bears witness, and has no other foundation. Without subscribing to pessimism, our author doubts whether more highly developed powers of mind and conscience necessarily bring with them increase of happiness. "What is required to complete the evolutionist theory is (1) once and for all to renounce Hedonism and all its works; (2) to add to its empirical demonstration that the individual is essentially social, a teleological demonstration that his good is essentially a common good." The end as common good is then explained at length, and the dependence of the individual on society clearly and interestingly demonstrated. The final book deals with the important topic of moral progress, the standard being viewed in its aspects as relative, as progressive, and as ideal. In this section we are led to some far-reaching views which we have not space to reproduce, but with which we heartily sympathise.

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Mr. F. C. Conybeare has completed and edited the translation of Lotze's *Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion*,[1] which was commenced by his late wife, but which, we regret to learn, she did not live to finish. In a preface Mr. Conybeare gives a touching account of Mrs. Conybeare's life and intellectual development, which bespeaks for the writer our warmest sympathy. She was a daughter of Professor Max Müller, and died in 1886. The work before us, which only professes to be an outline, has the unavoidable defect of its nature: it is far too brief to deal satisfactorily with such a large and important subject as the Philosophy of Religion. The argument is conducted so much upon abstract lines, and is so devoid of illustration, that we cannot expect the book to be attractive to the general reader, for whom we suppose it is intended. The first chapter treats of the Existence of God, and we are asked to consider, what do proofs of God's existence really prove? The various proofs are then treated individually—the ontological, the cosmological, the teleological, &c.—the author leading up to the idea of the existence of Absolute Unity; and then follows the inquiry as to whether this Absolute One can be identified with the God of Religion. After a discussion of Materialism, the author avows his conviction that the only solution of the philosophic religious problem can be found in idealism—that the ultimate reality is spirit, and that God is an eternally active thought. How God is related to the world is then discussed, the author holding that the creation of spirits is an act of God's will, and that they are not emanation. The chapter on "Religion and Morality" is about the best in the book; the final chapter, on "Dogmas and Confessions," is not much to our taste. We cannot at all accept the conclusion implied in the statement: "When, therefore, as a title of honour, the Founder of our religion is called the Son of God, no serious objection can be raised; we are certainly justified in holding that the relation in which He stood to God was not only different in degree to that in which we stand, but also unique in kind."

*Toute Licence sauf Contre l'Amour*[2] is the title of a tastefully got up booklet by M. Maurice Barres. The aim of the author is to commend an ideal of self-culture, and to protest against the rage for activity, with which he appears to think young France is consumed. He recommends his rule, implied in the title, to various persons engaged in leading or instructing the public, the practical application being summed up in the formula, *ne chagriner aucun être*. The style is entertaining, and the author occasionally indulges in a little genial banter.

In the *Syrian Church in India*,[3] Mr. G. M. Rae gives a most

[1] *Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion*. By Hermann Lotze. Edited by F. C. Conybeare, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

[2] *Toute Licence sauf Contre l'Amour*. Par Maurice Barres. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1892.

[3] *The Syrian Church in India*. By George Milne Rae, M.A. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1892.

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interesting account of a little known and outlying fragment of Christendom. Accounts of the Church of Malabar have been given by Michael Geddes, Gibbon, and Claudius Buchanan, but Mr. Rae adds to these much that he has gathered from other sources, and the results of personal investigation. He gives a full account of the legends which associate the Church with the Apostle Thomas, and candidly rejects them, holding that the legend of the Apostle, and not the Apostle himself, migrated to India. The history of these peculiar people is traced through many centuries, and the various influences which have been brought to bear upon them in order to induce them to conform to the usages and creeds of the Western Church are described. The story of the Inquisition is, as usual, painful reading, and the Roman Catholic mission appears to have done more harm than good; the writer naturally has more hope of the Protestant mission. Some account is given of the peculiarities of the ceremonial observed in the Church, and there is also a striking relation concerning the Jews of Cochin. Illustrations are given of some interesting Persian crosses—the Church is of undoubted Persian origin—and of the Marlapore Cathedral, which is said to contain the bones and relics of St. Thomas.

*The Problem of Immortality*,[1] by Dr. E. Petavel, is a work of considerable size, on the doctrine generally known in England as that of Conditional Immortality, or Life in Christ only. Dr. Petavel, with all theologians of this school, rejects what he calls the Platonic doctrine of general immortality, and denies that it is taught in the Bible, upon which he has no little argument on his side. But he does not hold with a philosophical doctrine of conditional immortality —a survival of the spiritual fittest—as some do, that immortality is a condition which may be attained by self-exertion and a kind of moral selection. With the author immortality is an arbitrary gift depending upon the fulfilment of certain "Evangelical" conditions. There is a literalness about the theory which is not altogether philosophic. According to it, as we understand it, there will be a resurrection of all men at the last day, but the wicked will only be recalled to life to suffer annihilation. The good, or rather the believers, will alone continue to exist. The second death is understood in the most literal sense. It is an improvement on the old orthodox doctrine in so far as it gets rid of the detestable notion of eternal punishment, but in itself it is not very attractive. The author is well acquainted with a certain class of theological literature, to which he makes abundant reference, and the whole tone of the work is polemical. It will be welcomed by those whose sympathies lie in that direction, but we have found it rather wearisome reading.

*Dieu et le Christ*, &c.,[2] by Dr. Devers, is a long, commonplace

[1] *The Problem of Immortality.* By E. Petavel, D.D. Translated from the French by Frederick Ash Freer. London: Elliot Stock. 1892.

[2] *Dieu et le Christ, devant L'historie La Raison et La Science.* Par Dr. A. Devers. Paris: Albert Savine. 1891.

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defence of Catholic theology in verse, which the author, in a dedication to Pope Léon XIII., describes as the work of an old Freethinker become Christian. A large part of the book is filled with extracts from various authors, which illustrate or confirm the views of the writer. There is nothing in it that calls for criticism; it must be taken or thrown away *en bloc*.

We have received from Messrs. Macmillan the sixth and concluding volume of F. D. Maurice's Lincoln's Inn Sermons,[1] and also a fresh volume of the corresponding cheap edition of Archdeacon Farrar's sermons.[2] These volumes are produced in an excellent style for the small cost, and will prove welcome additions to the religious libraries of those who do not read theological books of a more solid character.

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## SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES, AND TRAVELS.

We have not often seen a work based on statistics which is more continuously interesting than Dr. Leffingwell's work on *Illegitimacy*.[3] We have in it the thought of one who is a kindly-hearted man before he is a statistician. The second portion of the work clearly has relation to the first. The tendency of the inquiry into the influence of the seasons upon conduct is to suggest that the sexual passions are stronger in the warmer seasons of the year. This points in the same direction as the universally accepted belief that in hotter climates the same passions are usually less subject to control. The inquiry appears to us to be academic rather than practical. Granted that illegitimacy is an evil to the State, if it appear that in the spring there is more danger of seductions, the only remedy is to be more vigilant at that time in the application of safeguards to the objects of seduction. Even so, we are little nearer the point of successful antagonism to the evil. Neither are we greatly aided by learning that one country or one district is more prolific in illegitimate births than another. For ourselves, we think that more prevailing than all seasons, all hereditary or racial instincts, is the individual habit of mind and body: there is no check like the healthy and regular occupation both of body and mind. In the less educated classes the want is usually in the mind; amongst the idle offshoots of a prosperous and educated class, mind and body alike are in an unhealthy state: in a few cases the neglect of muscular

[1] *Sermons preached in Lincoln's Inn Chapel.* By Frederick Denison Maurice. Vol. vi., new edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

[2] *The Silence and the Voices of God*, with other Sermons. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

[3] *Illegitimacy, and the Influence of the Seasons upon Conduct.* By Albert Leffingwell, M.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.



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exercise is chiefly to blame. But it is difficult to dogmatise; indeed, nothing is more striking in the interesting variety of statistics which Dr. Leffingwell produces than their complete inconclusiveness. Here, for instance, is a conclusion which requires much more examination: "In all sections of the United Kingdom it is chiefly prevalent where thrift and prosperity are most general, and is least in that country where poverty is the ordinary condition of the mass of the people." This essay has opened up a track in sociology which we are strongly tempted to pursue much farther.

Cognate in subject-matter is the new edition of Père Didon's *Indissolubilité et Divorce*,[1] an impassioned but manly appeal to the French youth, which has received the sanction of the Dominican order. We may pass over the argument of the preface that free France has nothing to fear from Catholicism, and that the antagonism between the Church and the Republic is based on entire misconception. Père Didon himself takes another position: "Je parle comme un philosophe: la philosophie est à la base de la réligion; et si, par impossible, la réligion était trouvée contraire à la philosophie, il faudrait dire: la réligion est fausse."

Marriage, the Father argues, must be a lasting contract: its aim is to perfect the human being, that man and woman alike may daily elevate each other, and that the children of such unions may continually develop fresh nobility.

> "Not like to like, but like in difference,
> Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
> The man be more of woman, she of man."

We need hardly continue the beautiful passage.

Père Didon's ideal is much like Lord Tennyson's: his language is trenchant throughout:

"J'énonce brutalement que si l'union morale, absolue des personnes n'intervenait pas, le mariage serait honteux; et en effets . . . l'homme ferait alors de la femme un instrument . . . pour avoir quoi? . . . des enfants."

"Voyez les union contemporaines: ce ne sont pas des mariages."

Bravely said, Père Didon; we have never seen a higher ideal laid down, nor read a better exposition of the case against the easy dissolution of marriages.

We incline to think that Mr. Spender's book[2] is the most methodical and well-considered contribution yet made to the question of old-age pensions. He takes pains to show us what the life of the poor really is, and to investigate the causes which increase pauperism in their later years: he has a capital series of tables for exhibiting the

[1] *Indissolubilité et Divorce.* Par le Père Didon, de l'ordre de Saint-Dominique. Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie. 1892.

[2] *The State and Pensions in Old Age.* By A. Spender, M.A. (Oxon.), with an Introduction by A. H. D. Acland, M.P. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

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fall of wages at and after the age of about forty-five. He examines the poor-law and the efforts of friendly societies. He has chapters on the German and other foreign schemes. And incidentally he touches what we have urged before in this REVIEW, that at the bottom of the whole question lies that of the better distribution of wealth: all proposals of this sort must be viewed in their true light of socialistic schemes which should be considered and accepted on their merits. We incline to more radical and less eleemosynary remedies.

With the foregoing must be read a little book which we hail as the first-fruits[1] of a new series—"The Charity Organisation Series." That excellent society has decided to publish some of the results of its work in a form which will penetrate farther and remain more permanent. Its first book is based on the conviction that the poor-law, even as worked at present, is a direct incentive to thriftlessness during the last years of life. "To remove the necessity of providing for old age would be to remove one of the most potent factors of civilisation." Thus any scheme for providing the population with pensions in old age is attacked as unsound. And this for the moment may be read as the lesson of the book; but it is not all. The report gives a succinct sketch of all the means of saving which are open to wage-earners; and it puts its information and inferences in a manner which will easily be understood by the unlearned. Mr. Fletcher's criticisms, printed as an addendum, are worth attention, but do not destroy the credit of the report.

Mr. Nottelle's pamphlet[2] on the French peasantry is best considered as a study in sociology: and we think it an interesting and successful one. It is sent out in part as a feeler, and we would beg the author by all means to try again; only remembering that in such a form a book is a little jerky, and that better arrangement and more finish are worth aiming at.

We welcome the second part of Mr. Palgrave's excellent *Dictionary of Political Economy*,[3] covering parts of B and C. There has been a longer interval than was expected between it and the first part; but the labour of piloting such careful work through the press is very considerable.

Side by side with the last comes the work of a master. Professor Marshall[4] has published what is practically an abridgment of his *Principles of Political Economy*, but the volume before us is evidently part of a larger work, *The Elements of Economics*, the full scope of which does not yet appear. Interesting, scientific and practical,

[1] *Insurance and Saving.* A Report on the existing opportunities for Working Class Thrift. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

[2] *The French Peasantry since the Revolution of* 1789. By L. Nottelle, B.A. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

[3] *The Dictionary of Political Economy.* Edited by R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

[4] *Elements of Economics of Industry.* By Alfred Marshall. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

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the volume is destined to be read by the statesman as well as by the student, and might fairly appeal to a thoughtful public. It displays throughout the care and hard work which has been bestowed on its perfection.

Professor Marshall adopts the modern definition of economics which makes the study a part of sociology rather than the science of wealth in a narrow sense. Starting with careful definitions of economic terms and brief statements of the elementary laws, he brings us face to face with the practical life of the nation—industrial organisation, business management, demand and supply in their various phases, in relation to labour, to capital, and to land; distribution of the wealth thus acquired, and the position of the Trades Unions. Thus the book is at the same moment adapted to the instruction of the student of economics, and designed to aid the intelligence of an ordinary business man.

In the space at our command we cannot do the book justice; where we do not quite agree in details a dogmatic dissent would be insufficient. Mr. Marshall's name, however, should be more potent than our commendation.

We have read with particular interest M. Buchère's[1] very full account of the French Stock Exchange or Bourse. In the 800 pages which it contains we imagine that there are few omissions either in description of operations or in collation of the law; it is in fact mainly a work on the law of the Bourse.

The French Bourse really combines all the commercial and produce exchanges as well as the Stock Exchange, but to the latter the name is applied *par excellence*. Its officials have a public status and are directly answerable to the State, and the whole organisation is based on a law. In this respect it differs entirely from that powerful private committee in Threadneedle Street which has practically placed itself above the law. Legally there is no class of dealers or jobbers. The brokers deal with one another inside the Bourse, and with the public outside: this is, of course, the proper arrangement. But the *coulissiers* who find a place in the Bourse by sufferance appear to some extent to take the dealer's place. These *coulissiers* are, in fact, a sort of cross between the outside broker and the jobber, and transactions "in the street" (which seems to be the English for *La petite Bourse*) appear to be left entirely to them. In its fiendish noise and the rapidity of bargains the Bourse is pictured by Mr. Buchère as very similar to the English "House," and the method of making bargains for specified accounts, the plan of carrying over, the speculative accounts are all on the English plan.

It is not part of our business to write Blue-Book reports, and

[1] *Traité théorique et pratique des opérations de la Bourse.* Third edition. Par Ambrose Buchère. Paris: Chevalier Maresq et Cie. 1892.

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therefore we may be excused from saying more about the *Statistics of New Zealand for* 1890, and the report thereon,[1] than that they bear that stamp of excellence which is carried by the returns of all our Australian colonies. Australia gets her figures up in a more attractive form than the old country. There is, however, a special interest in this particular report. The year 1890 was practically the jubilee year of New Zealand, which first received a settled government in 1840: and the report before us gives a very complete account of the colony as it now is, with an interesting historical and geographical sketch included.

Two reports[2] by two Ministers of Education from different regions of this widespreading British Empire also lie before us. These again are for specialist treatment, and we cannot dwell on them in the WESTMINSTER. Yet dry arrays of figures are lightened by flashes of light, and we are equally interested in the soldier-cadet corps of the schools of Victoria and the Arbour-days of Ontario seminaries, when students plant the shrubs which may hereafter, perhaps, shelter their children.

We have been unable quite to make up our mind whether Signor Alfredo Oriani has written a great work or not.[3] To get through eight hundred pages is a serious matter in these days of many books. From the beginnings of Rome, Signor Oriani traces the struggle of Italy after national life, until she emerges one of the leading powers of Europe. The sketch of the earlier history—from the struggles of the declining Roman Empire, through the warfare of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, the times of Masnadieri and Condottieri, the "age of the despots" (to borrow Mr. Symonds' phrase), to the sixteenth century with the Renaissance and Reformation—is complete and effective; but the greater part of the book is devoted to the events of the present century—to the efforts of Mazzini, Garibaldi and Cavour. It is time that an Italian should have published a connected account of those great struggles of great men. It is hardly to be expected that France would be gently treated by one who so admires Garibaldi, and we involuntarily contrast Signor Oriani's remarks with the *ad captandum* appeals of M. Vigoureux which we noticed in these pages two months ago. Italy, in fact, has had little intelligent sympathy from any European nation throughout all its national struggle. Even now we know little of Italian politics and the real attitude of the Italian people towards the alliances which seem to make the importance of their country. For this reason alone the book before us should be read by European statesmen.

[1] *Report on the Statistics of New Zealand for* 1890; with Map of the Colony. Wellington: George Didsbury. 1892.

[2] *Victoria: Report of Minister of Public Instruction for the Year* 1890–1; and *Report of the Minister of Education (Ontario).*

[3] *La Lotta Politica in Italia.* Par Alfredo Oriani. Torino-Roma: L. Roux & Co. 1892.

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There is one point in the book which attracts our special attention. The author recognises the forces which lie in the literature of each period of a nation's life, and he has thus interwoven with his main narrative a thoughtful description of leading Italian poets and prose writers in their relation to the political aspirations of their time. But the book, if it is to be made perfect, seems to us to demand note and reference and some elaboration of argument in parts; it should have on its face the stamp of history, and not be mistaken for a huge political pamphlet.

The day of the Commune in 1870 was not calculated to attract universal sympathy: if the idea of its leaders was noble, it was at any rate ill-regulated, and the methods which they adopted provoked, we fear deservedly, the reprobation of the civilised world. We do not therefore receive with great sympathy M. Vesinier's [1] record of the alleged treachery of members of the Commune which are supposed to have led to its defeat and dissipation. The book will, however, throw interesting sidelights on the history of the time, and it gives a curious glimpse into the secret history of political movements.

It is natural, however, that we in England should concentrate more interest on Mr. Fitzpatrick's [2] historical notes of the spies whom Pitt detached from the revolutionary cause in Ireland in the closing days of the last century. Mr. Fitzpatrick is already well known as an authority on Irish history, and an unwearying investigator amongst the MSS. which illustrate it. He offers the present book "as a companion to the two great works" of Froude and Lecky. The book begins with a distinct purpose—that of proving the identity of a mysterious informer, to whom Mr. Froude in his *English in Ireland* constantly alludes. But after satisfactorily showing that this man was Samuel Turner, and that he eluded suspicion with remarkable success, Mr. Fitzpatrick goes on to sketch the career of several of the most prominent characters who took part in the exciting game of plotting against the English in 1790 and onwards, or in the still more dangerous *rôle* of informing against those with whom they appeared to be in league. Besides Turner we have Francis Higgins, Magan, Collins ("the first of the systematic informers"), McNally, O'Leary, and Reynolds, in the latter category; and of their victims, General Napper Tandy, Father O'Coigly, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the brothers Sheares receive the most notice. The work is not a continuous narrative, and the amount of detail and recurrence of references make it almost bewildering at times: it reflects indeed the maze of intrigue and deception which surrounded the men with whom it deals.

[1] *Comment a péri la Commune.* Par Pierre Vesinier. Paris: Albert Savine.
[2] *Secret Service under Pitt.* By W. J. Fitzpatrick, F.S.A. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1892.

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But the volume appears to us more than a mere study in history. As we read it our mind reverts instinctively to the Parnell Commission and the recent struggles of the Irish party: sometimes we seem to be dwelling on an episode of the last ten years. The book has therefore a living interest, it brings us face to face with the worst side of our government of Ireland, and the implacable hatred of Irish patriots: we cannot feel certain that its experiences will not recur at any moment.

Perhaps the strangest phenomenon which it presents is that of men of education and talent who parade as the supporters of a special cause, induced to risk life and honour apparently for the sake of money alone. The motive seems utterly inadequate. The story has a moral, says Mr. Fitzpatrick. "The organisers of illegal societies will see that in spite of the apparent secrecy and ingenuity of their system, informers sit with them at the same council board and dinner-table, ready at any moment to sell their blood."

A more open faithlessness is alleged by Miss Anna Parnell against those who deserted Mr. Parnell a year ago. The little book [1] before us gives a bare outline of that leader's remarkable career. We can perhaps hardly yet justly estimate Mr. Parnell's character. Of the rapidity of his rise to the leadership of the Irish people and of the work which he left half done there can be no doubt; it has passed before our own eyes. He was a figure familiar to us in the days of his greatest parliamentary power. There have been times when we greatly admired him, and times when we greatly doubted him. If he was quite clear from implication with the party of revenge, his judgment was certainly defective at some of the most important crises of his career. Yet he was thrown over for quite inadequate reasons, and he remains one of the most remarkable men of many generations.

Sir William Anson is too modest in the preface with which he launches his new book [2] on the seas of criticism. He has published a very readable book in an attractive form—one which is sure to be valuable to all students of constitutional history, and interesting to public men as the first general account of the Government Departments of Great Britain. Part I., *The Parliament*, was published in 1888: thus Sir William took first the part of the constitution which comes logically first, not that which is historically so. "The Crown" nowadays is chiefly represented by the Ministers and the great offices of State, and the work before us carefully follows the historical development of the latter as well as of the courts of law; and following the power of the Crown to the furthest limits of the

[1] *The Words of the Dead Chief:* being extracts from the Public Speeches of Charles Stewart Parnell. Compiled by Jennie Wyse Power. With an Introduction by Miss Anna Parnell. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker.

[2] *The Law and Custom of the Constitution.* Part II., The Crown. By Sir William R. Anson, Bart., D.C.L. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1892.

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empire, it investigates the different classes of constitutions in the colonies. In its history the work appears sufficiently complete, and the chapter on the Courts and the remedies of the subjects against the Crown is a good one. We consider the general description of the different Departments of the Government to be fairly satisfactory. But there are at least three leading points in which on a first perusal we find the book defective. The term "prerogative" which is explained in the first chapter, should be definitely fixed by a complete enumeration of the powers still reserved to the Queen in Council: we do not find the question of currency even referred to; yet a treatise of this scope should show exactly what power the Crown retains, and how far it has limited itself by such an Act as the Coinage Act of 1870. Again, Government Departments are treated as solely responsible to the Crown; whereas it is well known that Parliament claims, and does in fact exercise, a certain control: this collision of authorities requires a much clearer analysis. Then again the position of the Cabinet, though on the whole well treated, appears to us to require more distinct isolation. The Cabinet has by custom acquired a place in the government of England: it is no doubt well to explain that it has no legal position: but it is desirable to limit and define that position.

And now we turn to a work[1] which has caused more discussion than any other recent publication, by reason of its contrasts to the writings of Mr. Kennan; so that, as some one said, we are brought face to face with the question, "Is not one of them a terrible liar?" Just consider the position. For generations the wrongs of Siberian exiles have been notorious throughout Europe. Recently Russian patriots have retold the same terrible accounts, and Mr. Kennan, when he set himself to verify them, plunged the English-speaking part of the world into fresh indignation. Then comes Mr. de Windt and says, "All this is nonsense." From the moment when he sets foot in Russian territory he is enthusiastic about everything; but naïvely admits that a foreign fellow-traveller's loud expression of democratic views will probably land him in the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul. In fact, there is a disagreeable air of flippancy in the way in which he writes—too much reference to *cuisine* and hotels and the distresses of pretty women. Of course if all this mixture of brightness and partial misery is the real life of Russia, we cannot blame Mr. de Windt for throwing it into the foreground of his pictures. But we are not satisfied. He seems unable to distinguish between criminal and political prisoners, or to separate the management of prisons from the injustice of the sentences which fill them. His references to English prisons, which we know well, do not impress us with his caution in comparison. And his want of

[1] *Siberia as it Is.* By Harry de Windt, F.R.G.S. With an Introduction by H.E. Madame Olga Novikoff. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

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judgment in persuading Madame Novikoff to write a partisan preface is astounding. But the book is enjoyable and well illustrated, whatever our judgment on its correctness.

Those who have time may compare with it a charming little volume [1] of German sketches of Russia and Russian life, designed to give the Germans some more intimate knowledge than they generally possess of the Northern Colossus. Dr. Charpentier, however, does not visit the prisons.

A pleasant little *Wanderbuch* [2] is that of Herr Stern. Oberammergau, Thusis, the Via Mala, the Rheinwald; then Venice and the Venetians (not by underground railway); and Bayreuth, and its Wagner festival, with other good things—are sufficiently attractive to all of us who love a good holiday, and find pleasure in going over old ground in company with a new friend.

But Bayreuth has a book [3] to itself just now, from the hand of one who appears to have been forced, "in spite of nature and his stars," to love Wagner. It is a thoroughly French and piquant sketch of life at Bayreuth during the festivals, with a clever running commentary on the great master's music and methods; and in so briefly introducing it to the readers of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW we do it but scant justice.

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## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

AMONG recently published historical works, none deserves more attention and careful reading than Professor Freeman's fourth series of *Historical Essays.*[4] The earlier volumes are well known for their broad scholarly sympathy and knowledge, as well as for the vast range of subjects with which they deal. Nor does this last addition to the series show any signs of declining powers on the part of its author; it gains, however, a further and a sad interest, from the fact that very soon after its publication the news of Professor Freeman's death reached England.

The essays contained in this volume touch on a variety of subjects, ranging from Carthage to the Channel Tunnel, and in all of them is

[1] *Russische Wanderbilder.* Von Dr. Alfred Charpentier. 2te Auflage. Oldenburg und Leipzig: A. Schwarz.

[2] *Wanderbuch.* Bilder und Skizzen von Adolf Stern. Oldenburg und Leipzig: A. Schwarz.

[3] *Un pèlerinage a Bayreuth.* Par Emile de Saint-Auban. Paris: Albert Savine. 1892.

[4] *Historical Essays.* Fourth Series. By E. A. Freeman Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

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observable that enthusiasm for whatever work he had in hand, and that power of infusing the same feeling into the minds of his readers, which are, perhaps, the most marked characteristics of Professor Freeman's work. The power of dealing with a vast subject in a short space, and yet keeping clear and distinct its main points, is also conspicuous here as in his earlier books. One example must suffice. In the essay on the House of Lords the reader is told most clearly the peculiar features of the history of that body in some eighty pages, as well as its main characteristics at the present time. The theory that the House of Lords is the direct descendant of the Mycel Gemót, and of the Magnum Concilium is broadly stated, and forms the basis of the rest of the essay. Thus, the bishops, we are told, alone kept their right to sit as freemen; their official fellows, the earls, who had originally sat with them by the same title, changed their position, and as they lost their official position became hereditary. But, in spite of this, the House of Lords has preserved its non-hereditary character up to to-day, except during the exclusion of the bishops from 1642 to 1661; and, in fact, before the Reformation and dissolution of the monasteries the hereditary element was outnumbered by the non-hereditary, which comprised bishops and abbots. Very clearly does Mr. Freeman point out the importance of the special summons as causing one of the most marked features of English constitutional history—namely, the fusion of knights with burgesses. The knight did not ally himself with the baron, who was favoured by special writ of summons. In later history we are told the results of the Scotch and Irish Unions on the House of Lords; and the unhistorical decision of 1856 in the famous Wensleydale case calls forth Professor Freeman's well-deserved scorn, though he is able to rejoice in the fact that the Lords of Appeal have since 1876 asserted the non-hereditary principle among those whom we erroneously call our "hereditary legislators."

In the essay preceding that on the House of Lords, to which it may be taken as an introduction, is one on Nobility. Here again we meet with another characteristic feature of Mr. Freeman's work—his power of drawing comparisons between institutions and events of different lands and ages. This power, based on vast knowledge, is nowhere better illustrated than in this essay, where the peculiarities of the English peerage (there is no nobility in the strict sense of the word) are shown by comparison with similar privileged classes in Rome, Athens, Sparta, Venice, France, and other lands. In addition to these two essays, Professor Freeman has touched upon English history in those on the Battle of Wakefield and English Civil Wars. The latter of these is full of interest, and shows how the civil war of the fifteenth century differed from those of the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries. English Church history is dealt with in the essays on Cardinal Pole, Archbishop Parker, and

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others; nor can the history of Orange, that principality which gave us an English king, and its name to a political party, be read without interest by the most insular Englishman, even if Edward III.'s conquest of Guines be regarded as scant excuse for meriting his attention. At the commencement of this essay, The Lords of Ardres, there is a note full of meaning. Professor Freeman tells us that "this is the only paper on a local subject that I have ever written without seeing the place." Here we are given the secret of the charm of those essays on places and towns which are so familiar to readers of the earlier volumes of these *Essays*. No one has equalled their author in the power of seizing hold of points, whether geographical or architectural, which throw light on past history. Perhaps Mr. J. R. Green possessed this same faculty, but he did not possess Professor Freeman's power of transferring to his readers that intense interest which he himself felt. In the present volume the papers on Carthage, Orange, Périgueux, and Cahors show that their writer's powers were not lessened by work or age.

We must conclude our notice of this book; but we cannot do so without acknowledging the great debt which all historical writers and students owe to Professor Freeman. His unfailing hard work, his ready sympathy for all workers in the same field, his unswerving love of truth, and, above all, his immense knowledge and grasp of any subject that he handled will secure him a place in the foreground of English historians. It would be no slight task to find one among such who could claim to rival the historian of the Norman Conquest, of the Red King, and of Sicily. Few even could claim equality.

We are glad to welcome a book which may in some sense be looked upon as an instance of the effect of Professor Freeman's essays on towns and places which so happily combined their history, architecture, and geography. We do not know that *Old Touraine*[1] is in any sense a conscious imitation of those chapters in earlier series of the *Historical Essays*, but undoubtedly Mr. Cook has attempted to discharge the same task—that is, to tell the history of the whole by minute examination of that of a part. Mr. Cook has chosen his subject well; he has taken the châteaux of the Loire valley, which have seen so much of stirring incident in French history, and he has strung together historical sketches which form an almost continuous history of the personal life of the French Court. Thus, by describing the principal châteaux of the district in chronological order of their historical importance, we have what may be called a panorama of French history spread before us. Chinon tells of Henry II. of England; of Joan of Arc, whose first interview with Charles VII. took place there; of Commines, governor of the château in 1476.

[1] *Old Touraine.* By Theodore Andrea Cook. In two volumes. London: Percival & Co. 1892.

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The château of Loches leads to the reign of Louis XI., who long dwelt there, and to memories of Agnes Sorrel and Anne of Brittany; while its prisons call to memory the history of the unfortunate prisoner Ludovico Sforza and the Milanese troubles. At Chenonceaux we come across the influence of early Italian art at its best on French architecture; and Chenonceaux, the feudal fortress made non-feudal and no longer a fortress, completed by 1517, is the fairest example of modern as opposed to mediæval life. With it is connected the history of Henry II. and the fair Diane de Poitiers. But we must turn to Amboise to see the purest Italian art and the earliest. Charles VIII. brought back from his ill-fated Italian expedition artists and workmen from Naples, and to these are due the early parts of the château, the great towers and the chapel. There, too, we read of Francis I., who naturalised Italian art in France; and there died Leonardo da Vinci, ungratefully buried without tomb or monument. Naturally, the history of Amboise leads up to the history of the conspiracy of Amboise in 1560, which is well sketched by Mr. Cook. A later conspiracy also is described, and the story of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew is wisely told in the words of Marguerite de Valois, as given in her *Mémoires*.

The architectural beauties of these châteaux are carefully described by the author; especially interesting is the account of Blois, with its wonderful spiral staircase, which is built in exact imitation of a screw. The extreme beauty and grace of its design may be gathered from the excellent picture of it given opposite to p. 121; and Mr. Cook has hazarded the not impossible theory that its plan was due to the genius of Leonardo da Vinci, who was at Amboise at the time when the work was begun.

We cannot follow further either the beauties or history of the valley of the Loire. In conclusion, we must congratulate Mr. Cook on having achieved an almost impossible task. He has written a guide-book which is also a history, and the result is decidedly readable. It is perhaps difficult to avoid at times a sense of incongruity; as, for example, when we read of the early Counts of Anjou, and, turning over a page, find ourselves carried by train from Tours to Chinon. We should prefer, too, that Mr. Cook should give the Archbishop his correct name, St. Thomas; nor can we allow the comparison between the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Amboise, which is given in the first volume (p. 195), and which implies that the patriotism of the English Cardinal was secondary to his personal ambition. We cannot agree, either, with Mr. Cook in his entire separation of the two movements known as the Renaissance and the Reformation. The two were in reality only different manifestations of the same influences at work in both.

But it would be ungrateful to dwell upon points of this kind. Mr. Cook really deserves our thanks for having written a

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pleasant book, which will lead many to follow him into the land of châteaux which he has so pleasantly described. We could wish, indeed, that he had given us more serious history, which, from the materials he has accumulated, he might easily have done, for we have grave doubts of the utility of a book which gives serious information in a form so evidently chosen for the sake of those who are not primarily in search of knowledge. Mr. Cook should give us a serious study of French history of some part of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries (which are by far the best parts of this present book). He has shown that he could do it well, and such a study would be of the greatest value and usefulness. We have sad lack of English books on French history, and though *Old Touraine*, owing to the vast ground it covers, cannot be regarded as a serious attempt to supply our wants, we give it hearty welcome as being an earnest of what we may expect from its author.

Another book which tells the history of France with the aid of local history is M. Schuré's *Les Grandes Légendes de France*.[1] In it the author has collected some of the great legends which are of more than merely local interest, although he tells them in connection with the places to which they still cling, and shows how they mark the continuity of thought through the pagan philosophy of the Druids to the times of Christianity, of Feudalism and Chivalry. This is the "ideal side of history," the soul of a people "vibrating" in their homes even yet; further, that soul is Celtic. This fact is the key-note of them all, and the central idea of M. Schuré's book.

The author first deals with Alsace, giving a description of the country, as well as a sketch of its troublous history, for to him Alsace is still a part of France, and there is a hope that its true position may yet be peaceably regained, though its present fate can only be thought of with sadness and regret. La Grande Chartreuse is recalled more vividly, as mediæval life is still continued in the solitude of its monastery. Mont-St-Michel represents the more defiant side of Celtic nationality; its rugged, lonely rocks and sombre sand-stretches still recall the past with its stories of Druidesses and later Christian legends. But, of all, Brittany is the most purely Celtic; and in Breton legends are to be found those ideals which the Celts "stamped on their conquerors." This was their revenge for defeat, and M. Schuré believes it to be permanent; for the Celtic genius is still, as ever, the true soul of France. The race, it is true, is scattered and conquered, but its spirit lives on in France, though at present its force is latent and barely visible. Yet its characteristics are easily traced; the poetic fire, the love of change and of colour, the quick intuition, deep passion, and mystic fancy, alike mark the identity of France.

[1] *Les Grandes Légendes de France.* Par Edouard Schuré. Paris: Libraire Académique, Didier, Perrin et Cie. 1892.

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This is the chief idea which runs through M. Schuré's book and gives it unity; but even without this central idea it would not be wanting in interest. The chief legends of France are told with vigour and enthusiasm, and in themselves are full of fascination; moreover, the author gives us an historical sketch and graphic descriptions of famous scenes. Thus M. Schuré interests us in the past with the interest of well-told tales, but we are inevitably even more interested in the present; he has tried to arouse Celtic inspiration, which still lives in France, and to do this he has gone back to the past. It is difficult to say which is the more interesting, his central idea of a Celtic France, or his proof, which has necessitated the collecting of the old legends.

*Le Roi Louis-Philippe*,[1] by the Marquis de Flers, cannot be considered as in any degree forming a history of France during the reign of Louis-Philippe; the object of its author has been rather to give a minute personal Life of the Prince, a *vie anecdotique*, as he himself describes it. That the Marquis de Flers is thoroughly qualified to do this is proved by the fact that, when young, he lived on intimate terms with the Comte de Montalivet, one of the King's best friends, and also one of his executors; moreover, he has possession of certain documents, the authenticity of which is beyond all doubt. Having had access to sources of information hitherto unpublished, the author is enabled to throw fresh light upon his subject, and he has succeeded, consequently, in making a most interesting character-study, though it cannot be denied that he always interprets most favourably the Prince's actions, and that his admiration amounts almost to hero-worship.

We cannot here attempt to follow the details of the life of Louis-Philippe as told by his latest biographer, but we may notice as of special interest one or two of the points upon which particular emphasis is laid. Thus, for example, it is shown very clearly that when Louis-Philippe accepted the French crown in 1830, he did so entirely to save France from anarchy, and only after the most strenuous efforts to act as regent for the young Duc de Bordeaux, as Henry V., had failed after the double abdication of Charles X. and the Duc d'Angoulême. Then, again, the Marquis de Flers insists that Louis-Philippe was always and before everything an ardent and sincere patriot, and that he was always and exclusively occupied for the good of France; this view may be accepted or not, but is hardly in agreement with a well-known historian's description of him as a man "incapable of any far-reaching aspiration or of any profound conviction."

The early part of the book contains a detailed account of the childhood of Louis-Philippe and of his brothers and sister, and is

[1] *Le Roi Louis-Philippe, vie anecdotique*, 1773–1850. Par le Marquis de Flers. Paris: E. Dentu. 1891.

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profusely illustrated by anecdotes, many of which are extremely amusing; but the real interest of the book lies in the documents, now first printed, and in the autograph letters of the Dukes of Orleans from the time of Louis XIV. up to the present time, many of which are reproduced in facsimile.

We have received another book dealing with the same period of history, *Marie-Amélie au Palais-Royal*,[1] which forms a volume in the series of "Les Femmes des Tuileries," by M. Imbert de Saint-Amand, whose monographs on Frenchwomen of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are well known. Those who have already read *La Jeunesse de la Reine Marie-Amélie* and *Marie-Amélie et la Cour de Palerme* will welcome this opportunity of following the fortunes of the Queen during the eighteen years she was Queen of France. They will see how, amid all the responsibilities and distractions of the French Court, she remained still the same gentle and deeply religious woman, devoted to her husband and children, and yet capable of showing rare calmness and presence of mind in the most dangerous crises. We are glad to see that M. Saint-Amand is preparing another book on Marie-Amélie for the press. In these days, when so much is spoken and written about the imaginary or self-inflicted sufferings of overstrung and morbid womanhood, we cannot but think that the story of the lives of noble and self-sacrificing women may have a wholesome and beneficial influence; for this reason alone we would give welcome to M. Saint-Amand's books, even if the excellence of his work had not already won him assured popularity.

We noticed a few months ago the publication of the first part of vol. iii. of *Annals of our Time;* we have now received part ii.,[2] which tells the tale of the year 1891. We need do little more than call attention to the appearance of this section, which still is issued under the editorship of Mr. Hamilton Fyfe. The most interesting entries in this record of last year are undoubtedly those which touch on economic subjects. Mr. Fyfe has given considerable space to the doings of the German Socialist Congress at Erfurt, and to the English Trade Union Congress which met a month earlier; and no inconsiderable amount of room is occupied by the records of strikes. The *Annals* are of great value as a book of reference, though we still think that Mr. Fyfe might have condensed and compressed his material somewhat by the omission of what is of merely passing interest; thus, for example, that four and a half columns should be devoted to the baccarat case and barely three to the census returns shows a want of proportion which it is difficult to understand. But, in spite of such faults, the book is very useful and complete.

We ought to have noticed before now a new handbook on the

[1] *Marie-Amélie au Palais-Royal.* Par Imbert de Saint-Amand. Paris: E. Dentu. 1892.

[2] *Annals of our Time.* Vol. iii. Part ii. 1891. By H. Hamilton Fyfe. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

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subject of heraldry. In *The History, Principles, and Practice of Heraldry*,[1] as may be gathered from the wording of the title, Mr. Edward Hulme has attempted not so much a treatise dealing with the purely technical side of his subject, as a history of heraldry and the growth of the science. In other words, this book is intended to be a popular book, and as such will no doubt be useful. It will not take rank either as a systematic treatise, nor yet as a history pure and simple, but it will fulfil a useful function by giving an introductory sketch of the subject in general. The reader of the book will know the meaning of the heraldic terms; he will, too, know something of the structure of a shield, of the significance of various heraldic animals and beasts and colours, as well as of the origin and early history of the science. The book contains many illustrations, which give considerable help to the easy understanding of the text.

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## BELLES LETTRES.

WITHOUT being anything superlatively clever, *Mammon*[2] is an unusually pleasant novel. The plot is not perhaps very probable, but neither is it trite or *banal;* and it forms the framework for a fresh, unhackneyed story, with a touch of quiet unobtrusive romance about it. The two most prominent characters are eminently likeable people, and there is a family of cousins who are pleasant to read about. From the title, *Mammon*, one expects a tale of sordid money grubbing; but the one votary of Mammon in the story soon disappears from the scene, and after that the prevailing tone of the book is one of disinterestedness in money matters which to many readers may possibly seem quixotic. Still the characters have the air of being quite simple and unaffected in their comparative indifference to wealth; there is nothing posturing nor melodramatic in their attitude: it seems to be merely the natural complement of their other moral characteristics.

*Under False Pretences*[3] is one of the stories of mistaken identity, through the substitution of nurslings, which used to be a sort of happy hunting-ground for playwrights and novelists, who of late rarely have recourse to it. In the present instance the substitution is complicated; nay, it is so doubtful to the last whether there has,

[1] *The History, Principles, and Practice of Heraldry.* By F. Edward Hulme, F.S.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

[2] *Mammon.* A Novel. By Mrs Alexander. In three volumes. London: W. Heinemann. 1892.

[3] *Under False Pretences.* A Novel. By Adeline Sergeant. In three volumes. London: Ward & Downey. 1892.

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or has not, been any substitution at all, that no one, in the story or out of it, can distinguish between the spurious and the real "Simon Pure," or pronounce with certainty who anybody is. One is irresistibly reminded of poor "Dundreary's" embroglio about "Sam's old nurse" being his (Dundreary's) mother, or else his own "old mother" being "Sam's nurse," which at last makes him ask in hopeless bewilderment, "Then who the devil am *I?*" Two, if not three, of Miss Sergeant's characters might well ask that question; but no answer is forthcoming—not even in the concluding chapter. Still, though the *motif* is trite, and not very skilfully developed, *Under False Pretences* is not altogether an inferior novel. It is couched in good English, and the scenes are for the most part evidently painted by one who is familiar with the phases of life she undertakes to present.

The hero, who holds the title *rôle* in Mr. Foggerty's novel,[1] is a large anthropoid ape, bred in captivity, from parents of slightly divergent varieties. "Mr. Jacko" belongs to the proprietor of a circus and *ménagerie* in a manufacturing town in the north of England. Of course, the main incidents of the novel are enacted by human *dramatis personæ*, and under this aspect, it is neither better nor worse than a score of other novels. But "Jacko" is something more than a subsidiary actor in the piece; he is directly influential in shaping the *dénouement*, and his affectionateness, gentleness, and intelligence—which last characteristic is never foolishly exaggerated—make him by far the most interesting, and certainly the most life-like, figure in the tale. His semi-humanity is admirably depicted; indeed, his physical, mental, and moral, traits are so consistently and soberly described, that whenever "Mr. Jacko" is introduced, one might fancy one's self reading a record of scientific biological observations, rather than a novel. It is, no doubt, this scientific turn of mind that has prompted Mr. Foggerty to dedicate his book to Professor Huxley.

*Mariam*[2] is a total departure from the established order of fiction. So far from wanting to write a story, and casting about for materials to make it out of, Mr. Horace Victor has something definite, and, as it seems to him, important, to communicate. He has evidently gained considerable insight into the manners, religion, and modes of thought of the Mahometan races—especially of the Arabs, with whose language he seems to be familiar, and, under the not unusual impression that what is new to oneself is equally new to the rest of the world, he cannot rest till he has revealed to the West the newly discovered secrets of the East. No doubt many of his striking *croquis*

[1] *Mr. Jacko.* A Novel. By J. Foggerty. In three volumes. London: Ward and Downey. 1891.

[2] *Mariam: Twenty-one Days.* By Horace Victor. London: Macmillan. 1892.



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of Eastern scenes will be new to most readers; but he had no need of her death, but the truth comes out from a young lady, a neigh- to enter into an elaborate explanation of the difference between the rival sects of She-ites and Sunnites, nor to relate in detail the legend of Ali, and the tragic death of his sons, Hassan and Hosein, all of which is familiar to every reader of Gibbon. The sub-title of *Mariam* is *Twenty-one Days*, the time occupied by an English merchant steamer in making the passage from Bussorah to Jeddah, whither on the occasion when the events here recorded are supposed to have occurred, she was conveying a cargo of pilgrims bound to Mecca. Among them was a family of rich and high-born Bedouin ladies, of whom the central figure is Mariam, a young Bedouin princess. The hero of the tale is the ship's doctor, a young Englishman who, from previous wanderings in the East, had acquired an unusual knowledge of colloquial Arabic, as well as a considerable familiarity with Mahometan manners and sentiments. In his professional capacity he is, of course, brought into relations with the pilgrims, and his knowledge of their speech and customs, together with his genuine kind-heartedness, soon makes these relations close and intimate. With none of them does his intimacy make more rapid strides than with the noble ladies who occupy the state-rooms on board the *Lornadale*, and who, while the ship is steaming down the glassy waters of the Euphrates, seek refuge from the stifling heat of the cabins in improvised tents, which their attendants—all slaves, by the bye—rig up for their use on the quarter-deck. In this tent the young doctor, at first called in professionally, soon becomes a welcome and daily visitor. The Lady Mariam, at first obliged to unveil her face for medical examination, soon ceases to don her "yakmash" on his entrance. Of course the inevitable result ensues. The obscure young English "hakim" and the high-born, wealthy, and beautiful young Arab princess love each other. On the part of the Englishman, the love was for some time unconscious. Betrothed in his own country, but condemned by poverty to a long engagement, he regarded Mariam as a being, lovely and fascinating indeed, but altogether apart from his life. Moreover, he was under the impression that, by a family arrangement, she was destined to become the wife of her cousin Ismar, till, just before the end of the voyage, he received, through this very Ismar, an offer from Mariam to become his wife, or, to speak more accurately, the signification of her will to take him for her husband. Then, all at once, his love for her is revealed to him, and, for a time, sweeps down everything before it with the overwhelming force of a torrent. Then the reaction sets in, and he sees the hopeless incongruity of such a union, and the utter baseness of deserting the girl patiently waiting for him in distant England and implicitly trusting in his good faith.

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But, strange to say, the determining motive of his rejection of Mariam was neither the recognition of the gulf, moral and intellectual, which separated him from her, nor yet the breach of honour involved, but the thoughts of Ismar's heartbreak for the loss of his long-cherished hope of possessing Mariam. This seems to us a prodigious ethical obliquity, and it is to enter our protest against it that we have, contrary to our wont, given the outlines of Mr. Horace Victor's story. We fully admit the conclusiveness of the two obstacles of which we have spoken. But we cannot admit that a man is bound, nor even that he has the right, when a woman loves him and he loves her, to play at generosity, and retire in favour of another *soupirant*, lest, forsooth, he should suffer from his rejection! To sacrifice his own love for friendship's sake, merely proves that, with him, friendship, or pity, is stronger than love. But to make over to another man a woman who loves you, and has chosen, not him, but you, is dastardly and cruel. To our thinking, such an act would be unjustifiable in the case of a dog that had manifested an exclusive affection for one person. Affection is too sacred a thing —the most sacred we know—to play at battledore and shuttlecock with, though you may dignify the game by calling it magnanimous renunciation. But, when all is said, the main interest of this very curious book does not lie in the loves of Mariam and the English "hakim," but in the vigorous sketches of scenes of Eastern life, which, as they have vividly impressed the author, he has succeeded in portraying no less vividly.

All the three volume novels that we have passed in review this month are about of the same calibre—fairly good second rate. Mrs. Newman's *Begun in Jest*[1] is no exception to the rule. It is tolerably good reading, but has no striking merits. The love story, which forms its principal attraction, is throughout a game of cross purposes—a very "comedy of errors"—and all for want of a few words of plain speaking that would make things clearly understood. "Mettre les points sur les i" is an excellent habit, and if it were more generally cultivated, both in fiction and in real life, many painful misunderstandings, and much unnecessary misery, would be avoided. If Mrs. Newman's story had been written expressly to enforce this moral, it could not have done it more aptly than by showing, as it does, in action, the evils attendant on a contrary course.

*Rose et Ninette*[2] is the least powerful work by M. Alphonse Daudet that has ever come under our notice. The cause of its inferiority—relative, of course, for M. Daudet's worst is never absolutely inferior—is that *Rose et Ninette* is an attempt to demonstrate in fiction the

[1] *Begun in Jest.* By Mrs. Newman. In three volumes. London: John Murray. 1891.

[2] *Rose et Ninette.* Par Alphonse Daudet. Avec un frontespice de Marold. Paris: E. Flammarion.

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evil consequences inseparable from divorce, in cases where the union dissolved has produced offspring. Thus the view of life is contracted and distorted; only the complications brought about by divorce are depicted, instead of that general view of human life which a great novelist like Daudet knows so well how to lay before us. It is an explanatory diagram, rather than an artistic picture. Each time that M. Daudet has made this mistake—as in *Sapho*, and still worse, in *L'Immortel*—the result has been partial failure. But, besides this weakness, which it has in common with all stories shaped to inculcate some particular moral, *Rose et Ninette* has drawbacks and flaws peculiar to itself. Thus Régis Fagan is too weak a man to excite strong sympathy. The divorced father and mother bidding against each other for the affection of their daughters, is a sorry spectacle—degrading to the parents, and ruinous to the girls. No doubt this is the effect intended to be produced; but none the less, it greatly impairs the beauty of the work, and lessens its hold on the reader's feelings. He is apt to regard the whole family of Fagan with a disparaging pity not far removed from contempt. Then, too, if Fagan's sorrows and wrongs are meant to draw the reader to him, he should not have been exhibited in the act of concerting scandalously immoral plots in complicity with his wife, with the avowed object of obtaining a fraudulent divorce. All this forms no part of the inherent disadvantages of divorce, but comes of the unfair use made of the newly introduced law by M. Daudet's characters. To our mind, if the story has a moral, it is not that divorce, under sufficient restrictions, is not a salutary, and indeed a necessary, condition of marriage, but that divorce cannot be made to work well with catholicism; it is the patch of new cloth on an old garment, which, as we know, does but make the rent worse.

*Le Mari d'Aurette*[1] is in Henry Gréville's pleasantest vein; a bright cheerful story, with enough shadow and doubt to render it interesting, without tinging it with gloom or melancholy. The character of Aurette is very charming. In her unselfishness and cheerful devotion to every duty that falls naturally in her way, she seems destined to live for others, and to accept as her own lot in life a pale reflection of the light and joy she diffuses around her. But, as the title indicates, a life more personal, and joys less shadowy, await her. One of the principal agents in bringing about this happy result, which at one time seems to be practically unattainable, is Aurette's little orphan nephew, towards whom she has taken the place of the mother lost in infancy. He is almost as marked a personality, and as successfully sketched, as "Le petit Bob," made classic by "Gyp." His favourite professor at his *Lycée*, becomes "Le Mari d'Aurette," thanks to the unexpected intervention of an

[1] *Le Mari d'Aurette.* Par Henry Gréville. Paris: E. Plon Nourrit et Cie.

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eccentric old aunt of the professor's, who, more or less disliked by every one in the story, is at once hailed by the little *Lycéen* as *une très bonne femme.* She and the "gamin," as she calls him, thoroughly understand each other, and it seems to be mainly to please him, and win his approval, that the old lady busies herself in bringing to pass the marriage of her nephew with Aurette.

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# THE DRAMA.

If it may be doubted whether such plays as *The Maëlstrom*, by Mr. Mark Melford, produced this month at the Shaftesbury, attract as much attention in this country as they do on the Continent, still they possess a certain fascination to not a few. But hereditary homicidal mania is surely a somewhat ambitious subject for a drama The portrayal of insanity, even in the hands of Shakespeare and Goethe, taxes the most supreme effort of their genius. We think, therefore, much allowance should be made to Mr. Melford in his difficult task. The story he has to tell possesses many points of interest. Lucius Tierce, a rich sculptor, lives in the country-house of a scheming scoundrel, Gilbert Sarcliff. Tierce is a maniac of homicidal tendencies, of which Sarcliff is well aware, but, all the same, is villain enough to coerce his ward into marrying him. The girl, who has already given her heart to a young doctor, Edward Hartleigh, struggles in vain against the force that is brought to bear on her, and in the end, from an exaggerated sense of duty and gratitude to her guardian, weakly gives in, agreeing to the marriage and dismissing her lover. The latter, who is going to Egypt to join the Nile expedition, departs in ignorance that Tierce is his successful rival, by the somewhat thin device of a pledge of secrecy on her part to Sarcliff. After the marriage, for a time all goes well. Tierce is the best and most indulgent of husbands, and Sarcliff rejoices in a plentiful supply of £100 cheques. Trouble soon comes in the shape of Hartleigh, who, having been invalided home, seeks out his old love, and recognising a photograph of Tierce to be that of a well-known murderous maniac, and learning that he is her husband, with a brutality and want of tact almost inconceivable, blurts out all he knows. Paralysed with horror, the unfortunate woman, with reckless disregard of the consequences, at once tells her husband she has learnt his secret, and that she must leave him. This, Tierce, who worships his wife, refuses to allow, but says that it is he who will go. However, in spite of this, she rushes from the house, and on the slender evidence of her cloak being found in the river, it is assumed she is drowned. We then have Tierce, believing this to be true, living once more with Sarcliff, and devoting his time to completing a statue of his wife. Hartleigh keeps up the deception

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bour of Sarcliff's, who evades the latter's vigilance, and tells Tierce that his wife lives and constantly asks for him. The news exalts Tierce to a delirium of delight, which is shortlived when he finds that Sarcliff has designs on his liberty as soon as he can get him to make over his property by a deed of gift. The discovery of this treachery has the result that he strangles Sarcliff in a fit of frenzy. Ten years elapse, Tierce during this time being kept in Broadmoor lunatic asylum. His wife, believing him to be dead on Hartleigh's unsupported statement, marries her former lover. Tierce, however, escapes, finds his way to his wife, and horrified to find that she has married again, and heartbroken by his misfortunes, shoots himself at her feet, determined not to be an obstacle to her happiness.

Here we have a story that, in spite of many obvious inconsistencies, abounds with strong situations. The author, too, Mr. Melford, played the part of the madman with considerable power, although at times his somewhat fantastic speeches created an irritating impression, which his crudeness of method did not tend to lessen. He is at his best at the close of the third act, where Sarcliff meets his fate. Miss Olga Brandon was seen to considerable advantage in the part of the unfortunate wife, and the other parts were adequately sustained, but call for no especial mention. Still we cannot consider *The Maëlstrom* as anything but a weak play, in which the author is out of his depth. As a psychological study there is little merit in it, while of the inner workings of the madman's mind hardly a glimpse is shown. Indeed, if his condition is one of "insanity," what must be that of some of the other characters! The play is an instance of the tendency to which author-actors are peculiarly liable, of straining to obtain telling situations at the expense of common sense and the ordinary laws that regulate life at the present day. In fact, we must not take Mr. Melford too seriously. If he is able to interest us we must be satisfied, without making a deeper analysis.

The Criterion Theatre has given us a revival of Michel Carré's charming sketch *L'Enfant Prodigue.* We say sketch advisedly, for to what can we liken this theatrical venture so novel and so daring, unless, perhaps, to the exquisite water-colours of a Turner at least, for if the arts of the drama and painting can be compared such is the simile that must suggest itself. The mere idea of a dramatic performance lasting two hours and a half, which is not comic as a whole, and in which never a word is spoken, would, under ordinary circumstances, be calculated to dismay the public. The venture, however, was stamped with the approval of the Parisians before the first London production, which was the best recommendation it could have. Partly due to the perfection of delicate acting, to the exquisite simplicity of idea, and, we may add, to the descriptive power of the accompanying music, the *Enfant* became the attrac-

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tion of last year's season, and, after satisfying the London public by a phenomenal run, went forth to achieve fresh successes in the provinces. It is indeed difficult to criticise with words that which was perfection without them. We have often heard it said that to read a great speech is not the same as to hear the speaker. We have at the Criterion an instructive illustration of the other side of the question. Here we have the persons, but we have not the words, and certainly there is hope for the dumb, for if they can be as eloquent as was Mdlle. Zanfretta or as M. Courtes oratory will be cheap. It would be invidious to make comparisons when all were excellent, but what further need have we of evidence when the touches of mirth or of pathos—as for instance, Phrynette handing her milliner's bills to the Baron, and the return of the Prodigal to the paternal roof—were received by those present with passionate outbursts of feeling? Surely there must be real genius in it.

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# THE PRESS AND THE PULPIT.

## SOME NEW THOUGHTS ON A WELL-WORN THEME.

THAT the Press should now be so frequently placed in opposition and contrast to the Pulpit, and that it should be supposed the two institutions have enough in common to justify comparisons being made between them, indicates a new view of the functions of the pulpit at least. Until comparatively recent years it was generally considered that people went to church, not so much to be regaled with highly intellectual fare, as to join in praise and prayer and to hear passages of Scripture more or less passably expounded, and an application of the text given to one or other of a limited number of religious and moral questions—the homily being, as a rule, very general in its terms alike of reprobation and commendation. In short, people were supposed to go to church "to worship God."

That this idea, with all it implies, is not yet wholly extinct is shown by the fact that laymen, and even clerics, possessed of learning, dialectical skill, and oratorical power, will attend a church in which the regular minister is much inferior to them in all of these qualifications. Those who regard the church in this now old-fashioned light may be said to consider it as a place where certain ceremonies have to be performed; that it is necessary to have a master of those ceremonies—a fugleman to say the word at the proper time; that it is well to have a class of men specially trained for this work; but that no very high standard of intellectual power is required of the fugleman, since all the worshippers know pretty well what they are likely to hear, how they are expected to feel, and what they are expected to do on a given occasion.

The function of the press, on the other hand, surely is to chronicle events, to discuss politics, economics, art, science, literature, philosophy, commerce, and industry, and, in the doing of all this, to be informing, amusing, instructive, and improving. That the pulpit should be brought into comparison with an agency whose work is of this nature means that the critics of the pulpit as it is desire that it should perform more of the species of work done by the press, while doing it, of course, in the different manner necessitated by different circumstances. A newspaper or magazine is read in private: a sermon



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or lecture is heard in public—the hearer being one of a congregation through which the preacher, if master of his art, causes something like an electric current to run, uniting the listeners into an organic whole by the subtle sympathy born of unity of thought and feeling. The thought that you form one of 500 who are simultaneously listening to the same ideas and arguments as yourself lends a heightened dignity and adventitious importance to those ideas and arguments; so that a discourse which, if printed, would be read with but languid interest, may, when spoken with fitting accompaniment of look, gesture, and intonation, be followed with pleasure by a large assemblage. The church thus brings into play a social feeling which the press cannot possibly command, and, properly conceived and ordered, occupies an important place in the economy of society; but the question at present to be considered is whether the church makes as good use as it might do of this advantage which it possesses over the press. That it does not is shown by the circumstance that while everybody patronises and supports the press, comparatively few people patronise and support the church.

A church connection brings a business connection: church membership gives a certain status of respectability. A church brings men and women together for social work, setting up many interests in common between the parties, apart from their interest in certain specific theological doctrines. There are mission agencies, meetings of matrons, meetings of young men and maidens, choir practisings, Bible classes, and literary societies—all having a tendency to bring people together and increase their attachment to the central institution around which these various activities are carried on. Notwithstanding all this, however, church attendances, church membership, and church funds are relatively on "the down grade." While the religious sentiment is as strong as ever—probably stronger than ever—the clergy as a class are more and more subjected to unfavourable criticism; gatherings of a secular order—such as concerts and political and trade union meetings—are becoming more and more common on Sundays; and last, but not least, comparisons are more frequently drawn between the pulpit and the press.

All this has doubtless to be attributed largely to the decay of religious belief; but the decay of religious belief has, in turn, to be attributed very largely to the failings and shortcomings of the pulpit. So long as literature was an expensive luxury, and the great body of the people were either absolutely unable to read, or had no taste and no time for reading, it was not remarkable that they should put up with a low standard of pulpit eloquence. That they were satisfied to dispense with literary grace and reasoning power on the part of the preacher is attested by the objection to "read" sermons which for a long time existed, and by the value placed upon mere fluency and fervour. But in these days of halfpenny papers and sixpenny

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magazines the humblest church-goer may, and often does, have a higher ideal of what a sermon should be than even well-to-do people had fifty years ago. For the masses not only have their judgment and taste cultivated by reading, but they attend the lecture-room and the theatre as well as the church; and, accustomed as they are to hear accomplished actors and brilliant platform lecturers, they are coming to expect from the pulpit entertainment and instruction as well as exhortations to "trust in God and do the right," which must always carry with them a certain platitudinarian sameness.

Now, it is because the pulpit does not come up to the standard of excellence already attained by the press, the platform, and the stage, each after its own manner, that men stay at home and read on Sundays, go out and stroll while the morning service is being held, and go to some secular or semi-secular lecture hall at night.

But, it will be asked, how should the pulpit be so behind other civilising agencies? Are not the clergy specially trained for the work of the church before entering upon their ministerial duties? and have they not the means of culture and refinement at command after they enter upon those duties? Have they not a sound basis of scholarship to start with, and plenty of time to prepare for their Sunday ministrations? Nay, the champions of the pulpit, warming to their theme, may say, are not clergymen better equipped intellectually than either press-men or platform speakers, to say nothing of actors, who may well be left out of account as persons who only patter other people's ideas?

To this we reply that many of our clergymen of the Nonconformist churches have had no University training; that, besides a common school education, the only training they have had has been obtained at one or other of the Divinity Halls; and that even in the case of those who have attended college it has to be pointed out that men are not necessarily sound scholars, sagacious thinkers, or brilliant writers or speakers because they have had a University education. The only thing you can be moderately sure of with respect to a University degree is that it represents fees paid, and even that does not, of course, hold good of honorary degrees.

It may readily be admitted that the clergy have abundant opportunities of storing their minds with ideas and cultivating literary graces, of doing their work of sermon-writing with care and finish, and embodying sound materials in that work. But do they avail themselves of these their opportunities? Before answering this question there are a few considerations I want to note.

It must be borne in mind that while the professional journalist has to devote his undivided attention to journalism, the professional preacher has to baptise, marry, and bury; has to visit and gossip with the members of his flock; has to take part in mission work and the business procedure of his church; has to serve in church courts,

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attend sick-beds, and take a share in the work of running charities. He may have a Bible class, a weekly prayer meeting, a Sunday-school, a seat on the School Board or the Board of Guardians. Yet despite the formidable appearance of this list of possible and probable pastoral duties, I do not believe that ministers as a class are hard worked. They are oftener to be seen taking a side at tennis or a hand at whist than are most professional men. They take more and longer holidays than professional men do. They are not under the same obligation as professional men are to devote steady and unremitting attention to their work. Country parsons may, and sometimes do, farm and raise stock without apparent interruption to their clerical duties. Parsons, whether in town or country, can, and do frequently, exchange pulpits—making an old sermon suffice, and so saving themselves of what *ought* to be a considerable amount of work if well-written sermons were the rule. After having held a charge for a number of years they may get a transfer, and they will then use up in the new pulpit the sermons written for the spiritual well-being of their former flock. If they are incapacitated for duty by sickness, there are always plenty of students, lay preachers, and unplaced clerical brethren to take their place. But while it cannot, I think, be contended that clergymen as a class are hard worked, yet, that they have so many matters to look after besides their chief work—the work of the pulpit—is often made an excuse for doing that work in a makeshift manner.

If a newspaper editor goes on scamping his work—inserting weak, ill-digested, or plagiarised leading articles and stale news day after day, week after week—his circulation will fall, the directors to whom he is responsible will shortly bring him to book, and, if he cannot or will not render his employers more efficient service, he must make room for one who can and will do so. The same commercial principle will be applied to reporters and sub-editors, as well as to contributors on the staff of a magazine. But while the commercial principle is thus in active operation among the representatives of the press, it scarcely operates at all among the occupants of pulpits. A minister may for years go on gradually emptying a church by the feebleness of his hebdomadal performances; but unless matters get quite desperate, or our feeble brother gets implicated in some scandal, his employers do not suggest that he should make room for another. There are, as has been indicated, so many interests, associations, attachments connected with a church—there is, to put it bluntly, so much to be got out of a church besides religion—that a congregation will undergo a long-continued course of indifferent pulpit ministrations without breaking into open rebellion, and without its members individually leaving "the venerable house their fathers built to God." As a result of this indulgence the clergy have got spoiled. They do not feel called upon to keep up the high

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standard of excellence in their pulpit work which the press-man knows he must maintain in the columns of his paper, if it is to succeed, and he himself to keep his situation. And so, while I am not an admirer of all the results attending the operations of commercial principles, still I think it tolerably certain that if the ministerial calling were to a greater extent brought under the influence of those considerations which regulate the ordinary relations of employer and *employé*, it would tend to improve the quality of pulpit work.

I do not say, however, that the introduction of this principle would accomplish all that is required for the reformation of the pulpit. To make the pulpit anything like the social force it once was—a result which I do not say I am desirous to see attained—a different class of men would be required, as well as different conditions of pulpit tenure. The clergy are largely drawn from the class of "good young men," and the members of that class are not remarkable for either physical or mental vigour. There are, of course, many robust men amongst those who beat the "pulpit drum"; but it is undeniable that a large proportion of the clergy come from the quarter indicated. Moreover, clergymen as a class are so removed from that "storm and stress" of work-a-day life which give tone and fibre to other men, and they come so much in contact with women, both within their own domestic circle and in their pastoral work, that they show a tendency to develop very many of the traits of character usually supposed to be the distinctive attributes of the female mind.

This want of robustness does much to lower the quality of pulpit work, and to lessen the influence of the Church. Knox and Latimer, Channing and Chalmers, were strong men, in touch with the life of their time, and capable of moving the multitude at will. In the struggle against abuses, shams, and tyranny, they took sides, as their Master did, and spoke out with fire and fervour, with manly strength and reason. You knew their position and intent: that they were with you or against you. But in these days when disputes between capital and labour are so rife, and when great political movements are abroad in the land, the clergy take no side, show no colours. Although there is always one of the parties pretty surely in the right and the other just as surely in the wrong, the clergy sit on the fence. Assuming the *rôle* of Mr. Facing-both-ways, they pray that peace may be restored between the opposing factions; but not one word is said as to the issues over which the conflict is being waged.[1]

[1] It is true, there are journals that profess no political creed and advocate no fixed socionomic principles. But even if these were not, as they are, the exceptions to a very general rule, they are not to be tried by the standard we apply to the pulpit. It is not necessary that a newspaper should have a "policy," or advocate a particular set of opinions. Its first and chief function is to record news; and if it does that fairly and faithfully we shall not grudge being left to form our opinions for ourselves on the evidence it supplies. On the other hand, it seems unpardonable that a religious teacher should have no "policy" on all questions involving the great moral

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It may be said that the discussion of political differences and labour disputes lies outside the province of the clergy; but if, as is usually the case, fundamental principles in the religion for which they stand are being violated on the one hand and upheld on the other, their duty and their province would seem to be alike tolerably clear.

The fact is, the Church is behind the times. She has always something to say about the duties of her children as men and women, as sons and daughters, as husbands and wives, as masters and servants, and especially as church members; but nothing to say about their duties as citizens, although the duties and powers of citizenship form one of the most important trusts given into human hands. The discussion of political, social, and economic questions is in most churches reckoned contraband.

Jesus scourged the money-changers out of the Temple; but they are welcomed in to-day. Their contributions are wanted for the Sustentation Fund, their gold and notes for the church-door collections. The clergy invest their savings in a brewery or a death-dealing match-factory as eagerly as if Jesus had not advised the rich young ruler to sell his superfluities and give to the poor. Or is it that there are no poor nowadays? And was Cardinal Manning proved to have been merely careless and improvident by the fact that he left but a beggarly £100? Jesus denounced the Scribes and Pharisees as hypocrites who devoured widows' houses, but made long prayers for a pretence. There are surely no lineal descendants of the Scribes and Pharisees in the world to-day; for I have attended church twice a day for years, yet I never heard any attempt made to apply the passage to any class of men alive at the present time. Or is it that the Scribes and Pharisees of to-day are not within hearing of the pulpit? It was Jesus who told the parable of the Vineyard; but how often do we hear any effort put forth to apply that parable to the labour problem?—an application which it will undoubtedly bear.

The average church-goer inclines more and more to note these things, and observation tends to increase his weariness with the pulpit. So far do the clergy carry their injunction of "peace, peace," where peace is a wickedness, that they often fear to denounce publicly, or even admonish privately, the wealthy sinner who gives generously to church funds, and keeps an excellent table; although he grinds the faces of his workers, or rack-rents the tenants in his slum property, bullies his family and domestic servants, and inflames

issues at stake in important political and social controversies. Though it is extremely unlikely that we shall ever get rid of party journalism, it is, all the same, a very qualified blessing. But if the pulpit has no pronunciamento to make on the question of the hour, it is not easy to see what function of public benefit the pulpit has to discharge. With respect to the press again, whether partisan or non-partisan, one further advantage which it possesses over the pulpit deserves to be remembered. The correspondence columns of newspapers and the pages of the Reviews are open to all who have anything interesting to say, and who can preserve the amenities of discussion.

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his body and besots his mind with drink. Of this, also, the average man takes note; and it disgusts him to find that the shepherd of souls lives at peace with this incarnation of iniquity. He compares the clergyman's practice with his precepts, and throwing many another grudge into the balance on the same side, he finishes not infrequently by absenting himself from churches and ministers, good or bad, altogether.

The influence of the pulpit wanes because the preacher does his work in a slipshod manner; because, while the pews are agitated by the questions of the hour, the preacher talks yet says nothing for fear he should offend the partisans of the side he happens to oppose. The influence of the pulpit wanes because its occupants are tied up to speak on old and outworn themes; because the interest in Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob pales before the interest in Tom, Dick, and Harry; and Palestine is less to us than the most prosaic town in Britain where the tragi-comedy of life is now day by day enacted.

The press is not perfect; but, with all its faults, it represents the people. Forced by the conditions of its existence to please those for whom it caters, it reflects every mood of the public. It is all things to all men. It finds out everything; it tells everything it finds out. You go to the preacher, who is usually the same man, and you have to endure him for an hour at a time. The newspaper comes to you; it contains the thoughts of many men, and discusses many themes; you can change the man and the theme at will, or dismiss the press altogether if you tire of it, or other matters demand your attention. You hear the preacher, if you go to church, one day in seven. The press comes to you morning and evening, wet day and dry, in health and sickness, six days out of the seven. The press has accomplished much in a short space of time. The pulpit has accomplished less in a long career. What the press has done it has done despite the hostility of princes and the repression of Parliaments. What the pulpit has failed to do it has failed to do notwithstanding the favour of princes and the subsidies of Parliaments. In influence for civilisation and enlightenment, the press, with all its faults, leaves the pulpit helplessly, hopelessly, ignominiously in the shade.

JAMES LEATHAM.

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# OUR GRANDMOTHERS AND THEIR GRANDMOTHERS.

ARE we really less well behaved than our grandmothers and remoter ancestresses, we women of the post-jubilee period of the reign of Victoria?

Certain folks are very fond of swishing over our devoted heads the lash of the moralist, and of bewailing our degeneracy, and lamenting that true womanly delicacy, modesty, and refinement will soon be as extinct as the Dodo and Dinornis; the corruption of the standard of feminine manners and morals having commenced, they say, with University education, to be consummated by permission, if we ever obtain it, to go to the poll and drop a vote into the ballot-box at parliamentary elections.

It seems that some of our ancestors were afflicted with similar forebodings as regarded their feminine contemporaries. For instance, in Dr. Gregory's *Legacy to his Daughters* is to be found the following passage:

"Every one who remembers a few years back is sensible of a very striking change in the attention and respect formerly paid by the gentlemen to the ladies. Their drawing-rooms are deserted; and, after dinner and supper, the gentlemen are impatient till they retire. How they came to lose this respect, which Nature and politeness so well entitle them to, I shall not here particularly inquire. The revolutions of manners in any country depend on causes very various and complicated. I shall only observe that the behaviour of the ladies in the last age was very reserved and stately; it would now be reckoned ridiculously stiff and formal. Whatever it was, it had certainly the effect of making them more respected.

"A fine woman, like other fine things in Nature, has her proper point of view, from which she may be seen to most advantage. To fix this point requires great judgment, and an intimate knowledge of the human heart. By the present mode of female manners, the ladies seem to expect that they shall regain their ascendency over us by the fullest display of their personal charms, by being always in our eye at public places, by conversing with us with the same unreserved freedom as we do with one another; in short, by resembling us as nearly as they possibly can. But a little time and experience will show the folly of this expectation and conduct."

These censures, so nearly identical with the reproaches hurled at our own devoted heads, were written about twenty years from the close of the eighteenth century, in the reign of George III.; and they were republished in 1828 as still fitting the times. It should be noted that Dr. Gregory, like the critics of to-day, considers that his

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contemporaries' grandmothers were better behaved than their granddaughters.

Now, Bonnel Thornton, writing humorously in 1761, probably a few years before the *Legacy* was published, gives the following picture of the manners of the times. Describing himself as the Mr. Faintheart who never won fair lady, he laments several unsuccessful courtships. He says:

"My present suit and service is paid to a certain lady, who is as fearful of receiving any tokens of my affection as I am of offering them. I am only permitted to admire her at a distance; an ogle or a leer are all the advances I dare make; if I move but a finger, it puts her all in a sweat; and, like the sensitive plant, she would shrink and die away at a touch. . . . . I also once plucked up courage sufficient to attempt squeezing her by the hand, but she resisted my attack by so close a clutch of her fist that my grasp was presented with nothing but sharp-pointed knuckles, and a long thumb-nail; and I was directly after saluted with a violent stroke on my jawbone. If I walk out with her, I use all my endeavours to keep close to her side; but she whisks away from me, as though I had some catching distemper about me. . . . . In short, sir, I begin to despair of ever coming in close contact with her; but, what is still more provoking, though she keeps me at so respectful a distance, she tamely permits a strapping fellow of the Guards to pat her on the cheek, play with her hand, and even approach her lips, and that, too, in my presence."

Clearly, regarded from a modern standpoint, Dr. Gregory might be excused for thinking that the girls of his period were unreserved. Imagine a young lady of our times and an officer of the Guards behaving in public in the manner here represented! Now, let us try to find evidence as to that "behaviour of the ladies in the last age" which Dr. Gregory says was so reserved and stately, and which had the effect of making them more respected.

If we take the "age" as meaning some thirty years, we should find ourselves in the middle of the eighteenth century. It is not a period we are wont to look back on as noticeable for refinement or reserve, although wit was abundant. It was the age that provoked the satire of Hogarth, and its manners are shown in his *Marriage à la Mode*, and other celebrated pictures, the very names of which a woman of our times shrinks from uttering.

Goldsmith was writing his inimitable *Vicar of Wakefield*, a tender and loving-hearted delineation of a charming household, which yet shows traits which would be esteemed coarse in our days. As a matter of taste, for instance, take the scene in which Sir William Thornhill, the chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, claims Sophia Primrose for his own. While supposed by herself and her family to be the poor and humble Mr. Burchell, he had rescued Sophia from ruffians whom his nephew, the wild young Squire Thornhill, had employed to carry her off by force. He kisses her as he restores her to her poor old imprisoned father, Dr. Primrose, who gives her to him, saying: "As you have delivered my girl, if you think her a

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recompense, she is yours." Burchell, after protesting his inability to support her as she deserves, receives a renewal of the offer in silence. An hour or two later Sir William Thornhill's rank is avowed, and his villainous nephew unmasked, partly by the evidence of one Jenkinson, who had been the squire's tool when he had induced Olivia Primrose to quit her home, but who—to serve his own purposes, not through any zeal for virtue—had obtained a real marriage licence instead of a false one, and a true priest instead of a mock one, so that to him Olivia owes it that she is really Thornhill's wife. To this wretch Sir William Thornhill, who is represented as all that is noble and good, offers the shrinking Sophia in jest:

"'I think now,' cried he, with a smile, 'that all the company, except one or two, seem perfectly happy. There only remains an act of justice for me to do. You are sensible, sir,' continued he, turning to me [Dr. Primrose], 'of the obligations we both owe Mr. Jenkinson; and it is but just we should reward him for it. Miss Sophia will, I am sure, make him very happy, and he shall have five hundred pounds as her fortune; and upon this I am sure they can live very comfortably together. Come, Miss Sophia, what say you to this match of my making? Will you have him?' My poor girl seemed almost sinking into her mother's arms at the hideous proposal. 'Have him, sir,' cried she faintly; 'no, sir, never!' 'What!' cried he again, 'not Mr. Jenkinson, your benefactor, a handsome young fellow with five hundred pounds, and good expectations?' 'I beg, sir,' returned she, scarcely able to speak, 'that you'll desist, and not make me so very wretched.' 'Was ever such obstinacy known?' cried he again, 'to refuse the man whom the family has such infinite obligations to—who has preserved your sister, and has five hundred pounds? What, not have him!' 'No, sir, never,' replied she angrily; 'I'd sooner die first!' 'If that be the case then,' cried he, 'if you will not have him—I think I must have you myself.' And so saying he caught her to his breast with ardour."

Surely if, as Dr. Gregory assumes, the behaviour of women is to be gaged by the respect they receive from men, the women of to-day may hold themselves as standing above those of Goldsmith's time: for in the present, would any man of good feeling, high birth and fortune, degrade the woman he loved and reverenced, and intended to make his wife—herself the daughter of a clergyman—by offering her in joke to a low and immoral blackguard?

If we go yet a little further back, the writings of Swift and Pope show manners of less rather than greater refinement; while a few years earlier still, Addison and Steele and other contributors to the immortal *Spectator* and *Tatler*, paint in vivid colours a society, brilliant indeed, but so coarse that their accounts of it can scarcely be quoted to the fastidious ears of the present generation.

The following letter from the *Spectator* shows a difference as to the fashion of salutations:

"Wills Coffee House, January 10th, 1711–12.

"Sir,—The other day, entering a room adorned with the fair sex, I offered, after the usual manner, to each of them a kiss; but one, more scornful than the rest, turned her cheek. I did not think it proper to take any notice of it until I had asked your advice.

"Your humble servant, E. S."

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Certainly the manners of Anne's reign, though far removed from the refinement of the present, will bear favourable comparison with those immediately following the Restoration; examples would be superfluous. If we go back to the reign of James I. this picture of a Court festivity will suffice. Sir John Harrington says:

"The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication. . . . . The lady who did play the Queen's part [in the masque of the *Queen of Sheba*] did carry most precious gifts to both their Majesties; but, forgetting the steppes arising to the canopy, overset the casket into his Danish Majesties lap, and fell at his feet, though I rather think it was in his face. Much was the hurry and confusion; cloths and napkins were at hand to make all clean. His Majesty then got up and would dance with the Queen of Sheba; but he fell down and humbled himself before her, and was carried into an inner room and laid on a bed of state; which was not a little defiled with the presents of the Queen which had been bestowed on his garments—such as wine, cream, jelly, beverage, cakes, spices, and other good matters. The entertainment and show went forward, and most of the presenters went backward, or fell down; wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear in rich dress, Hope, Faith, and Charity; Hope did essay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavours so feeble that she withdrew, and hoped the King would excuse her brevity. Faith . . . . left the Court in a staggering condition. . . . . I ne'er did see such lack of good order, discretion, and sobriety in our Queen's days."

Still, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, though great ladies may not have fallen about in horrible intoxication, far less reserve or refinement prevailed in conversation than in our own day, as may be seen by the letters and recorded speeches of the glorious Bess herself. A more accessible source of information is to be found in the works of Shakespeare. Noble and sweet as many of his female characters are, the best of them certainly speak with a freedom and licence which would not be tolerated now, and bandy jests with men which would be impossible to any decent woman of the present. For examples, take the conversation of Beatrice in *Much Ado about Nothing*, in the first scene of act ii.; or the closing scene of the *Merchant of Venice*.

Chaucer testifies to greater licence still. Where shall we stop? Perhaps it will be said that we have already gone back too far; that it is our grandmothers whose conduct was so exemplary, not our remoter ancestresses.

Well, then, let us return to the nineteenth century. Who does not remember with gratitude the joy afforded to a youthful mind by the first perusal of *The Little Merchants*, *Simple Susan*, or *Lazy Lawrence?* Maria Edgeworth, who won our childish affection and reverence by her *Parents' Assistant*, published in 1801 a novel called *Belinda*. From it we learn that our grandmothers, although they had not established themselves as Primrose Dames or members of Women's Liberal Associations, occasionally dabbled in politics.

Lady Delacour, Belinda's chaperon, a lady under thirty years of age, is relating her history to her *protégée*. She had an old-standing feud with one Mrs. Luttridge. She says:

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"I embraced the first opportunity I met with of retaliation. You must know, that Mrs. Luttridge, besides being a great faro-player, was a great dabbler in politics; for she was almost as fond of power as of money; she talked loud and fluently, and had, somehow or other, partly by intriguing, partly by relationship, connected herself with some leading men in Parliament. There was to be a contested election in our county: Mr. Luttridge had a good estate there next to Lord Delacour's, and being of an ancient family, and keeping a good table, the Luttridges were popular enough. At the first news of an election, out comes a flaming advertisement from Mr. Luttridge; away posted Mrs. Luttridge to begin her canvass for a cousin of Harriot Freke's. This was a new scene for me; but I piqued myself on the versatility of my talents, and I laid myself out to please all the squires, and, what was more difficult, all the squires' ladies in ——shire. I was ambitious to have it said of me 'that I was the finest figure that ever appeared upon a canvass.' All that the combined force of vanity and hatred could inspire I performed with success. You have but little curiosity, I presume, to know how many hogsheads of port went down the throat of John Bull, or how many hecatombs were offered up to the genius of English liberty. My hatred of Mrs. Luttridge was of course called love of country. Lady Delacour was deified by all *true* patriots; and, luckily, a handsome legacy left me for my spirit, by an uncle who died six weeks before the election, enabled us to sustain the expense of my apotheosis. The day of the election came; Harriot Freke and I made our appearance on the hustings dressed in splendid party uniforms, and before us our knights and squires held two enormous panniers full of ribands and cockades, which we distributed with a grace that won all hearts, if not votes. Mrs. Luttridge thought the panniers would carry the election, and forthwith she sent off an express for a pair of panniers twice as large as ours. I took out my pencil and drew a caricature of *the ass and her panniers;* wrote an epigram at the bottom of it, and the epigram and the caricature were soon in the hands of half ——shire. . . . . Mrs. Luttridge, as I hoped and expected, was beyond measure enraged at the sight of the caricature and epigram. She was, beside being a gamester and a politician—what do you think?—an excellent shot! She wished, she said, to be a man, that she might be qualified to take proper notice of my conduct. The same kind friends who showed her my epigram repeated to me her observation upon it. Harriot Freke was at my elbow, and offered to take any *message* I might think proper to Mrs. Luttridge. I scarcely thought her in earnest till she added that the only way left now-a-days for a woman to distinguish herself was by spirit, as everything else was grown 'cheap and vulgar in the eyes of men;' that she knew one of the cleverest young men in England, and a man of fashion into the bargain, who was just going to publish a treatise 'upon the propriety and necessity of Female Duelling,' and that he had demonstrated beyond a possibility of a doubt that civilised society could not exist half a century longer without this necessary improvement. I had a prodigious deference for the masculine superiority of Harriot's understanding. She was a philosopher, and a fine lady; I was only a fine lady; I had never fired a pistol in my life, and I was a little inclined to cowardice; but Harriot offered to bet any wager upon the steadiness of my hand, and assured me that I would charm all beholders in male attire. In short, as my second, if I would furnish her with proper credentials, she swore she would undertake to furnish me with clothes, and pistols, and courage, and everything I wanted."

The meeting came off, but was interrupted by a mob, who came with rakes and pitchforks in their hands, and were minded to duck

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the heroines for masquèrading in men's clothes. A diversion, however, was effected by the gallant writer of the above-mentioned essay on female duelling, who appeared driving a large herd of squeaking, grunting pigs.

"The person was clad in splendid regimentals, and he was armed with a long pole, to the end of which hung a bladder, and his pigs were frightened, and they ran squeaking from one side of the road to the other; and the pig-driver in regimentals, in the midst of the noise, could not without difficulty make his voice heard; but at last he was understood to say, that a bet of a hundred guineas depended upon his being able to keep these pigs ahead of a flock of turkeys that were following him; and he begged the mob to give him and his pigs fair play."

The mob were in raptures, and as the driver of the turkeys was a Frenchman, their fury turned upon him and the ladies escaped.

Miss Jane Austen published in 1813 a novel entitled *Pride and Prejudice*. The authoress was admittedly a refined and accomplished lady, the work takes rank as a masterpiece, excelling in photographic delineation of character studied from people in her own set, and the manners of the country gentlefolk by whom she was surrounded.

The principal figures on the canvas are the family of the Bennets, consisting of a father, mother, and their five daughters. Mr. Bennet is represented as a gentleman of birth, having an entailed estate of two thousand a year; he is well-bred, satirical, and so indolent that while despising his wife, he lets everything drift as she wills it. Mrs. Bennet, the daughter of an attorney, had brought him four thousand pounds, and is vulgar and foolish beyond expression. The second daughter, Elizabeth, is the heroine of the story, and is represented as so refined and charming that, notwithstanding the vulgarity of her mother and the escapades and final disgrace of a younger sister, she wins the regard of a Mr. Darcy, a young man of high birth and owner of a magnificent estate, and very fastidious tastes.

The eldest sister, Jane, is also represented as a sweet and irreproachable maiden, and rewarded with a rich and influential young bridegroom named Bingley.

The volume opens with the first appearance of this latter gentleman on the scene. Mrs. Bennet is telling her husband of his arrival at a house he has just taken in the neighbourhood.

"Is he married or single?" asks Mr. Bennet.

"Oh! single, my dear, to be sure? A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!"

"How so—how can it affect them?"

"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

Indeed, Mrs. Bennet and her daughters and all the ladies in the book think of nothing, and talk of nothing, but marrying and giving in marriage; and do nothing but lay deep schemes to "fix the attentions" of the men.

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Miss Bingley, sister of the gentleman already introduced, is endeavouring to "secure" Mr. Darcy's affections, and as one means of winning him gets up and walks about the room that he may notice her fine figure, a manœuvre he instantly sees through and rallies her for; she cannot leave him alone an instant. When he shows some slight attention to Elizabeth Bennet, Miss Bingley teases him in the following sprightly manner:

"She often tried to provoke Darcy into disliking her guest (Elizabeth by talking of their supposed marriage and planning his happiness in such an alliance.

"'I hope,' said she as they were walking together in the shrubbery next day, 'you will give your mother-in-law a few hints, when this desirable event takes place, as to the advantage of holding her tongue; and if you can compass it, do cure the younger girls of running after the officers. And if I may mention so delicate a subject, endeavour to check that little something bordering on conceit and impertinence which your lady possesses.'"

It certainly would have been well if the younger Miss Bennets could have been cured of "running after the officers." This they do at all hours and with the most unblushing openness, with very terrible results in the end.

Lydia, not yet sixteen, talks in this way to her elder sisters, Jane and Elizabeth:

"And, in the first place, let us hear what has happened to you all since you went away. Have you seen any pleasant men? Have you had any flirting? I was in great hopes that one of you would have got a husband before you came back. Jane will be quite an old maid soon, I declare. She is almost three-and-twenty. Lord, how ashamed I should be of not being married before three-and-twenty! My aunt Philips wants you so to get husbands you can't think. She says Lizzy had better have taken Mr. Collins; but *I* do not think there would have been any fun in it. Lord! how I should like to be married before any of you, and then I would chaperon you about to all the balls. Dear me! we had such a good piece of fun the other day at Colonel Forster's! Kitty and me were to spend the day there, and Mrs. Forster promised to have a little dance in the evening; (by-the-bye, Mrs. Forster and me are such friends!), and so she asked the two Harringtons to come, but Harriet was ill, and so Pen was obliged to come by herself; then what do you think we did? We dressed up Chamberlayne in women's clothes on purpose to pass for a lady—only think what fun! Not a soul knew of it but Colonel and Mrs. Forster and Kitty and me, except my aunt, for we were forced to borrow one of her gowns; and you cannot imagine how well he looked! When Denny and Wickham and Pratt, and two or three more of the men, came in, they did not know him in the least. Lord! how I laughed! and so did Mrs. Forster. I thought I should have died. And that made them suspect something, and then they found out what was the matter."

Elizabeth tries not to listen. She does not attempt to reprove her silly young sister, who not long afterwards runs away with one of the officers she had named, Wickham, and her family are for a long time in doubt as to whether he had married her or not, his character giving them great cause for anxiety, for, after he had left the country town near which they lived,

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"all Meryton seemed striving to blacken the man who three months before had been almost an angel of light. He was declared to be in debt to every tradesman in the place, and his intrigues, all honoured with the title of seduction, had been extended into every tradesman's family."

During the period of suspense which follows, Jane and Elizabeth discuss all the probabilities of the case with their father and friends, showing good feeling, it is true, but an utter absence of the reserve which we are often told was a virtue of our grandmothers; there is no trace in their characters of that ignorance of the world which some maintain to be synonymous in women with innocence.

Finally, Mr. Darcy, who, though he has been once refused by Elizabeth, still loves her, pays Wickham's debts and makes it worth his while to marry Lydia; this he contrives to do unknown to the Bennet family, letting them suppose that the money was supplied by an uncle; Mr. Bennet, with his usual indolence, taking no steps to find out who had come forward so generously. Mrs. Bennet, as soon as she hears that her daughter is to be married, forgets the circumstances:

"'My dear Lydia!' she cried, 'this is delightful indeed! She will be married! I shall see her again! She will be married at sixteen! . . . . How I long to see her, and to see dear Wickham too!'"

Lydia, who comes home to be married after a three months' absence, is utterly unabashed, and alludes to all that had passed as "very good fun." The sisters, though extremely uncomfortable, take it, on the whole, very philosophically. The moral tone of the people depicted is throughout on a lower plane than we should find in the same class to-day.

In 1827 was published a novel called *Almack's;* the author expressly states that many of the follies described are taken from life. This is the portrait he gives of a fashionable widow, guest of an earl and countess:

"She rouged high, and played high, and talked loud, and laughed louder; gave good dinners and told good stories. She wanted neither wit nor impudence; anybody may be witty who dares to say anything to everybody. She loved to put prudish ladies out of countenance by a bold *bon mot.*"

An "independent old maid" staying with the same noble host, is represented as giving

"diplomatic *soirées*, where she collected a specimen of every nation in Europe to stare at each other; she said odd things to make odd people wonder, affected great freedom with men of notoriety, set up as a crack billiard player, made chess appointments—in short, tried all ways to gain celebrity."

The young heroines of the story are fellow-guests with these charming characters, and are quite able to understand their allusions, and for the most part ready to reply to their wit in kind.

In 1838 was published a booklet by "Quiz," with illustrations by

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"Phiz," entitled *Sketches of Young Ladies.* Amongst the specimens classified we find "the manly young lady." She is generally found to flourish in a hunting neighbourhood, we are told, and she is pictured on a hunter, drawn as only Phiz could draw horses, leaping a brook which has stopped half the field, and over the head of an elderly gentleman, who has come to grief; she wears an expression of rollicking delight on her face, and a hound in imminent danger from her horse's hoofs flees before her:

"The manly young lady talks a great deal of dogs and horses, distinguishing them by their sex. Thus she feels no repugnance whatever in signifying to you her favourite female dog by a short monosyllable, and always says 'my mare.' . . . . In conversation, she is most particularly positive; and should you sit next to her at dinner, ten to one but she puts you down half a dozen times at least. If you do not ask her to take wine before the fish is removed, she is sure to ask you herself; making you blush, and looking all the time as unconcerned as if she were your father. . . . . It was quite wonderful how she would tell an anecdote, making against our reputation as a horseman. Such bangers she would introduce for the sake of giving her stories a zest, that we felt half inclined to challenge her to mortal combat, forgetting altogether that she was a woman."

Her favourite accomplishments are whistling and playing the flute.

What is there new under the sun? Certainly not the female Nimrod!

Another specimen described is the "extremely natural young lady:"

"She is always doing some out-of-the-way thing that she may appear natural and girlish. She is most particularly fond of romping; and when you are out walking with her, is sure to run after a small donkey, or jump a ditch, or have her fortune told, or thrust herself bolt through a hedge; all which exhibitions she esteems to be beautiful and touching pieces of rustic elegance. Then suppose she is able to sing, and comes to a green lane, forthwith she begins chirruping like a young sparrow; and if a cart pass by at that particular time, ten to one she jumps in and tells the boy to make the horses gallop."

The picture shows her cavalier running after the cart with her bonnet and parasol in his hands:

"We have known her stop on a common, give us her bonnet to hold, and proceed with her toilet in the most simple unaffected manner possible. . . . . She will box a gentleman's ears, and think nothing of it. She was never known to walk, but always hops and skips. Her utmost ambition is to be called a wild thing."

Harmless, but showing that our grandmothers were occasionally wanting in dignified reserve of manner!

Let us now consider the question of dress; the moralists of the present very rightly condemn the *décolleté* robes fashionable for evening wear; our grandmothers came down to breakfast with bare shoulders and arms, and put little over them when they walked in the street; their dresses could scarcely be said to possess bodices at all;

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indeed, those who wore them testify that they were cut so low that any active exertion—such as playing with battledore and shuttlecock, a pastime then much in vogue—would frequently cause an exposure of the whole figure; they were scarcely disconcerted at such an accident.

This is how they appeared when waltzing at Almack's, according to the author before quoted, balls to which only the most aristocratic could gain admission, be it remembered:

"'Yes! some with their gowns off one shoulder,' said Lady Hanton, 'some with petticoats too long; others with their sashes untied; here a couple standing at arm's-length as if they had quarrelled; there a man literally pulling a woman after him.'"

No wonder Byron denounced the waltz!

Again, their dresses were very short, not longer than those now worn by girls of twelve; in itself an excellent arrangement, and to be commended as far cleaner and more healthy than our present street-sweeping skirts; but with them underclothing was so slight, that all active exercise was considered unladylike and discouraged. Their clothing was so scanty, that it is a marvel they did not all die of phthisis or bronchitis; the more so as it is said that some of the leaders of fashion at the beginning of the century even went so far as to wring their petticoats in water to make them cling more closely to the figure.

Enough; the difficulty is not to prove that the women of former generations were less refined than those of the present, but to write of them as they really were, so greatly has reserve of speech and manners gained the day.

It is not with any wish to disparage those who went before us that the above records of their follies have been unearthed, nor to excuse the sins of some of our contemporaries against good taste and the highest ideals of womanly conduct, but to show that such faults existed long before either Girton or Newnham were dreamed of, or the permission to qualify as M.Ds. had been granted to women, or a vote of any kind accorded to them. It is, above all things, desirable that those who obstruct the higher education and enfranchisement of women on the ground that ignorance and political irresponsibility were more favourable to the preservation of delicacy and refinement in their modes of speech and behaviour, should be answered by an appeal to history, which shows the facts to be quite the other way.

MATILDA M. BLAKE.



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# "STEADISM" IN POLITICS.

## A NATIONAL DANGER.

About fifteen or sixteen years ago a most remarkable and interesting figure bounded into the field of politics and journalism, a young, fresh, and ardent genius, who, having made one reputation as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has since achieved a still wider celebrity as editor of the *Review of Reviews*, that remarkable publication, which, like the sun and the drum-tap of the British Army, travels round the earth, and carries the name and fame of Stead into the remotest corners of the globe. By a personality so vigorous and aggressive many, quite naturally, have been attracted, and many, quite as naturally, repelled.

Mr. Stead's enemies are given to speaking of him in very disrespectful terms, as little better than a quack, a Mokanna (as Mrs. Lynn Linton puts it) with his tongue in his cheek—in short, a mere vulgar self-advertising pretender; while, on the other hand, the friends of Mr. Stead (including Mr. Stead himself) believe him to be inspired with the noblest and loftiest ideas, full of a sacred enthusiasm for humanity, and with a great mission to perform on earth. Probably the truth will be found to lie somewhere between these two extremes. Of the services rendered by this remarkable man to the cause of Liberalism, as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in the old bad days of Lord Beaconsfield's Administration, no true Liberal can ever be unmindful; but some years ago, he made himself and his paper so notorious that a certain facetious individual issued proposals for the formation of a Limited Liability Company for the Suppression of Mr. Stead, a company with a chairman, vice-chairman, and auditors, with directors who would take their seats after allotment, and, in short, everything proper.

This promising scheme, although eagerly taken up at first, and for a time prosecuted with considerable vigour, did not, however, ultimately succeed; indeed, beyond the fact that Mr. Stead was, and has since continued to be, boycotted by the whole or the greater part of the London Press, little or nothing of importance was done. Somehow, there were difficulties. Mr. Stead, it was discovered, would not consent to be suppressed with the alacrity that might

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have been expected. On the contrary, he preferred, like the Grace-walking Brother in his celebrated encounter with Colonel Quagg (as related by that veracious historian, Mr. George Augustus Sala), to "take it fighting," and those who had once made acquaintance with his "swashing blow" were somewhat shy of again encountering such a redoubtable antagonist. Mr. Stead, in short, was not to be "sat upon." He was found to possess some of the qualities of the "prickly porcupine," an animal that, with all its virtues, has never been famous for making a comfortable cushion.

Mr. Stead, indeed, is emphatically what our American cousins call a "live man." He is alive from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. Life pulses and tingles in every vein, and his keen, alert intelligence plays indefatigably round every possible subject in a many-sided and sometimes rather bewildering fashion. *Quidquid agunt homines* forms the farrago of his libel. He is interested in everything, and on everything writes in the same fluent, rapid, self-confident, somewhat superficial, but always interesting manner. He is not, it is true, a learned man, or a man of fine scholarship. He lives not in the past, but in the present, and owing to his want of that exact historical training of which his readers are more conscious than he is himself, and which corrects our impressions of the present by the lessons of the past, he is apt to deduce wrong inferences from the facts and phenomena he sees, and sees into, with so shrewd an eye, and to theorise in rather a wild and reckless manner. To Mr. Stead's want of familiarity with the great ancient models of literature may perhaps be ascribed a certain hardness in his style, and a certain coarseness of tone, which betrays itself in his fondness for rather unsavoury metaphors and rather "loaded" figures of speech. To take Mr. Stead thus, is, perhaps, to take him too seriously. He is not, and has never pretended to be, a polished or even a correct writer. He is not a man of letters; he is only a great journalist. But not even with these allowances can Mr. Stead's too frequent sins against good taste and good feeling be condoned, those eccentricities which compel us to believe that he has about as much feeling for the becoming as Burke (and Hare) may be supposed to have had for the Sublime.

In an early number of the *Review of Reviews* he relates a curious anecdote of himself, an anecdote which throws a great deal of light on one of his most disagreeable idiosyncrasies. It must be premised that in the summer of 1890 Mr. Stead, like a great many other people, travelled to Ober-Ammergau to see the famous Passion Play, but, unlike the great majority of those pilgrims, as much on business as on pleasure bent. He was minded to make a book of the play and its sacred subject, and a very amusing though somewhat singular book he did make—a book combining in the drollest manner a really sincere and lively piety with a more than Yankee commercial shrewd-

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ness in hitting the popular taste for sensationalism. Mr. Stead, in fact, fairly exploited the Passion Drama, and, to quote another American phrase, "played it for all it was worth." Among other ingenious devices it occurred to him that his book would be all the better for a few realistic pictures, and he actually, in the midst of a function of a semi-religious nature to any one, and to the inhabitants of Ober-Ammergau purely religious, endeavoured to photograph some of the characters and scenes with the help of a Kodak camera. Unfortunately, he did not succeed in getting a snapshot of the awful tableau of the Crucifixion, for the Kodak was promptly detected and confiscated; but Mr. Stead relates the story himself with high glee, and with apparently the most utter unconsciousness of the unseemliness of his act. Of course there was no real harm in all this, and at the worst it merely indicates a certain coarseness of fibre; but to the pensive student of Mr. Stead's character the incident is not without its significance. Another unlovely trait in that character is the somewhat spiteful temper Mr. Stead is apt to display when his vanity is wounded. Instances are generally ready to hand in the comments he makes, whenever occasion serves, on Lord Randolph Churchill say, or Mrs. Lynn Linton. The latter, as all know, is much in the habit of ridiculing Mr. Stead's pretensions to be the arbiter of morals, and Lord Randolph also, it may be suspected (Lord Randolph has a wicked wit), has not been so considerate as he might be of the publicist's *amour propre*. Consequently, Mr. Stead's bitter criticisms on these individuals are not quite as ingenuous as they look, and, traced back, as they may be, to their origin in mortified self-esteem and an inordinate and irritating egotism, require to be taken with a good many grains of salt.

It is these little drawbacks to his virtues which encourage Mr. Stead's detractors to believe, and to assert, that his philanthropy is a sham, and his religion a humbug. But they are greatly mistaken in their man. In his somewhat eccentric way, Mr. Stead is not only religious, but even fanatical in his religion. He is filled with the zeal of the Puritans of old, and, an he could, would, like them, wield the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and purify as by fire the field of public life and private morals, reckless of all consequences in his thirst for righteousness. He has, indeed, all the pitiless cruelty of the bigot of virtue. "Two centuries ago," said Matthew Arnold in a memorable passage, "the English spirit went into the prison-house of Puritanism, and it has had the key turned on it ever since;" and Mr. Stead, standing jailor at the door (with the Non-conformist conscience in his pocket), seems determined that, if he at least can prevent it, it shall never come out. Mr. Stead delights in calling himself and his followers "the Puritan party," apparently unmindful, or not caring to remember, that the excessive severity of

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the English Puritans ended by a natural and inevitable, though fortunately short-lived, reaction in the orgies of the Restoration. In his zeal for righteousness, in his belief that "righteousness saveth a nation," and above all in his ignorance of history and its lessons, Mr. Stead would spare neither rank nor age, would consider neither the greatest genius nor the greatest public services. His fierce and successful attack on Mr. Parnell is still fresh in the memories of men. Future generations will perhaps recognise in the disgrace and death of that great unhappy man the worst misfortune that has happened to Ireland since the Act of Union. Mr. Parnell fought desperately for his political life. But it was all in vain; those dogs of war, Mr. Stead and Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, fastened their fangs in their noble quarry, and dragged him, fiercely struggling, to the ground.

In the same way would Mr. Stead serve any other man, however eminent or however indispensable, whose fault or failing was the same. He has repeatedly declared that he will use every means in his power to rouse the public to drive from public life any statesman involved in a divorce suit and failing to come off with undamaged character. It is this tendency of Mr. Stead and his party, this growing spirit of Puritan intolerance, which constitutes, we think, a grave national danger. Some allowance, we contend, should be made for men of exceptional powers, and, in our own interests as nations and as individuals, we must consent to overlook, in return for great public services, sins, weaknesses, and criminal follies for which, in the case of less illustrious spirits, we should be justified in exacting the severest retribution. "What!" exclaims the scandalised Mr. Stead, "would you apply different standards to men of genius and the ordinary children of Adam?" We answer: Why not? A broken pipkin may be cast upon the dust-heap—an earthen pipkin more or less is of no great consequence; but would any one in his senses think of treating in the same manner a valuable Sèvres vase because it unfortunately happened to have a crack in it?

Come, let us pass in review a few—a very few—of the great figures of history, and see how they answered to Mr. Stead's test, and whether or no they were worthy to "sit under" Mr. Hugh Price Hughes.

Readers of Greek history will remember the story of the Sicilian expedition in the year 415 B.C., the terrible story of its inception, its progress, and its tragic close. Three generals were chosen to command that memorable armament—Nicias, Alcibiades, and Lamachus. Of these three, Nicias was a man after Mr. Stead's own heart, upright, conscientious, exemplary in the discharge of every religious and every social duty; but, unhappily, as a general, feeble, vacillating, and of but little military genius. Alcibiades, on the other hand, was perhaps the most brilliant character of his age, and certainly one

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of the most profligate and unprincipled characters of any age. Falling, however, into disfavour for some alleged offence against the religion of the State, he was recalled almost immediately after the expedition had sailed, and the supreme command was vested in Nicias. The fatal issue of the Sicilian expedition, it will be remembered, sealed the doom of Athens as a governing power. The operations round Syracuse form one of the turning-points in the world's history—they are included in Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles;* and if Alcibiades, so prompt in action, so fertile in resource, had commanded in the room of the incompetent Nicias, the result might have been very different to what it really was; but, no doubt, Mr. Stead, as an Athenian of the fifth century before Christ, would have infinitely preferred the destruction of the City of the Violet Crown to its salvation by means so unsanctified as the military skill and genius of the curled son of Clinias.

Let us turn to Rome. What would Mr. Stead have said to Julius Cæsar—to Cæsar, who plagued the peace of so many husbands, and caused so many worthy men uneasiness? As an old Roman, Mr. Stead would certainly have started an *Acta Diurna* of his own, for the sole purpose of crushing the future dictator, and driving him, as he drove Mr. Parnell, from public life. It is interesting, though perhaps idle, to speculate whether he would have dared to beard the mighty Julius in person—perhaps so, for he is bold enough for anything; but if so, it is not unamusing to picture with what alacrity he would have fled before one glance of that eagle eye, one impatient movement of that foot which was soon to be set on the neck of Rome, of Italy, of the world!

Mahomet, again—*he* would have had small chance of starting a new religion with Mr. Stead anywhere in the neighbourhood. What a battle-royal there would have been between those two! On the one side, the Prophet of Islam, rallying the faithful to his aid with promises of a heaven of unlimited sherbet and *houris;* and, on the other, the indomitable Mr. Stead, organising a vigorous opposition in the shape of a Social Purity League, and denouncing the polygamous impostor in terms even warmer than those he reserves for Sir Charles Dilke! It is a thrilling idea, but we cannot stay to linger on it. Let us pass on to inquire in what light the Frenchman, Mirabeau, would have appeared to Mr. Stead, that famous Honoré Riquetti Comte de Mirabeau, with his wild, shaggy face, "like a tiger's pitted with the small-pox," whose giant shoulders propped up falling France, and whose great brain and tireless energy might, if death had lingered but a little space of years, have saved the monarchy and averted the horrors of the Reign of Terror. His life how flagitious, and his genius how superb! Let Mr. Stead study the private and public life of Mirabeau, and consider whether France in time of revolution would have done wisely in exchanging that

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profligate demigod for a thousand respectable nonentities. Read, Mr. Stead, read, and perpend!

Let us turn to our own country. Has Mr. Stead ever heard of a certain Horatio Viscount Nelson, and does he remember the *liaison* with Lady Hamilton? Had Mr. Stead lived in those heroic days, he would, without doubt, have petitioned Ministers and summoned mass meetings; he would have worked the papers of the day, and thundered in the *Morning Chronicle* and lightened in the *Morning Herald*; he would, in short, have moved heaven and earth until he succeeded in getting the lion-hearted hero of the Nile, the great, the erring Nelson, cashiered and replaced by some more decorous and respectable admiral. We should have had no Battle of Trafalgar, but we might have had Napoleon I. crowned King of England in the Cathedral of St. Paul's; and no doubt Mr. Stead, his moral sense appeased, would have welcomed the alternative with perfect equanimity. Take another case—that of Henry St. John Viscount Bolingbroke, the famous Minister of Queen Anne, and the negotiator of the Peace of Utrecht, a man whose dissolute habits were almost unparalleled even in that age of coarse profligacy. There is a story current that when St. John was appointed Secretary of State, one lady of easy virtue exclaimed rapturously to another: "Ten thousand a-year, my dear, and all for us!" Yet Bolingbroke's extraordinary abilities are no more to be denied than his really splendid eloquence. He was perhaps the finest and most finished orator that ever addressed the House of Commons, and in addition a hardworking, painstaking Minister, and, as a statesman in very critical times, clear-sighted, dexterous, singularly adroit and singularly subtle. We fear, however, he would not have found favour with Mr. Stead, any more than his great successor and life-long rival, Sir Robert Walpole, the jolly, rubicund, hard-drinking, fox-hunting, coarse-minded Norfolk squire and Minister of the Crown, whose life and conversation were about on a par for vileness, seeing that he was an openly unfaithful husband and an encourager of ribald talk at his own table; that, said the old cynic, being a sort of polite conversation which every one could understand, and in which every one could join. And yet this dissolute, tipsy old sceptic, this utter disbeliever in virtue of any kind, who was wont to say that in all his life he had only met one person who refused money, and *she* took diamonds—this great briber and corrupter, whose bones were made in England, and who wrought and toiled for England like a man, conferred two great, nay, priceless blessings on his country; he gave her twenty years of peace, and he saved her from the Pope and the Pretender. Could mortal man do more? A better man might not have done so much. Peace to his ashes, and lightly lie the earth above his grave!

To come nearer our own times: was Richard Brinsley Sheridan a moral statesman or a model man? was Charles James Fox? was

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Lassalle in Germany, or Gambetta in France? Mr. Perceval, we fancy, must have come nearest to Mr. Stead's ideal public man. Mr. Perceval, Prime Minister for a short space in the early years of this century, was a gentleman of unblemished reputation, who endeared himself to the nation by his punctual attendance at the head of his large family at divine service every Sabbath, and who was otherwise chiefly remarkable for an imposing presence and a rather fine head—with nothing in it. From the day of his birth to the day when his career was cut short by Bellingham's pistol, we are not aware that Mr. Perceval did or said anything of a memorable nature.

What a contrast between this pattern of conventional respectability and that wild, prodigal gambler and genius, Charles Fox! Which would Mr. Stead choose (if he had the choice) to administer the affairs of this great empire in a season of difficulty and danger?

It is, alas! easy to guess.

Not one of the men whose names we have cited (except, indeed, Mr. Perceval) would Mr. Stead have suffered to serve or save the State, had he lived in their day and could he have had his way; and this course of opposition he would have based and justified on purely personal and private grounds, perfectly indifferent to the merits or demerits of these men in their public capacity.

The idea that any and every public man, whose relations with the other sex do not happen to square with the current notions of morality, is to be driven from public life, and the State summarily and for ever deprived of his services and counsel—this idea, which to our fathers would have seemed a monstrous paradox, is to Mr. Stead a truism. He may almost be said to take it for granted. We venture to think that our forefathers looked at these matters in a wiser and manlier way, and in a sounder and healthier spirit. Knowing that men of genius do not grow like blackberries on every bramble-bush, they considered that such men, if they were lucky enough to get them, must be taken with all their drawbacks. They were not inconsistent enough to admit that genius is an abnormal phenomenon (as it undoubtedly is), and at the same time to insist on its conforming in all respects to the normal standard.

It is not inapposite to cite in this connection some admirable and suggestive remarks to be found in Lewes' noble Life of Goethe: "Genius has an orbit of its own; if it moved through the orbit of commonplace lives, it would not be genius, but commonplace. Its orbit is not necessarily eccentric, although it must often appear so, because its sweep is wide. Sometimes it disregards domestic duties and minor morals in obeying the laws of its own movement. Hence genius and morality are not always synonymous; neither are they antagonistic. Genius is good and great, and in its greatness and goodness seeks the eternal principles of order—seeks to make life harmonious; but the

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slenderest acquaintance with biography tells us that genius is not always found respecting the minor morals, and that the biographies of men of genius are very unlike moral tales" (vol. i. pp. 146–7).

How true, how just! but how unlike the narrow-minded pietism, the ignorant Puritanical spirit of those self-appointed champions of public morality, those great twin-brethren in intolerance and persecuting zeal, Mr. W. T. Stead and Mr. Hugh Price Hughes! Mr. Stead no doubt is strictly logical, and carries out his principles consistently in literature as well as in politics. If nothing good is to be expected from an immoral statesman, nothing good, of course, is to be expected from an immoral author, and the greatest writers of all ages may be cast upon a bonfire bigger than that of Don Quixote's library, where Rabelais may crackle side by side with Burns, and a cheap edition of Byron kindle a folio Aristophanes or a duodecimo Catullus. It would be deeply interesting to get a glimpse of Mr. Stead's own particular *Index Expurgatorius*, and he certainly ought to gratify an admiring public by printing it in the next number of his *Review of Reviews*.

Let us not be mistaken. We have no wish to confound the issues of right and wrong, or to shake—a vain endeavour—the eternal basis of the moral law.

Happy are they who know the things belonging to their own peace, and bring their ship safe to port over the stormy sea of life and past its fatal quicksands, with sails unrent by the gusts of passion. Byron, in some of the most mournful and majestic stanzas in the English language, has given eloquent expression to that sense of satiety, that awakening to "the worm, the canker, and the grief," which inevitably follows the gratification of unlawful desire. Burns, who drained with feverish eagerness the cup of pleasure, and tasted the deathly savour of the *amari aliquid* among its dregs, warns a youthful friend with almost passionate earnestness to beware of the "illicit rove," sorrowfully recalling how in his own, as in every case, "it hardens a' within, and petrifies the feeling."

Happy, thrice happy, are the virtuous! Wordsworth, leading a serene and pure life among the Cumberland dales and mountains, and clothing in melodious verse his noble and ennobling ideas; Faraday and Charles Darwin, those patient students of Nature, not more illustrious for their genius than for the purity of lives unstained by any unworthy act, or even hint of blame; Milton's beautiful nature, a nature dedicated and set apart, and shrinking with instinctive horror from any spot of defilement;—these examples are more than sufficient to prove that the highest genius is quite compatible with the highest morality. But all are not thus happily constituted, and when genius errs, alternating its "bursts of great heart" with "slips in sensual mire," let us not imitate the indecent eagerness of Mr. Stead and his followers to cast the first stone at it—an eagerness so

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exquisitely rebuked more than eighteen centuries ago, under the far-off Syrian sky, by One whom Mr. Stead professes—and, we believe, truly professes—to follow.

We wish, but we hardly dare to hope, that the time may soon come when the English nation will recover its common sense; when the tablets of Mr. Stead's indictment will be broken up amidst laughter universal and inextinguishable as that of the gods in Homer; when his countrymen will say of Mr. Stead as the French said of Napoleon after Waterloo (*assez de Buonaparte!*) "Enough of Stead!" and he and his eminent colleague, Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, will be forced to engage in some more useful and edifying occupation than that of hounding unfortunate and erring men of genius to despair and death. We wish, but, alas! we hardly dare to hope it. Mr. Stead is a strong man; he struck down Mr. Parnell, he has ostracised Sir Charles Dilke; and now every man turns and asks of his neighbour, "Who is to be the next victim?" Let us hope, and let us pray, that it will not be in some season of national difficulty and danger that Mr. Stead will for the third time mark down his prey and stoop upon his quarry; that during some great war by land and sea, when our destinies as a nation hang trembling in the balance, our only general, or our only admiral, or our only statesman, "the pilot to weather the storm," may not figure as a co-respondent in the Divorce Court, and, cast in damages, lie open to the denunciations of Mr. Stead, to the roar of the Nonconformists, and to the hasty impulse of a well-meaning but misguided nation, goaded and driven into an act of which it may for ever after bitterly but unavailingly repent. *Absit omen! Dii deœque omnes id avertant!*

CYRIL WATERS.

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# THE POSSIBILITIES OF DEMOCRACY.

DEMOCRACY, so we have been told, again and yet again, is "the manifest destiny of the civilised world." That may prove true, or it may not. I myself believe, as do many wiser than I, in a destiny *beyond* "Democracy" as we know it; and regard "Popular Government," so-called, as simply a phase in the ceaseless progress of humanity. But "democracy," it is said, is not only the manifest, and proximate, destiny of civilisation, but also the "final end of ill," political, social, industrial. It is to banish poverty, inequality, injustice, to accomplish all those benefits for which men yearn so eagerly, so vainly hitherto.

Will it do so? Are all these blessings "possibilities of democracy?" They *may* be, for aught I know; so far, they have not proved so in the greatest republic the world has ever seen; the only one, as I consider it, worthy of the name. On the contrary, "democracy" has there developed, in one century, "possibilities" widely different from those so confidently prophesied by eager "reformers." It is to some of these that I wish to draw attention.

For such an inquiry the only "object lesson" which will serve our purpose is the American Republic, the great Anglo-Saxon commonwealth. French "Republicanism" reeks of revolution and of terror; it is fickle and uncertain, like the Gallic nature; and neither "democracy," monarchy, nor empire can long restrain the outbreaks of

"The red fool-fury of the Seine."

The "genius" of the two races is so utterly divergent that the example of the one can furnish no really useful data to the other. Swiss popular government is an interesting study of Liliputian institutions: it has no "expansion," and would not, so far as we can judge, bear transplanting. Spanish American "Republics" alternate, at longer or shorter intervals, between anarchy and tyranny.

So we come back to our starting-point: there is only one republic worthy of the name—for Anglo-Saxons—the great *English* Republic of the United States.

There "democracy" has endured, not merely fifty years, but more than a century, with every possible advantage of race, dwelling, and

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history. If anywhere democracy could succeed and triumph, it must be here; if ever circumstances "conspired" in favour of human institutions, they have exerted themselves to the utmost in this particular instance.

Democracy has endured, democracy has triumphed, and yet there *may* be, even here, a future *beyond* this enduring and "triumphant democracy." There *are*, even here, limits to what it can accomplish.

It is strong, popular, united. It has outlived the most terrible civil war the world has ever seen, it has crushed anarchy, so far, with the strong hand of the "sovereign people"; it has absorbed, and is absorbing, thousands of foreigners every month. But the "negro problem" remains unsolved,[1] in spite of citizenship and "Constitutional Amendments." The House of Representatives by a large majority (April 4, 1892) has decreed the exclusion of the Chinese, as an "impossible" element in American civilisation. But swarms of foreigners land almost unchecked, and bring poverty, disease, and a lowering of wages in their train.

The "Sovereign People" may be strong to crush anarchy as it crushed civil war, but it cannot crush poverty; cannot check its cruel tyranny. It stands between the starving mob and the irresponsible "combines," with the negro waiting till his turn shall come. Truly, there are limits to the possibilities of Democracy.

Unlimited immigration is a pressing, if not a dangerous, problem in the United States to-day. It is one with which "Democracy" seems unable to cope successfully and effectually. It is also one which interests ourselves very closely, seeing we too are "progressing" towards "Popular Government." The "employer" demands "cheap labour," the "workman" a "fair day's wage." The former opposes—by his agents—"restriction of immigration," the latter clamours for it, and has succeeded in passing the "Contract Labour Law," which the "employer" contrives to evade. "Popular Government" must be *popular;* the "employer" has his "rights" as well as the "workman."

The question merits closer study. The manufacturer—who is the principal "employer"—enters, as a rule, into a "combine" with others like himself, thereby controlling enormous wealth. "Professional politicians," the "d——d necessity" of "Democracy," are poorly paid; *ergo*, they can hardly be blamed for becoming "paid advocates of party measures." One party passes "Protection" in the interests of "American industries," the other party endeavours to secure "free silver" for the "masses of the people." But neither party attempts seriously to limit the excessive immigration which lowers wages far more than it cheapens production—except to the

[1] The *possible* solution is given in the *Arena* for April—*The Vital Statistics of the Negro.* Arena Publishing Company, Boston, U.S.A.

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manufacturer—and brings in so many more to share the "free silver"—when they can get it.

But immigration means more than this. A large percentage of immigrants are utterly ignorant, and still more are fearfully poor. The ignorant ones become the powerful agents of the "professional politicians" and their "manufacturer" employers, the poor ones swell the mass of poverty in New York and other large cities, and help to lower wages. How awful that poverty is, few have any conception. In 1891, 23,895 *warrants of eviction* were issued in the City of New York; in 1889, over 7000[1] persons died in the workhouses, insane asylums, and hospitals of that city. (*Arena*, Boston, March 1892.)[2]

This is only the borderland, as it were, of poverty in the Great Republic. The farmers of the United States, the class on whom, of all others, the true prosperity of the country depends, are practically ruined. With land of their own,[3] climate of all kinds,[4] railways, *and Protection*, they have been clamouring for *sweeping changes in their favour*. The "Farmers' Alliance" is not dead yet; so long as the trouble endures, there will always be found men to fight against it. There is an "Alliance Wedge" of nine members in Congress, besides fifty Congressmen of "Alliance leanings." (*Arena*, March 1892.) This is, surely, not the "utter extinction" of which we have heard so much. The mortgage indebtedness of the American farmers was, in 1890, £690,000,000. This "can never be paid, and is so hopeless that no honest broker would invest any one's money in Western mortgages." (*Arena*, August 1890, p. 292.) So that, in the matter of immigration and of farms and farming, the capabilities of Democracy would seem to be limited. Of unrestricted immigration, England has enough and to spare. It is at the root of all questions of overcrowding and excessive poverty in large cities, of underpaid labour, and of "sweating." "Free trade" may, possibly, involve free immigration; but this last appears in the States to be perfectly consistent with the "Protection of American Industries." Also, in the Great Republic, free immigration is a fruitful—if not the principal—source of political corruption. If "Democracy" be, indeed, the "manifest destiny" of English civilisation, will like causes produce like effects?

Farming, under Democracy, has proved a failure in the United States. Whether "in consequence of" or "in spite of" I am not prepared to say. The one word "mortgage" is a sufficient explanation, without seeking for any "ultimate cause." But if "Democracy" cannot ensure success, "Democracy" which is the *summum bonum* of political institutions, the panacea for all the (political) "ills that

[1] Out of a population of under 2,000,000.
[2] See also *The Social Cellar—Arena*, April 1892.
[3] 50 to 300 acres, on an average.
[4] From Maine to California.

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flesh is heir to," what is there that can do so? At least, my contention as to the limits of what it can accomplish would seem to be sufficiently proved.

But for these limitations, as for all things human, there must be adequate causes. What cause can there be under the sway of "Popular Government," strong, lasting, and enduring, for excessive poverty in large cities, excessive mortgages on farms and farm industries, a fall of wages, discontent, distress, possible danger? For "race problems" and "labour difficulties" unsolved as yet, apparently insoluble? For all these in "effete Europe" the eager "reformer" points at once to "hereditary privileges," to "aristocracies," to "monarchies." "Sweep these away," he tells us, "and let the People rule; then all these things will vanish as mist before the sun." And yet, in the American Republic, where there are none of these "abuses" of "privileges," "aristocracies," "monarchies," where "the People" have ruled for a century, all these difficulties exist in an aggravated form.

And here, lest I should be accused of exaggeration, if not of falsehood, let me say that what follows, is not the mere expression of my individual opinion. For every statement to be made I shall have the authority of the readers of "advanced" American thought; of men who are "Democrats" in the truest sense, firm believers in the "Divine right of the sovereign People."

For all the evils existent in American Democracy—apart from those *inevitable* to humanity—there is one prime cause, efficient, adequate, far-reaching, possibly insurmountable—"Plutocracy," the unlimited power of irreponsible, corporate wealth. If the powers of democracy are limited, and clearly defined, that of plutocracy is limitless and indefinite, and therefore, all the more formidable.

"The history of the United States during the past twenty-eight years is a history of repeated injuries, tyranny and usurpation, unparalleled in the history of the world, and all laws enacted having a direct object—viz., to establish a landed and moneyed aristocracy on the ruins of once free America." (Winfield [Kansas] *Nonconformist*, May 1, 1890.)

It is easy, of course, to make light of such language as the mere "inflated utterances" of "Radical journalism;" but there must be some grievances, real or imaginary, affecting the readers of such a journal to account for such statements. The journal is one of the "organs" of the Kansas farmers. Their grievances are, first, their mortgages; secondly, the action of the railroads. For the first, they themselves *may* be held responsible; the second is a different matter. What the tyranny—there is no milder word—exercised by the great railroads is like would be difficult to describe, unless in a separate article; but for this tyranny the Federal Government is held responsible. The wealth of the great railroad companies is simply boundless; "campaign funds" for the subservient party, or judicious

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"lobbying," will accomplish all their purposes. What else can result from a combination of short legislative terms, poorly paid "professional politicians," and immense corporate wealth in unscrupulous hands? For a full account of the matter those interested in the subject can refer to a pamphlet—*The Farmer, the Investor, and the Railway.* By C. Wood Davis. [*Arena* Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.]:

"The financial managers of our politics do not realise what a vast multitude do now believe, most earnestly and angrily, that the legislation of financiers and politicians has destroyed the prosperity, has robbed the people of several thousand millions, and furnished the major part of the princely fortunes which tower above the plane of humanity, and threaten the stability of the Republic." Professor J. R. Buchanan, *Arena*, August 1890.

A serious charge, if true—certainly one well worth examining as a "possibility" of "popular government." The Republican party is "the party of protection." It has been in office, almost continuously, since the Civil War. It must, therefore, be held chiefly responsible for the "twenty-eight years" of "injuries, tyranny, and usurpation," for the "legislation of financiers and politicians." What are the facts? "Protection" benefits the manufacturer at the expense of the consumer; therefore the manufacturers support the "party of protection." Is "robbery" too strong a word to express the effect of a high tariff on the mass of the nation? Vast grants of public land have been given to the railroads, the land has increased in value by the exertions of others, and the railroads use their corporate wealth to control legislation, to crush opposition, and to ruin the farmer. If this be not robbery, it would be hard to find a more suitable name for such methods of action.

But the vast wealth accumulated from "watered stock," "railroad concessions," and "land grants," the first source fraudulent, the last two national property, has other uses.

"Ten thousand people own nearly the whole of New York City, with its 2,000,000 population." (Edward Bellamy, *New York World*, March 2, 1890.)

And the results of this ownership?

"35,000 front tenements, 2300 rear tenements, 276,000 families, 1,225,000 inhabitants, 7000 adult home-workers, 250 child home-workers." (Census New York Board of Health, Sept. 1891. Quoted from *Arena*, March 1892.)

One last instance of "Plutocratic methods":—

"A combination of plutocrats bought up the farm lands at Spring Valley, Illinois, sold them out as city lots under the promise of opening coal mines and building up a great city, giving steady employment to over 2000 miners. After over 2000 miners, with their families, had settled there, and bought a large number of lots, and were working at low wages; suddenly, in 1889, the combination closed the mines without notice or explanation, or

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any promises for the future, reducing the great mass of the population in a few months to such pitiful destitution and suffering, that the whole country was compelled to exert itself to prevent starvation. . . . . The only motive of the cruel proceeding appears in the subsequent proposition of the coal company, after the miners were starved into humility, to take them back, singly, at about half their former low wages." (*Arena*, Aug. 1890, p. 302.)

The power of the "Plutocracy," like that of the "professional politicians" who serve them so faithfully—for adequate pay—rests, ultimately, upon *unrestricted immigration.*

These then are "possibilities of Democracy," and some, at least, of its limits. It is strong, popular, united, and enduring, it has had a full century of experience. Plutocracy, poverty, political corruption, race problem, and labour difficulties, are the darker tendencies of American Democracy. Which will prevail, who can tell?

We, in England, are "marching towards Democracy;" the solution of all the difficulties of civilisation, the redresser of all wrongs, which is to banish all poverty, inequalities, privileges. Will it? Or will it bring for "Aristocracy" with its traditional obligations, heartless, irresponsible "Plutocracy"; for inherited privileges the tyranny of boundless wealth? It has not banished poverty in America; it has not raised wages nor cheapened living for the toiling masses who are supposed to long for "Democracy" as prisoners long for freedom. Wealth buys "Protection of American industries" from eager "party politicians," and "Protection" increases wealth, a beautiful example of the "true inwardness of things." Wealth buys legislation to crush opposition legally—that is "Popular Government."

Yet I believe firmly in Democracy as a phase of human progress, in American Democracy, as the best, so far, in spite of its limits, its possibilities, and its faults. That it has endured so long is an earnest of continuance—until superseded by something better. If we *must* pass through the phase known as "Democracy," it is well to know something of its possibilities and its limits, as exemplified in the case of our kindred. This, after studying American Democracy for years, I have attempted to do. It can accomplish many things; with many others it is powerless to cope. If we know, approximately, what it can do, and what it cannot, we shall neither expect too much, nor shall we be disappointed.

F. W. Grey.

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# "THIS ENLIGHTENED AGE."

How often the flattering phrase meets our grateful eyes! Cynical writers, pandering writers, even genuine writers, all join to abuse by over-usage the ever-pleasing phrase. It is so pre-eminently sweet to the palate of our times.

But are we enlightened? Doubtless the only practical method of measuring our attainments is to compare our knowledge approximately with that of other races seen at various points in the dim vistas of the past. But certainly an important, if a subsidiary, consideration is the relation of our aggregate knowledge to what is unknown. (For, paradoxical though it seems, the unknowable is, in some measure, a perceivable quantity.) And a most material feature of the whole question is the diffusion of the aggregate knowledge. For although a totality of learning is justly and necessarily credited to the age, no summary or conclusion is of any value unless it equitably adjusts the proportionate ratio. In a land containing one thousand people, of whom one is a millionaire, and the remainder are dependents, there must be a strong contrast in general conditions to one containing a thousand flourishing freeholders. And so in the provinces of knowledge.

In connection with the first test we are impelled to ask, In what consists the enlightenment of our age? We know, it is true, that we show some definite progress when compared with our own early, and even our more immediate, ancestors. But then they were savages and barbarians, while we call ourselves civilised. The question at issue is, How do we contrast with the ancient races of the Eastern world? With all our array of scientific knowledge, all our ostentatious criticisms of bygone ages, all our learned summaries of the whole scope of the erudition of the ancients, are we so superior to them as is generally assumed? On the contrary, is there not much evidence to indicate that we are only on the threshold of their estates; that we have obtained only glimpses of the stores of their learning; that we are but as children babbling of things not yet within our comprehension? Vast even though we regard the achievements of our scientists, do they not seem but merely lisping the alphabet of the languages of the sages of Egypt and Assyria? Even Greek intellectualism, itself perhaps largely borrowed, and probably only a bye-product, appears the sole founda-



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tion upon which we of this "enlightened age" are building our imposing edifice of natural philosophy. Every stone we add finds a ready-formed niche, or an adapted level, in or upon the granitic blocks put down by some ancient thought-builder in Athens. That, of course, need not detract from the final value of our work, but it certainly should modify our conceit.

The whole sum of human knowledge, past or present, is necessarily very limited, and we, in our day, must traverse the same routes as our far-off predecessors of the East in the past, and, like them, come some day to the barriers of the presumably unknowable. But while we are merely groping in the dark for the paths that lead to the barriers, and therefore unable to determine where the knowable ends and the unknowable begins, it is not seeming to boast too loudly of our progress. Use brings efficiency, and our perceptions will slowly improve by constantly exercising the optic rays of the mind. Just yet, however, we have certainly only a glimmering of even the knowable in Nature. All the paraphernalia of our scientists scarcely illumine the meaning and purpose of the most observable phenomena, and are utterly inadequate to shed any light upon any of the darker secrets of the universe. Yet we have hope, from analogies based upon individual progress; from our rapid acquirement of new knowledge, or of knowledge revived; from suggestive sparks of wide ancient knowledge kept alive through the intellectual gloom of the interval; and, more than all, from the unconquerable instincts of our nature, wherever emancipated from the bondage of spirit-crushing autocracy and soul-stunting priestcraft, to know and to learn that these secrets will some day stand revealed in much larger measure than at present. With the electric solvent alone we are certainly armed with a key to many of the mysteries in the temple of Nature, and man's future efforts will be largely concentrated upon finding the locks it will fit. It is, in fact, the finding of this key and its potency that has made us of this generation so vain. Yet we are unable to form any conception as to its constitution. But almost the only limitation to its future utility—and a limitation that applies to any aid whatsoever—is our natural suspicion as to the reality of our mental impressions. It is a truism that these are wholly at the mercy of our senses. And there is so much that is possibly misleading in our so-called intellectual perceptions of the shifting aspects of phenomena, that we are of necessity somewhat sceptical as to the value of any interpretations of our reason. And it is certain that man's sensory evidence will never be of much value to solve the intrinsically evanescent character of his environments. Touch, taste, smell, vision, hearing—what are they, after all, when brought into a fleeting form of relationship with the ethereal, vibrating, intangible elements of the universe? Even the temporary absence from sight of our source of light changes for us the whole aspect of

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Nature. The overweening confidence, physical and intellectual, in our perceptive faculties engendered by its presence becomes equivalent to blank despair under the mantle of the night. The slightest variation in the conditions presented to our vision has therefore the practical result of altering our primary concept of things. Surely even positivist philosophy must feel a fidgety qualm when dogmatising about phenomena and their exact relationship to the intellect of man. For no amount of self-willed assertiveness will finally satisfy the reason of man, even in the qualified sense of Comtism, that his interpretations are infallible. So many fleeting shadows from the unknowable disturb the horizon of the knowable that we are of necessity forced to live ever in a region of incertitude. We feel that even the most vividly imaginative of men have not pictured in their wildest creations of fancy anything to compare with the mysteries immediately surrounding us. Yet the full tendency of our "enlightened age" has been to the materialistic—in fact, to a contemptuous disregard of the hidden and complex attributes of phenomena. There is evidence to show, however, that a very small proportion of the more advanced are seeing that many things have an inner and a subtle meaning, and seeing, too, that this fact has often been appreciated amongst men at various stages in their journey through the ages. This is only the dawn of a degree of enlightenment, virtually the "age" has been dozing in the dark, satisfied with the presentments of the senses, and utterly unconscious in its lethargic indifference of any need for disturbing the encrustations of many generations of mildew.

But we will leave these generalities of existence, which, if too seriously considered by aggregations of men, load the mind, perhaps, with a sense of hopelessness, and lead only to intellectual despair. For instances have been in the history of the world where too much strain by a race upon the faculties of the intellect has gradually resulted in a sort of moral atrophy, culminating finally in both mental and physical decadence, which left them open to the easy ravages of more vigorous races. There is, therefore, a probability of material advantage in, consciously or unconsciously, resigning ourselves to the inevitable; in resolving to make the best of the most intelligible features of phenomena; and of what confidence we can summon in our powers to interpret rightly. And, especially for the purposes of this paper, we will regard the "age" in relation to what is considered as known. It is, perhaps, more important to the issue—that is, to resolving the question as to the enlightenment of the age—to know, in the arenas of theology, of politics, and of ethics (ignoring for the present the more debatable side-issues of literature and art, which virtually represent the technicalities of enlightenment), what are the most prominent facts presented to our observation. Are they not mainly those of

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only a few minds conversant with the innermost nature of these matters of more or less general discussion, and of sheer inability on the part of the multitude to apprehend in them aspects of any kind other than are conspicuous on their surfaces. Yet the inner in these, as in most of the products of Nature, constitute the essential parts, the core of vitality.

How many amongst us, for instance, penetrate below the symbolisms of our religions? Probably, on an average, not one in a thousand devotees. The majority sedulously attend to the comparatively unimportant formalities, and are mentally too coarse to perceive the beautiful intellectual illusions of which the forms are only the outer disguise. Tell the average representative of our "enlightened age" that his faith appears largely a matter of mere ceremonies, and in substance he will answer you that the ceremonies embody religion, according to his notion of its uses and its purport. Tell him that in his Holy Writ he is spoken to chiefly in allegory, that screened behind many of the seemingly prosaic and inconsequential narratives of events there is poetical and sublime imagery; and he will probably certify in his mind—or assert by words—that you are only stating phantasms of your brain, either to confuse his, or as the result of some imperfection in yours. Even if you are zealous in insisting that you consider religion to mean qualitative in conduct rather than quantitative in formula, he will appraise you as an eccentricity rather than as a reasoner or a saint. How many, too, even in the most enlightened communities of this "enlightened age" know aught of the real history and development of the faith they claim as their own? Not two in a multitude. And even fewer are they who have investigated the evolution of the supernatural. The mere observances required in our day and land to qualify for respectability and success, are unctuously and zealously respected, both in speech and in practice, with a sort of instinctive idea of safety here and in the hereafter. But how many of the zealots know anything of the aggregate travails of human thought which brought such ceremonials within their reach? Scarcely any. The vast majority are content to know imperfectly the mere rudiments of a creed. A large proportion of worshippers still wallow in the sloughs of superstition. Yet these are fair representative types of this knowledge-inflated nineteenth century. For, constituting as they do the body of the people, they preponderate sufficiently to include both the ignorant and the learned, and thus to form the average; while, unfortunately, they are in a measure the dictators of the learned. Dictators, at any rate, as to what must ostentatiously appear as truth, for their favour is equivalent to a monopoly of power, which is the ordinary ambition equally of the bigot and the philosopher. For, can it be denied that a considerable number of those who have made any progress in the direction of enlightenment, men of "light

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and leading," would not teach different doctrines were it not for fear of the disapproval of the multitude? Have not men with weird imaginings, with far-reaching perceptions, with pantheistic affinities, often a dread of exposing their imagery, their refinement, their spiritualism, to the prosaic, callous, and cynical critics of this most puissant and enlightened age? Men of lofty ideality certainly do enunciate their intellectual visions now and then from the vantage point of the pulpit; but their eloquence oftener hides even more than it expresses, until it is only kindred spirits who perceive the suggestiveness of the words, and appreciate the glimpses of soaring thoughts held sternly in reserve. For the innermost inspirations of the hearts of the thoughtful are scarcely fit subjects to be mangled by the gross perceptions of the narrow and the ignorant. And, apart from the protective ægis of the pulpit, what man of superfine conceptions has the courage to spread them for the edification of an average aggregation of the men of this age?

Yet, while reserve and distrust hold sway, there can never be much progress towards enlightenment. And no age, until it feels gratified by every expression of honest opinion regarding the deeper inspirations of thought, irrespective of the bearing of such opinion upon any highly-valued preconceptions, can fairly claim to be civilised. Suspicion and ignorance always journey hand in hand. Until, therefore, a spirit of complete fraternity is seen amongst men in the interchange of ideas, it is much too soon to claim any appreciable measure of enlightenment. But when we meet one another in the true brotherhood of humanity, and speak eagerly and joyously, each to each, of every spark of illumination that has erratically crossed our minds in its journeyings amongst men, then we may claim that some semblance of civilisation has descended upon us. While we retire into our inner recesses, like a snail into its shell, upon the bare mention of the cravings of the soul; while we advance with halting hesitation from its lurking-place in the brain any idea that seems like an exotic; while we morbidly dread the poignant aches of wounded vanity, if we are in any measure misunderstood or unintelligible; while we discuss the loftiest conceptions of human minds in a narrow and competitive spirit; while we dogmatise in a querulous and contentious manner upon any matters of opinion; and, especially, while we approach the unfathomable mysteries of the universe in our too commonly overweening spirit of pansophy, we are scarcely removed from the bigotry of savagedom. And yet, who denies that these are, *par excellence*, the true measures of our general attitude. Collectively, we see nothing but through the medium of prejudice.

Even in matters of daily concern we are but bungling towards some chimerical goal. In the matters termed supernatural, doubtless the highest civilisation will not have advanced much, if any, beyond

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the visions of the highest types of the men of our age; but in those things which daily weigh in the scale of our material comforts, it is to be hoped that they will be favoured with more light and with more joy as the correlative result. More untoward factors have hampered us than are likely to disturb them. We are only emerging from the membranes of vassalage, through which we have been struggling for generations. We have now our political wings, but scarcely know yet how to use them. We do not lack enterprise, however, for we are as ready as a flock of geese to follow any foolhardy venture of our leaders. This is all quite in the order of nature; but we have no claim just yet to call ourselves politically enlightened; for of the fitful evolution of our political institutions how crass is the general ignorance! Is it from a careful study of the insidious engrafting of abuses, the inequitable utilisation of prerogative, the tyrannical enactments of spoliation, the slow but steady advancement of our liberties, with the variability and uncertainty of political phenomena and of all legislative remedies; or rather from the mere influence of surroundings, prejudice, class jealousy, sordid self-interest, or subserviency that the average elector records his vote? Who will venture to gainsay that he is not more generally under the dominion of the passions of selfishness and of prejudice than of patriotism and enlightenment? It is doubtless true, in some measure, as some gifted physiologists aver, that the future cast of political faith in the adult can be prognosticated in the embryonic stage from the form of cranial development in the infant; but subsequent environments must also play their part, although neither primordial tendency nor shape-forming circumstances will affect the final result if put in conflict with the instincts of self-interest. Yet if any true enlightenment directed a voter, a patriotic interest in the general welfare of his country would also prove a factor, and probably the strongest of all. As things are now adjusted he is very largely at the beck of the highest bidder.

While religion and politics, as generally understood, are externalities engrafted upon mankind by a complex array of causes and influences, what is known as morality is somewhat more instinctive. All races, savage or civilised, have some notions of ethics—some implied or expressed limit to the manifestations of evil tendencies in the individual. Even a Fuegian can discern where, for "the good of the community," individual viciousness must be abridged. This, of course, is virtually the political germ in course of pristine evolvement. But although politics and ethics thus start together from a sort of primary fountain, before much distance is traversed the connection is dissolved. The former virtually become the embodiment, in various guises, especially those of opportunism and utilitarianism, of an insidious and a determined form of tactical warfare of aggrandisement between the classes of a country. The former

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still retain their place in the strongholds of the instincts, and, for all practical purposes, have become dissociated from the former. It would be fanciful, perhaps, to assert that they have gone very widely apart, or that they do not ever preserve some degree of affectionate correspondence. But it would be hypocritical to contend that, even if occasionally apart, they run chiefly along the same channel, or even that they often intersect.

It is not our purpose, however, to attempt to deal with the merely metaphysical relationships of ethics and politics. We merely wish to know in what measure this "enlightened age" has resolved the essentially abstruse problems of ethics. With its great stores of data, its keen powers of analysis, its presumably penetrating intellect, its trained subtlety in comparative induction, its comprehensive summaries and its pronounced self-confidence, has it yet formed an unquestioned creed of right conduct? Or rather is it not, as we allege it is, in worse confusion than any of its precursors? Was there ever such variability in notions of virtue, or such elasticity in the condonations of questionable actions?

This, of course, may be after all a proof of enlightenment, for we learn that in every land where a phase of civilisation had attained what we regard as a high standard, a moral laxity prevailed, and a veneer of respectability was sufficient, as with us, to gloss over a worm-eaten nature. We know, too, that during the simplicity of barbarous times the failings of men were obvious, and not insidious; external, not internal. There is, consequently, some basis for assuming that our craft of subjective wickedness, under the guise of objective virtue, is a sign of enlightenment, And there is a good deal to be said by advocates of the progress of the age on the score of the uncertain standard of principles. Some question, with a great show of plausibility, the authoritative declarations of either ancient or modern law. When the objections are raised from a theological point of view, a proportion deny the authority of Jewish institutions, and are therefore fully emancipated from the bondage of ecclesiasticism. Others, with more halting and lameness, question only the accuracy of past and present masters in interpretation; while another section, with more cogency and less obloquy, skilfully utilise for their purposes the host of conflicting dogmas and principles laid down in the Scriptures for their guidance. And in correspondence with the advancement of knowledge, this class is certainly on the increase; for commercial conditions are now such that a great moral pliancy is considered a most desirable adjunct of success. And while there continues ample room for moral wriggling in the bosom of the acknowledged ethical temple of the land, so long will human beings freely avail themselves of its protective ægis both for this world and the next. A stern faith, denunciatory of all evil, condemnatory of the sinful even in the most moderate degree, has somehow never been a success amongst men.

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The upright Quaker, held in check by bands of iron, is far outnumbered by the supple, ceremonious Churchman, who, provided he does it with some show of decorum and refrains from parading his stains too publicly, may ostentatiously play as he will with the defiling instruments of evil.

But while these features of the ethical question are conspicuous and common-place, there is another growing almost imperceptibly as an outcome of the advancement of the age. This assumes the form of challenging all ethical authority. It disputes the right of any standard for the individual; asserts that he is free to be guided by his own instincts, which of course will, at any rate for the present, if only from an active dread of consequences, give due obedience to all legal enactments. The disciples of this iconoclasm take up each institution affecting the moral conduct of a community; hold it up to criticism; ask whence it emanated, by whose authority and for what end. Whatever the reply, it is attacked; however virtuous the aim, it is denounced. And the assertive promulgators of this interrogative creed bid fair to control the destinies of the future, for the tendency of the age is to respect the instincts of individualism. Centralisation in some things has a semblance of new vigour; but it is only the splutter of a spent force. During the transition, if not after, some precautionary restraints will necessarily be maintained. But our patched fabric of morality is surely crumbling before the enlightenment of the age. Family ties, commercial equity, religious authority, social observances, class distinctions, political structures, industrial relationships, are all being weighed in the scale, the nature of their ingredients analysed, their various elements eliminated one after another, while their whole utility is impatiently reviewed.

Every progress, mechanical or moral, implies some friction and an attendant wearing of parts. The weak portions will wear first; the sustaining skeletons may bear some ages of attrition. Our age is certainly potent in dismembering, and that is presumably an indication of progress. Yet mere change, as has often been said, is not progress. And as humanity cannot do without its idols, religious, social, political, commercial, even our age, although so apparently iconoclastic, is probably following some process of construction. But it is certainly not lucid, for it is as yet as it were in the throes of a new birth. In the confusion of an exceptionally rapid transition we cannot see clearly. Our standards of relationships in all things pertaining to our daily existences are still in a condition of chaos. It is therefore presumptive on our part, long before we have solved any of the imposing problems that immediately surround us, and bespeak our faculties, so relatively impotent or undeveloped, to claim any enlightenment. Yet vain inflation, based on its intellectual strides, is one of the most conspicuous characteristics of our age.

T. Robertson Edwards.

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# CROSS CURRENTS OF CANADIAN POLITICS.

THERE comes, we are often told, a crisis in the history of every man and nation on the result of which their future fortunes must to a great extent depend. Through such a critical period the Dominion of Canada is passing just now. On the course into which the present generation of her electorate shall eventually be guided must, in all human probability, hang that of her future history. And at present the probable direction of this course is so obscured by cross currents of feeling, interest, and preference—wise or unwise—that it would puzzle even a consummate genius in political mathematics to foretell the direction in which she will finally be propelled by the various opposing forces that at present assail her from without and within.

Her internal position, to begin with, is more vexed and unquiet than it has been for many years. The very importance of the practical issues that now form the dividing lines of her party politics has made party warfare keener than ever, and has, in too many instances, tempted party politicians to act on the principle that an end which seemed good in their eyes could justify the most questionable means used to secure it. The extent to which corruption, for party and private ends, has been carried on in the administration of affairs in the Dominion, and in that of the province of Quebec, has recently associated the name of Canada before the world with such disgraceful revelations, as have made honest Canadians feel inclined to hide their heads in shame, and have called forth from preacher and moralist, lay and clerical, a strong outburst of indignant protest.

The process of corruption has been a long and insidious one. It is, perhaps, an evil incident to the early period of any nation's history, especially to the *colonial* period, when national feeling is as yet feeble, when there is no strong or dominant patriotism to form a bulwark against the ever encroaching tide of greedy self-interest, no fusing force of common sentiment to control and unite conflicting interests. For the "hireling" who "careth not for the sheep," his own advantage is far more important than the welfare of the sheep, and where there is neither strong love of country nor a high sense of duty to act as the animating impulse, the professional politician *must* be, more or less, a hireling.

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Hitherto Canadians, as a people, do not seem to have felt very sure as to what their country really is; and until this important question is settled the impulse of patriotism can scarcely be more than a vague sentiment differently applied, according to the different predilections of individuals. Many, if not most, of the leaders of Canadian affairs have hitherto been men who could not, strictly speaking, be called "sons of the soil." The Englishman, the Scotchman, the Irishman who has made his home in Canada can never feel towards it as to his native land, and not a few of those who have emigrated from the British Isles "to make their fortune," have retained their native preferences so tenaciously that, when the fortune has been made, the maker thereof, like the Chinaman, departs to enjoy it "at home." This expression "at home" has, indeed, by force of habit and parental example, become a *usus loquendi* with many Canadians of British extraction, seeming to imply that even native-born Canadians, with their feelings and habits much more deeply rooted in the soil than they are apt to imagine, are but strangers and foreigners in the land of their birth. This, of course, naturally arises from the influence of early training, and the purely British traditions in which they have been nurtured. For while Canada, as a country, possesses a history full of chivalry, romance, and stirring interest, this has been in the past almost completely ignored, and the Canadian people are only beginning to take up their traditionary riches, mainly in consequence of the labours of an American historian, Francis Parkman, who has found material for some ten large volumes in the history of Canada's earlier years.

This anomalous position has not been favourable to the development of a pure and concentrated patriotism. Canadians have had, perforce, to sever the connection of the noble lines of Sir Walter Scott:

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said—
> This is my own, my native land,"

which to them of course must mean Canada; while on the other hand, the continuation of the passage—

> "Land of my sires, what mortal hand
> Shall e'er untie the filial band
> That binds me to thy rugged strand?"

must apply to England, Scotland, Ireland, France, or Germany, as the case may be, or even, in many cases, to the American Republic. A people whose composition is so heterogeneous, and, as yet, so little fused, cannot be expected to throb with a united heart, or with the ardent patriotism which every country must possess before it can achieve greatness. Indeed, under the influence of reading and

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association, of the splendid heritage of British history and literature, and the comparative neglect of Canadian history and traditions, not a few of even native Canadians are more inclined to give prominence to their Old-world lineage than to their New-world birth, and are less inclined to realise that Canada is and must be their country, than, for that country's good, they ought to be. This is especially the case of those who have travelled or been educated abroad, and have found out, often to their mortification, of how little account Canada seems to be in the other hemisphere, even in the Britain to which they have been so proud to belong.

Among the more thoughtful class of young Canadians, and especially among her young poets and *littérateurs*, whose voice will soon have its influence, a more healthy and really national feeling of patriotism is beginning to spring up. And it is time that it should. For truly English, Scotch, or Irish, or even truly French-Canadians, can never be—by reason of the different circumstances, associations, and surroundings they represent—whether they will or no, a distinct type of their own, their hereditary characteristics and tendencies having been greatly modified by the conditions of life in a new country, the various origin of its colonists, and the close neighbourhood of the great American republic. The most British of native Canadians cannot feel really *at home* in the old land which they have hitherto called by that endearing name, for, if not strangers and foreigners, they are there simply "colonials," regarded as on quite a different plane from the Englishman or Scotchman "to the manner born." If a Canadian is introduced by chance into an English novel he is patronisingly presented as a semi-civilised type; indeed, from some supposed portraits of him in modern fiction, it would seem that he was considered a cross between a half-breed trapper and a wild western cowboy. Nay, furthermore, it has not been uncommon for otherwise well-informed English people actually to entertain the belief that women who are natives of Canada must be either squaws or half-breeds. English travellers, when they remain in Canada long enough to gain any real knowledge of the country, always express their surprise at finding themselves in a refined and cultivated society, possessed of the essential refinements of English life, if not of all its splendour and superfluous luxury. If there is, of necessity, less of the very highest and broadest culture which only a long-settled country with a wealthy and leisured class can possess, there is, *en revanche*, less of class-despotism and subservience, less of the Philistinism and vulgar ostentation which is one of the snares of a wealthy community. We breathe a freer air, if we are, for the present, less polished and mellow, and the general level of education, thanks to our liberal public-school system, is higher than that in Britain, especially in what are termed the lower classes.

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To come back from this slight digression, the fact that the Canadians in general are neither distinctively Britons nor exclusively Canadians will readily account, in part at least, for the comparative dearth of a hearty and enthusiastic patriotism. For until men are quite sure as to *what is* their country, it must of course be difficult to define exactly what loyalty to their country demands. And, at present, a large proportion of the Canadian people are in just this state of uncertainty, a state that must necessarily result in a wavering and uncertain policy, such as Lord Dufferin suggested with his usual felicity when, in taking farewell of the Canadians, he warned them to beware of the doom foretold by Jacob concerning his first-born son.

Another element conducing to this lack of a general and high-toned patriotism is the hard struggle for existence which has for many years past taxed the whole energies of the great body of the people, especially of the farming population. When the agriculturists, who constitute so large a portion of the electorate, are harassed and handicapped by the daily cares of a laborious and precarious avocation, often burdened, as many of them are, by the uncertainty whether they can continue to hold the land on which their living depends, impoverished by heavy protective tariffs on the very implements they use, as well as on the garments they wear, and separated by the American tariff from the inviting and extensive "natural market" close beside them, it is not easy for them to separate themselves sufficiently from the pressing demands of daily life to take a calm and broad survey of the situation, and they too often relapse into a state of apathetic discouragement, in which they become an easy prey to the plausible politicians who persuade them to sell their electoral birthright, and snare them by the bribe that seems to promise the speediest relief. Whole constituencies are frequently bribed in this way, by the promise of some coveted improvement that seems likely to promote the prosperity of their particular locality, which naturally bulks more largely in their eyes than the ultimate good of the country, if, indeed, they are capable of judging how far a given policy may affect the general good. And as such local favours are only to be expected from the party in power, and by constituencies which elect its candidates, it is too easy for men to persuade themselves that the policy of the dominant party is the better one after all.

To these considerations it must be added that opinion is largely divided as to the vexed question of protection. In large cities, where prosperity, for the present at least, seems dependent on manufactures which have sprung to factitious life under a protective policy; the very idea of any measure of Free Trade in manufactured articles is naturally most distasteful. Undoubtedly, if either unrestricted reciprocity with the United States or Free Trade with Britain were

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suddenly to come into force, a good many of these industries would have to close up at once. The great "trusts" and "combines" of to-day, also complicate the question, for many who would not fear the operation of the natural laws of trade, do naturally hesitate about committing themselves to the tender mercies of these powerful and relentless American operators. The Liberals, however, forcibly reply to this objection, that even "trusts" and "combines" on a *large* scale, as they are conducted in the United States, are not nearly so oppressive as what practically is the same thing practised on a much smaller scale in Canada, where a few men often have a monopoly of a given production. And they point as proofs of this assertion to the fact that excellent coal-oil is supplied in the United States for eight or nine cents. a gallon, while the inferior Canadian oil costs in Canada twenty-five cents. a gallon. Sugar is another instance of the same thing, the Canadian public having long paid a heavy tax on this useful article for the benefit of Montreal refiners, so that while sugar in "crystals" from Trinidad—a British possession—could, apart from protection, be sold in Canada at four cents. per pound, the usual retail price for the ordinary grade of refined sugar is several cents. more.

The leaders of the Liberal Party, which stands committed to unrestricted reciprocity with the United States, have pointed out over and over again, the great practical benefits which would ensue to the country as a whole, from a policy which would open its great natural, because neighbouring, market to its abundant natural products, and give a much-needed development to its great, but still dormant, resources. As they have shown, the result of the former Reciprocity Treaty was, that the trade of Canada increased from $25,000,000 in 1853, when it came into force, to $84,000,000 in 1864, when it lapsed. Canada has known no other period of such rapid progress. For her natural products, no other market could ever make up to her for the loss of that naturally supplied by her next-door neighbour, a great and populous country conterminous with herself for so many hundred miles of frontier, whose fast growing population is already demanding more than its own farmers seem able to supply. From estimates recently presented in the Canadian Parliament by Sir Richard Cartwright, *facile princeps* as a financier, it is evident that, since the McKinley Bill came into operation the Canadian exports to the United States have decreased nearly one half in the five articles of barley, horses, hay, eggs, and poultry; and this although a considerable quantity of barley was sent in, in advance, just before the McKinley Bill came into force. The total value of these five exports was, in 1890, $9,291,000; in 1891, $5,580,000.

But for the passage of the McKinley Bill, which was to some extent a retaliatory measure provoked by the reckless policy of the Government, the exports to the United States would have continued to

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be as they were a year or two ago, in excess of those to all other quarters, while the sixty millions of Americans have been transacting one-tenth of their whole business with the five millions of Canadians! As it was, the value of Canadian exports to the United States in 1891, amounted to $38,000,000, considerably more than our trade with any other country. The total value of the reciprocal trade between the United States and Canada was estimated in 1887 at about $55,000,000. It is manifest to any one that a trade with distant countries, carried on under all the disadvantages of transport over thousands of miles of ocean, could never be expected to make up to the population of a farming country for the loss of a market close at hand, provided by a country with sixty millions of people—fond of good living, and, as a rule, almost prodigal in their expenditure. To suppose a "barbed-wire fence" of custom houses erected between England and Scotland would be a parallel falling far short of the fact; for Canada and the United States "march," not for two or three hundred miles of border, but for thousands of miles! The American continent is, indeed, by nature, *one* great country; its northern and southern portions being in the fullest sense complementary to each other, so far as natural products are concerned. There is no natural line of demarcation, and did no fictitious line exist, such a thing would be thought absurd; but, as it is, the United States and Canada divide the North American continent into two nearly equal areas, at present separated, to the loss and detriment of both, by mutually hostile tariffs.

And when we add to the tantalising tariff restrictions the burdens imposed by the Canadian protective system—in taxing the implements and machinery the farmer uses, the clothes he wears, the light he burns, even the seed he sows, if, in order to procure an improved variety, he should cross the border for it—it is not to be wondered at that so many good farms are mortgaged to such an extent as no longer to deserve the name of freeholds, that so many farmers find it hard to keep their heads above water, and that so large a proportion of our most hopeful young men find it easier to cut the knot, by crossing the border and annexing themselves, as naturalised citizens, to the United States, thus becoming lost to Canada, than to remain in their own country and continue the struggle to secure better conditions of life and labour at home.

The heavy protective tax on sugar and coal-oil has been already noticed. On the former article it has been calculated that the community pays annually a tax of about $200,000, mainly for the benefit of a few Canadian refiners who have naturally amassed large fortunes through this fostering care! On the latter, it is computed that the farmers of Canada are annually taxed between $300,000 and $400,000—scarcely one-tenth of which goes into the public treasury. On iron, as the farmer uses it, there is a tax of from 50 to 80 per cent., besides a bounty for every pound of iron produced. Binding

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twine—of course used in large quantities by Canadian farmers—is the subject of perhaps the grossest imposition of all, being taxed a little over three cents per pound, for the benefit of a monopoly called the "Canadian Cordage Company"—really a branch of an American company, which sells this article, so necessary to farmers, *three cents per pound cheaper* in the United States than it is sold in Canada! As the superior British twine is kept out by this tax of three cents per pound, this enterprising company, which owns or controls all the cordage mills in Canada, actually levied on the Canadian farmers, through the co-operation of the Government, a tax of $20,000 on the 14,000 pounds of cordage required for the crop of last year, and of this amount only a paltry $6000 goes towards the Canadian revenue, the remainder going into the pockets of the favoured manufacturers! It is not surprising that their report states their profits for the year at $1,400,000, and the amount of dividend paid at nearly the same sum.

Not less absurd and vexatious is what may be called the tax on knowledge—the high duty imposed on books, maps, type-writers, and other articles connected with education and the diffusion of knowledge. As Canadian literature is still, of course, in its infancy, and Canadian authors are by no means numerous, only a very small proportion of books is annually produced within the Dominion. Canadians are, therefore, mainly dependent on British and American books and periodicals for their intellectual food, while the books required for university libraries not only are not, but cannot, in the nature of the case, be produced in Canada. Yet the duty on all foreign books is 15 per cent.; and this duty has to be paid even on the works of Canadian authors, published outside the Dominion, for the sake of a better market and better terms than Canadian publishers can offer, on account of the comparatively small reading constituency in Canada. And, as the class which most needs high-class books from abroad is the literary class, which, in general, is the worst paid, this tax presses most heavily on those who are least able to bear the burden, and who, if there is to be any hope of the growth of a native literature, should not, in its interests, be thus over-burdened. Similarly, the tax on type-writers, amounting to one-fourth of their value, is equally absurd and unjustifiable, all the more so since type-writers are not made in Canada at all! In fact, the discrimination seems generally in favour of the richer few, as against the poorer and more hard-working many!

Such taxes as these last are, of course, purely revenue taxes, and, though unfortunately placed, might be borne with greater patience if a revenue, which comes, as it necessarily does, out of the pockets of so many poor and struggling citizens, were administered with the prudence and economy that are so desirable. But when there is only too much proof of reckless expenditure, and of what is much

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worse, the squandering of large sums on many local works of doubtful utility, either to buy up whole constituencies for the party in power, or to secure the aid of wealthy manufacturers, contractors, or railway companies, in supplying funds for the purposes of electoral corruption, it is small wonder if disgust with the *status quo* should pre-dispose many towards a change in almost any direction. A few instances of this abuse may be taken almost at random. The following are taken from a speech by Sir Richard Cartwright to his constituents, for the evidence of which he appealed to the public accounts—the Auditor-General's report, and to the official Hansard. And, though the speaker is, without doubt, a keen opponent of the Conservative party, he is well known to be too honourable a warrior to make any statement—as he himself says, "under as grave a sense of responsibility as if he stood in his place in Parliament"—without such evidence as would fully substantiate the same.

He first refers to a line of railway which Sir Charles Tupper,[1] then a Member of Parliament, was anxious to induce the House to construct, with a view to secure certain constituencies in Nova Scotia for the Government in an impending election. In order to secure the consent of the House, he assured it emphatically that, the construction of a bare eighty or eighty-five miles of road would shorten the distance from a large part of Nova Scotia to the rest of Canada, "by from forty to forty-five miles for every pound of freight and every passenger." On this understanding, the House was induced to undertake its construction as a Government work, at a cost of not less than $1,500,000. But, after the railway had been built on this assurance, it was discovered and admitted by Sir John Macdonald himself, then Minister of Railways, that, at the utmost estimate, the distance saved by the road did not exceed *seven* miles! Sir Richard Cartwright moved a resolution censuring this wasteful expenditure of public money, but, instead of furnishing any defence, the resolution was simply voted down by the obedient henchmen of the Government which had incurred the expense.

Another illustration of the same course of action is taken from the same speech, and is even more flagrant in its dispensation of favours at the public expense. A bridge over the St. John river was built by a company at a cost, according to their own estimate, of $375,000. The cost of working and maintaining the bridge was, also on the company's own estimate, expected to cost about $2000, and the amount of expected receipts on tolls was estimated at $30,000. On the pretext that this bridge was built for the public

[1] The present Canadian Commissioner in London. The value set upon his services by the Conservative party may be estimated by the fact that at the election crisis of 1891 Sir John Macdonald sent for him to come and assist the Ministry in the campaign; and that, for his services at that time, including a useless visit to Washington, he received, while drawing his very handsome salary, a special appropriation of ten dollars a day and travelling expenses.

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good, although the project was entirely the company's own, the Government supplied a subsidy of $300,000 at 4 per cent. out of the public funds, adding a bonus or free gift of $30,000 more. Any one who cares to do so can easily compute the interest which this patriotic company would receive on their undertaking, if it succeeded according to their expectations, their profit being about 35 per cent., while on the Government grant of $300,000, exclusive of the bonus, the interest would amount to only 4 per cent.! On the other hand, in the event of failure, the Government would lose $300,000 and the company $45,000! Yet this grant was carried by an overwhelming majority, and even the moderate amendment, proposed by a Liberal, to the effect that the bonus of $30,000 should be applied to reducing the debt of the company to the Government, was decisively voted down.

A third illustration, of perhaps a still graver nature, as involving a trust for helpless wards, was the private sale of a large timber-limit, belonging to the Indian reserve, containing 50,000 acres, without the usual preliminary of notice or advertisement, for the munificent sum of $316, or two-thirds of one cent. per acre, the same limit having been resold within three months for $50,000! It might have been thought that this would have been too much for even a Conservative majority to swallow, but the fact remains that, when a Liberal motion was brought in to censure the Government for such a violation of trust, and so great a wrong done to the Indian wards of the State, the motion, like the others referred to, was simply voted down. These are only a few samples of what has been going on unchecked for years past under the Government of Sir John Macdonald, and so far as can be judged from present indications, there does not seem to be much hope of improvement under the *régime* of his lineal successors. It is small wonder that the exposer of these abuses publicly declared that, "unless such conduct on the part of Ministers and Members of Parliament could be checked and punished, we might as well confess that our representative Government in Canada has become a costly fraud." The pernicious system of perpetually granting favours or subsidies to Government favourites or coveted allies has not only squandered public money in all sorts of local improvements, demanded mainly by private interests, but has, of course, worked still more injuriously in corrupting the electorate, in demoralising the public conscience, and in preventing a calm and dispassionate consideration of the great questions now before the Canadian people, which so seriously affect their national prosperity and even their national destiny. How it acts in this respect may easily be seen from the following quotation from a Ministerialist paper on the eve of a recent election:

"The great majority of the voters who have at heart the interest and welfare of the country and county, realise the utter uselessness



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of voting for a man, who, if elected, would be of no possible use to his constituents, and whose return would be telling the Government that this county had no favours to ask or expect. The town of Welland does want favours; it wants a post-office building, and it wants a new canal-bridge, which it may have good hopes of securing, if the county sends to Ottawa a Government representative. Niagara Falls wants improved post-office regulations, and nearly every municipality in the county is wishing for improvements within the jurisdiction of the Dominion Government. In the face of these facts, it is hardly likely that the people will be *so foolish and short-sighted as to elect an Opposition candidate.*"

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding such inducements, the Liberals of Welland county proved true to their principles, in electing a Liberal candidate, a proof how strong were the convictions which resisted such blandishments! Such pleas might be easily multiplied, replacing post-offices and canals by local railways, or some other coveted improvement. And, of course, this sort of thing spreads, and can be used on either side of the party press. But what hope is there of securing anything like a large-minded patriotism, when such wholesale bribery by open appeal to pecuniary interest, on the part of the professed instructors of the people, can go on unchecked, while the proof of a single petty loan of a few dollars by an agent, even unknown to the candidate, is held to void any election? The Auditor General's report for 1890 shows that, during that year, one conservative paper received nearly $14,000, and another $12,000, while a leading Montreal organ received, on various grounds, more than $20,000! There are other rewards, too, which do not show in tables, by which papers supporting Government are constantly made to feel how greatly it is to their interest to continue "on the right side of politics." It can scarcely be expected that these papers will not do their best, by every means in their power, to maintain the goose that lays the golden eggs, and it will readily be seen how much temptation as well as opportunity, there must necessarily be for plausible misrepresentation, *suppressio veri*, unscrupulous exaggeration, slander of the opposing party, in fact, all the devices which can be used with only too sure success to deceive an unreflecting public. As a large proportion of the electorate depends entirely on its party paper for information in public matters, it is easy to perceive the power which these papers possess of keeping their readers in ignorance of much that might otherwise seriously affect their vote. This is one of the most formidable difficulties in the way of cultivating an intelligent and patriotic public spirit, and of securing an impartial vote on great questions on their own merits. And the fact that such a patriotic public spirit, or any high tone of moral discrimination is, to put it very mildly, by no means a general characteristic of the party press, adds to the difficulty.

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While these pages are being written, the flags drooping at half-mast, express the public mourning for a former Premier of Canada, a man characterised by an incorruptible integrity which has unhappily become a rather rare feature in Canadian politics; a man, who although, through failing health and failing voice, he had virtually passed out of public life, yet retained to the last the affectionate veneration of the Canadian people as no other man of the time can be said to have done. The most enthusiastic partisan of Sir John Macdonald would not attempt the hopeless task of defending his political morality, and there were many who could not join with whole-hearted sympathy in the funeral honours accorded to him. But there is scarcely a Canadian of any political party, who would not stand with doffed hat and unaffected reverence beside the bier of Alexander Mackenzie, a man whose sterling integrity and unselfish patriotism all must acknowledge to have been beyond attack and above reproach. A Scotchman by birth, he rose from the ranks of toil, by dint of sheer native ability and force of character, and, though without advantages of higher education, his strong, terse, and able speeches could, and at times did, turn the tide against the sonorous and high-sounding rhetoric of plausible opponents. During his term of office, he was an able, faithful and laborious Minister, devoted to the interests of his country, and nobly forgetful of his own. The five years of his Premiership were years of pure and honest government that stand out in the present vista of Canadian politics somewhat like an oasis in the desert. His administration was unpretentious in its character, but full of useful, economical and effective work. Among the Acts it passed may be noted, as some of the most important, the General Election Law, the Controverted Elections Act, the Independence of Parliament Act, the Homestead Exemption Act, and the Canadian Pacific Railway Act, which, while it committed the Government of Canada to its construction, did not contemplate either so rapid or so extravagant a rate of construction as was adopted under the succeeding Administration. It was a boon for which the Liberal party of Canada have reason to be duly thankful, that the only term of administration which it has enjoyed since confederation, was moulded and guided by one who, apart from his undoubted intellectual ability, is admitted, by both friend and foe, to have been so true and good a man, "true" as a speaker politically opposed to him has just said, "to his convictions, even when adherence to convictions meant loss, and that is a rare virtue!" His spirit and his political experience are well illustrated by a letter published only since his death, but written during his term of office. It is as follows:

"I would like much to be relieved of the Public Works Department, but I cannot see my way to that at present. It is the great spending department—the possible great jobbing department that

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can make or ruin a Government, at such a time as this, when $25,000,000 are in the power of its head to spend on public works. Friends (?) expect to be benefited by offices they are unfit for, by offices they are not entitled to, by advances not earned. Enemies ally themselves with friends, and push the friends to the front. Some attempt to storm the office. Some dig trenches at a distance, and advance in regular siege form. I feel like the *besieged, lying on my arms night and day.* I have offended at least twenty Parliamentary friends by my defence of the 'citadel.' A weak Minister here would ruin the party in a month, and the country very soon. So I must drudge on as I best may, and carry out the experiment of doing right, whatever happens, trusting to have a majority in the House to sustain me, and when that fails I will go out cheerfully, if not joyfully."

No one informed as to later developments, and believing that the true prosperity of any country must rest on such principles as these, can help wishing that Mr. Mackenzie could have retained office, or else that his successors had been inspired with the same noble spirit of patriotic loyalty and fidelity to duty; that they could have carried out the "experiment of doing right, whatever happens"! In that case, we should not have had corruption rushing in like a flood, and the country in the position in which she stands to-day. But Mr. Mackenzie carried out to the end the line of conduct he here laid down. When, during a time of general depression which Canada shared in common with other countries, an outcry arose for Government interference in imposing protective duties, Mr. Mackenzie stood true to his Free Trade principles and his own convictions as to the effect of a protective policy on the ultimate good of the country. He had soon reason to fear that it would be a losing battle, for Sir John Macdonald and his party industriously fanned a breeze which they felt might waft them back to power; and this prospect, after the recent revelations of the Pacific scandal, could have been no pleasant one to a man of Mr. Mackenzie's rectitude and patriotism. He might have retained power by yielding a little to what he considered a vicious policy, and raising the tariff, generally, to a moderate extent; but he took the position he believed in, and stuck to it, as it was laid down in the following extract from the first of his anti-protection speeches:

"I know that in a period of depression the Government can do a great deal to resuscitate business and induce prosperity; but any prosperity we have is owing, not to legislation, but to the hard work, the industry, the productive powers and energy of our people; and any attempt to bolster our manufactures, by giving them an extravagant amount of protection, would simply amount to the imposition of a heavy amount of taxation on the farmer. The farming interest is the one that sustains this country. We have already given

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to our manufacturers 2½ per cent. more than they had when we came into office, in order to raise a larger revenue. I believe that, if we were to give more, it would simply have the effect of burdening the farmers and others engaged in the natural industries which furnish nearly the whole of our exports, and maintain, directly or indirectly, the greater part of the population in employment. I hope the great mass of the people do not believe that the way to relieve distress is to impose more taxation. The idea is illogical, and does not commend itself to any reasonable mind. Our object is to make this a cheap country to live in."

And, in another speech to working men, he takes up the same position, which has been prophetic to a degree he could hardly have dreamed: "I see you have a motto here, 'Mackenzie, the Working Man's Friend'; but I should like to know how that motto would apply to me if I should, by carrying out Protection for its own sake, by carrying out the *policy* of Protection, make the rich man richer and the poor man poorer; for, after all, that is just what it means. If everything else is to be protected, labour must have its share; and I shall be obliged to nail up a notice at every frontier-town and seaport, and say I am bound to prevent foreigners from coming in to compete with Canadians as artisans and lower their wages. Is there any other conceivable way of protecting labour?"

The results of the protective policy in Canada have been precisely what he here predicted. In a recent speech of Sir Richard Cartwright's on the disappointing results of the last census, he challenges "the fullest investigation, that, in so far as the older provinces of Canada were concerned, during the last twelve years, there has been no real increase in the wealth of the population. A small number of persons have grown rich, a few favoured localities have grown in wealth; but if you make an honest statement of affairs, if you put on one side the enormous increase of your federal debt, of your municipal debt,[1] of your mortgage indebtedness, of your railway debt, and add to that the enormous depreciation of farm property, and the enormous depreciation of value in the case of the majority of towns and villages, and place on the other side all the growth that has taken place in a few localities, it is in the last degree unlikely that the result will show any advance during the last twelve years in the older provinces. We have been doing nothing better than marking time during that interval."

Furthermore, the Canadian workman has had only too clear a proof that what Mr. Mackenzie evidently thought a *reductio ad absurdum* of the protective principle is, indeed, its only logical outcome, in the recent enactments under the present highly protective *régime* of the

[1] In the generally debt-laden condition of Canadian finances, it is only right to notice the honourable exception of the province of Ontario, which, under the long and careful administration of its faithful and honest Premier, the Hon. Oliver Mowat, is not merely out of debt, but has a handsome surplus.

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United States prohibiting the employment of alien labour; so that now every Canadian workman who crosses the border in search of work—as so many Canadians, unhappily, are perforce doing every day—must become a naturalised subject of the Republic, forsaking his allegiance to his native flag, before he can there secure the work he has failed to find in Canada. To this hard necessity are many loyal Canadians now reduced!

We shall quote one more passage from Mr. Mackenzie's speeches, which is of even graver import, and has, like the former, been only too sadly justified by recent events:—"It is a small matter that a political leader, or a whole batch of political leaders, should be swept out of power. A fresh generation is always coming to the front, and the places supposed to be emptied to the destruction of the country can be filled with men as capable as those who preceded them. But, sir, it is quite another and a different thing for political leaders who have been pronounced guilty of a great national wrong, and have not repented, to seek to be restored to office. Let no such theory as that obtain countenance! Better, a thousand times, that our leaders, whether Tory or Liberal, should suffer the just punishment of their sins, than that the great safeguard of good government, the moral sense of the people, should be dulled and blunted by the condonation of crime!"

There are modern prophets who, like Cassandra, can reap no satisfaction in the fulfilment of their predictions, even though this may prove their own personal insight. To Mr. Mackenzie's staunch uprightness it must have been no light trial in his declining days, after having had the reins he dropped taken up by an impenitent leader who had been proved guilty of a national wrong, to witness the gradual but sure accomplishment of the results here foretold, in the growth of corruption and "the blunting of the moral sense of the people." It is a painful descent from the high tone of patriotism and integrity that inspires the words we have been quoting, to the low tone of political morality that seems to dominate Canada to-day.

The scandals revealed at Ottawa, in the course of last summer, have been the subject of such full and free comment by leading English journals, that lengthened reference to them here is needless. But though they showed plainly enough that the canker of corruption had eaten its way deeply into Canadian official life, and that members of the Government were implicated in scandals most damaging to their political integrity, yet these exposed abuses of official power have not been visited with the prompt and decisive condemnation and punishment that overtook the perpetrators of the "Pacific Scandal." It has been remarked by independent journals, and by independent Conservatives, that no such strong revulsion of feeling followed upon the more recent disclosures as that which

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burst forth, in righteous indignation, on the former occasion. It is the old story of vice, "seen too oft with too familiar face," ceasing to inspire the same abhorrence as on its first appearance. Parliamentary inquiries did, indeed, follow, but they have been markedly unsatisfactory, if not perfunctory. There has been a too evident disposition to visit all the penalty on subordinate offenders, while letting the principals go free (though this severity was observed only in cases where it was necessary in order to shield the higher offenders); and departmental officials accused of malfeasance, and suspected on that account, have actually been allowed the payment of their salaries during the time of suspension, thus reducing the penalty of their misdeeds to a merely nominal disgrace. A thoroughly discredited Minister did, indeed, feel himself compelled to resign office, but was permitted to retain his seat in Parliament, and on returning, after a short period of retirement, to resume it, was actually received with the cheers of his former associates! Another Minister, under the cloud of a personal scandal, which has never been cleared away, has, in what seemed an insulting defiance of the moral sentiment of the community, been promoted to one of the most responsible positions in the Cabinet. At the present moment, the late Minister of Militia and present Postmaster-General is the subject of a grave charge brought against him on the floor of Parliament—that of receiving large sums out of grants of public money voted to Canadian railways as subsidies, or bonuses, and having used them for the purpose of corruptly influencing the electors, during a number of years past. It is alleged in the charge that, during the general election of 1887 alone, more than $100,000 of such public funds were received from the railway companies to which they had been granted for very different purposes, and appropriating them to corrupting and securing for the Government no fewer than *twenty-two* constituencies in the Province of Quebec, a number sufficient to furnish the Government majority in that contest. So grave a charge, made by a Member of Parliament from his place in the House, under a sense of the grave responsibility which rests on any man in so doing, ought, one should suppose, to be met by a prompt readiness to grant the fullest investigation, which could, of course, only result in clearing the accused, supposing him to be innocent. Yet, when the charges were first formally made, a strangely anomalous spectacle was presented—that of the *Minister of Justice* endeavouring to burke the charge against his colleague, and elude the demanded investigation, on such flimsy and quibbling pretexts as that the case was not one for Parliament but for the election courts (which on account of the lapse of time could not now take cognisance of it); that the charges were not worded with sufficient definiteness; that they were outlawed by time; and even that the accused Minister, *while continuing in office as a Minister*, could not be called a Member of Parliament

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during the time of its dissolution, and therefore was not responsible to the House even for corrupt acts committed during the interval! It would be difficult to imagine such pleas seriously set up in St. Stephens by a Minister of the Crown, or even to imagine an English M.P. willing to condescend to such a means of eluding inquiry. It is pleasant to be able to record that more than one Conservative Member protested as strongly as did the Liberal leaders against the admission of such pitiable pleas—the more pitiable that they are made in the face of the "Right Honourable" Speaker's public assurance, only three months before, that the Government of which he was a member was "pledged to investigate, root out, and punish wrong-doing wherever they found it;" and that "if any one had any evidence of wrong-doing against any official or Member of Parliament, be he private Member or Minister, he *pledged his honour* that the fullest investigation should be made, and the information used in the prosecution and punishment of the guilty party." Of course such assurances are being brought to the front now by the Liberal press, and, although the Tory papers generally seemed disposed to support the obstructionary policy, it is still hoped, for the credit of the Canadian Parliament, that the pressure of public opinion will yet convince the Government that such a course can only lead to its own discredit and loss. Of course, notwithstanding the denial of the accused Minister, any shrinking from the fullest investigation could only be construed, by all save extreme partisans, into evidence of the truth of the charges thus evaded.

Very different was the attitude of the Conservative leaders and journals, when similar charges were made, last summer, against Count Mercier, the late socalled "Liberal" Premier of Quebec. Not only was the fullest and promptest investigation demanded, but the Conservative Lieutenant-Governor, somewhat straining his prerogative, hurried him out of office, without waiting to consult his parliament, on a majority report of the judges appointed to examine the evidence, sending for the leader of the Opposition to form a new Ministry. And the strength of the sentiment of justice in the Province of Quebec was shown by the result of the Provincial elections there last March, when, in spite of the personal influence and desperate efforts of the discredited Premier, and his adroit appeals to the race-prejudices of the French Canadians, he suffered a crushing defeat which forced him to retire from political life. The Conservative influence was strenuously used to bring about this righteous retribution, but could scarcely have secured it without the disinterested co-operation of the Liberals of Quebec, who deliberately sacrificed the chance of a party triumph for the sake of helping to gain a moral victory; and this although, with the *personnel* of the new administration, they could have no very sanguine hopes for the future. But they felt it a stern duty, at all hazards, to free

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themselves from a leader whom they did not esteem even a true Liberal, and who was forced upon them by the misguided policy of a few so-called party leaders. As the ultramontane principles of the present Premier are no more to their taste than the "boodling"[1] tendencies of his predecessor, while his Cabinet, as a whole, is by no means clear from the latter imputation, the English Liberals, with a section of the French, hold themselves in a measure independents, with a view to adopting, hereafter, such a policy as they may see to be for the good of the province and of the country at large. And the Liberals, generally, have hailed the downfall of Mercier—to which the honest indignation of the French Canadians largely contributed—as a welcome precedent, for the sake of the political morality of the country. *Sic semper tyrannis!* and no tyrants are more dangerous than those who use the mask of constitutional power to cover and promote their own schemes of selfish aggrandisement.

The present Ottawa Government is considered, even by independent journals, to have somewhat "lost its head" under the "run of luck" it has so far enjoyed. Sir John Macdonald's methods still seem to flourish, although his personal influence is removed. In the bye-elections held during the last few months in a number of constituencies where the members—both Conservative and Liberal—had been unseated on evidence of bribery by agents, the gain has been largely on the Conservative side. Various causes have been assigned for what has been called "the Liberal Sedan." Charges of corruption have been freely made, and are by no means incredible, in the face of recent revelations of Conservative party methods. Then the abundant harvest of last year helped to make the farmers less sensible of the burdens under which they labour, and much more amenable to plausible cajolery.

Moreover, in addition to these factors, and to the systematic bribery by promises of local favours which has been already noticed, the Government repeated, with good effect, the expedient which had been found to work so well on the eve of the preceding general election. Although their party policy had been repeatedly declared to be hostile to any measure of reciprocity with the United States, and although it was a foregone conclusion to all well informed people in Canada, that the United States Government would never listen to any proposition for reciprocity in *natural products alone*, since such a measure would obviously be contrary to the interests of their own country, it was declared, about the time when the bye-elections were proceeding, that a delegation of the Canadian Government was about to proceed to Washington to discuss a partial measure of reciprocity,

[1] An ugly word, meaning an uglier thing! Invented in the United States, about the time of the "Tammany Ring," it has of late years become a "household word" in Canadian politics.

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and, as on the previous occasion, this declaration exercised considerable weight on the popular vote, since the farmers generally were quite willing to support a Government which could offer them any prospect of reciprocity in natural products. The delegation accordingly went to Washington, and, as the Liberals had predicted, utterly failed in coming within sight of any measure of the kind, and returned to assure Parliament that no measure of reciprocity would ever be considered by Congress, which did not involve a common tariff, and discrimination against Great Britain. The Liberal leaders pointed out, with much force, that no very brilliant success in this direction could be expected by delegates who, by their own admission, had put forward, in the first place, all the *difficulties* in the way of arriving at any feasible agreement, and had even asked the United States representatives to inform them how, in the event of a general reciprocity, they were to succeed in raising the Canadian revenue! In fact, it is not likely with the past record of the Conservative Government, with reference to the United States, and with the fear of the manufacturing protectorate before their eyes, that any Conservative Cabinet could ever hope to conclude a general reciprocity treaty with the United States Government.

We have not time to glance at some lesser iniquities at present endorsed by the Conservative Government. One or two seats, known to have been *captured*, not *won*, by sufficiently discreditable methods, are retained for the candidates thus returned, notwithstanding the protests of respectable independent journals. And unfortunately there are elements in the mixed composition of the population of Canada—as distinct from the Canadian people—which greatly facilitates bribery. Through an indiscriminate emigration policy, which has brought out, in many cases, a class of emigrants totally unfit to contend with the conditions of Canadian country labour, there is now in all our cities a considerable proportion of the lowest and most debased class of English poor, shiftless and thriftless, who are utterly untrained to regard the franchise as a privilege to be exercised under the responsibility of duty, and are ready to consider their own interests as by far the most important, in the casting of their votes. And as it often happens that these men are suffering from want of work at the very time of an election, it is not strange if they are only too ready to sell their birthright as freemen for a few dollars to buy food for their hungry families. Less excusable, however, is the low moral tone too prevalent among men in much better circumstances, who will actually argue, without shame, that a man has a right to sell his vote if he please. And, unhappily, there are men—and women too—from whom better things might have been expected, who are equally ready to take advantage of this disposition in both classes,

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when they think that their own personal interests will be promoted by so doing. It is notorious, moreover, that there is always a ragged fringe to the community in the shape of a number of unprincipled "toughs" who regularly wait to be bought, and whose late arrival at the polls is often taken as a sign that the purchasing process has begun, though usually so cautiously conducted, that it is extremely difficult to obtain any legal proofs. At the recent Provincial election in Montreal already referred to, when great efforts were made by a number of Conservative and Liberal young men to secure electoral purity, some of these "toughs," finding the market dull, actually offered their votes as low as *fifteen cents apiece*, and when, to their surprise, even *this* offer was declined, came down to *a quid of tobacco*, and finally left the polls, declaring that the unbought votes would not be polled on that occasion. But where men high in office and living in luxury, permit themselves to accept or offer bribes to ensure their retention of office, it is not to be expected that a half starving labourer will not try to make enough out of his vote to procure for himself and his family a sorely needed meal. It has been forcibly pointed out in Parliament that it is simple treason to the Constitution as well as breach of Parliamentary trust for a Minister to permit himself to accept gifts from those who have interested motives for purchasing his favour. And a bribe is a bribe, whether the official is a high or a low one—whether it takes the form of diamonds for his wife, or "brass dogs" for his family hearth.

It has been a favourite Conservative device to charge the Liberal party with belittling the resources of Canada, exaggerating its reverses, and, in general, taking a pessimistic view of the situation. They cannot certainly be charged with the fault of "prophesying smooth things," whatever their opponents may have done in the line; but, as the latter persistently turn public attention towards the bright side alone, the Liberals have been obliged to undertake the less agreeable but necessary office of exposing the dark one. And certainly the revelation made by the official returns of the census taken last year appears fully to justify their worst forebodings. With all the efforts that have been made to turn the tide of emigration into the fertile wilderness of her virgin territory, with all the millions expended on her public works in order to promote such a settlement, with all the glowing representations of her vaunted prosperity, under a protective *régime*, the stubborn fact remains, that, during the past decade, while the American republic has made such tremendous strides, Canada's increase of population has been little more than *half* a million, although the number of immigrants alone amounted to nearly 900,000. No one can, however, marvel very much at this, who is aware how Canada is being perpetually drained of her most promising and enterprising sons, *more than one million* of Canadians

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having gone, during the last few years, to settle in the United States, while numbers more are continually following them. Every large American city contains a community of Canadians, large enough to make a respectable Canadian town. Thus one-fifth of the best class of its population is being continuously lost to Canada, partly in consequence of the greater opportunities on the other side of the line, and partly in consequence of the burdensome effect of the "National Policy" on *this*. And, as it is naturally from the *young* men of a country that the Liberal party is most readily and energetically recruited, this exodus has been one of the several concurring causes which have retarded the growth and weakened the strength of the Liberal party, which, but for this circumstance, might have been now at the helm of the State. At the natural rate of increase, the population should have grown by more than a million, which, added to increase by immigration, would have exceeded two millions, while its actual growth has been little more than a fourth of that amount. Such a result as this in such a country as Canada, must have its explanation, and that cannot lie in any poverty of natural resource, in any lack of enterprise on the part of her sons (as is proved by the success of so many Canadians in the United States). There seems to be no way out of the explanation supplied, not only by the leaders of the Liberal party, but by numerous independent testimonies, that it is mainly due to the vicious trade policy which has governed her administration during the past decade.

That a change of front in some direction is necessary, seems to be apparent to all, except the present Government, though even *they* have shown traces of a feeling that relaxation is necessary in some direction. They are not likely to move, otherwise than as permitted by their masters of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the manufacturers whose interests are as much opposed to Free Trade with Britain as to reciprocity with the United States. But there are strong currents at work among the people at large; and by-and-by, in spite of all that political dexterity can do, some one of these currents will grow strong enough to absorb the others, and sweep away every opposing barrier.

Perhaps the strongest of these currents has hitherto been that of unrestricted reciprocity, the *raison d'être* of which has already been referred to at some length. On such a continent as ours, with railways and water-ways, laboriously and extensively adapted to carry trade uninterruptedly from east to west, and from north to south, with the greatest possible facility, it seems an almost incredible inconsistency to dam up the beneficent current of natural exchange by an arbitrary line, just where its free course would be of the greatest and most obvious advantage. It has been argued, with what seems convincing clearness, that, by virtue of her geographical position, Canada must be, *commercially*, an *American* country. Nothing can alter the fact that she belongs unalterably to the American continent; and,

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when, in a "Pan-American Congress," such as occurred last year, she has neither voice nor vote, it is clear that her interests must suffer, and those of her continent, as well. The close and inevitable connection between her and the United States is shown, *inter alia*, in the fact that Canada has been obliged to adopt their railway guage, their system of currency, of weights and measures, and even, with some grumbling and protest, their current style of orthography. Nay, more, the Canadian Government has lately been forced to adopt their schedule of sugar duties. American vessels are privileged to traverse Canadian canals on the same terms with British ones,[1] while the Canadian Pacific Railway is more and more becoming an American thoroughfare. With all these tempting facilities of interchange, trade is brought up short at the frontier by tariff restrictions, and Canadians are denied the natural right of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, and, of course, of trading freely with the million of their own people now settled on the other side of the frontier. And it is evident that, while in an enormous and thickly peopled country like the United States, with its great variety of climate, a protective system may prevail with the least amount of injury, Canada, with its generally northerly climate, its more limited productiveness, and the natural divisions that separate its scattered population, is one of the last countries in which such a system can be maintained without great loss and injury, and without constant temptation to inevitable smuggling. Moreover, and this is no minor evil, protection lends itself most readily to official corruption, railway despotism, and the abuse of the powers of local governments in granting subsidies which too often divert public funds to the corruption of the electorate. All these evils, it is predicted, would speedily disappear or be greatly diminished by the measure of unrestricted reciprocity, which would set the trade of the continent free to follow its natural course, and to fulfil the evident intention of a beneficent Providence.

Were there no drawbacks to such advantages, unrestricted reciprocity could scarcely be delayed by any influence whatever; but to these manifest benefits are opposed some apparently serious objections. One of the most influential of these—to many minds—is the unfortunate circumstance, that, through the narrow protective policy at present dominant in the United States, reciprocity would necessary involve discrimination against Great Britain, which would seem unnatural—if not disloyal—in one of her dependencies, and further, that it would in time lead in the direction of assimilation with and eventual absorption in the American Republic. An obvious economic objection is that it would involve Canada in the action of

[1] Such, at least, is the plain meaning of the treaty provisions. But this is practically circumvented by an annual rebate of tolls, in favour of Montreal shippers, in order to give that city an advantage over certain American ports, scarcely a *British* way of "getting round" an inconvenient treaty right.

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the great American "combines," which have rapidly grown to such enormous proportions, that it would be detrimental to certain Canadian industries; and that it would tend to divert business from some Canadian centres to other American ones. To the latter class of objections, the advocates of reciprocity reply that while there might be some temporary and local losses, the great gain to the whole country would more than counterbalance these, that the agricultural population would cease to gravitate to the cities to seek enployment in artificially forced industries, that these would give place to such as are more natural, and, therefore, more advantageous, and that the operation of "combines" is always more oppressive in a small nation like Canada, than when spread over such a population as that of the United States. On the other hand, they maintain that there could be no injury to Britain in following a trade policy that would so greatly increase the prosperity of her dependency and the returns on her investments, while the small difference to her actual trade at present would be such as she would scarcely feel. In support of this contention, they refer to high English authorities, as, for instance, John Bright, who long ago maintained that Canada's best interests lay in freedom of trade with the United States, with which the fact of difference of government should not be allowed to interfere. It has also been stated in the House of Lords, on behalf of the Government, so late as 1889, by Lord Onslow, that Canada had the right to make the most advantageous trade regulations in her power; and that Britain could raise no objection if she were discriminated against. With these and other similar expressions of British opinion, the advocates of reciprocity think that they can afford to disregard any partisan cries of "disloyalty," especially as it is *reciprocity*, not *commercial union*, that they advocate—*i.e.*, not a *common tariff*, but a mutual *accommodation* of tariffs; and there are indications in the tone of the best class of American thinkers and politicians, that the present extreme policy of protection will not be of long continuance.

Furthermore, such a measure would terminate the present irritating difference between Newfoundland and the Canadian and Home Governments, and, by assimilation of interest, would tend to draw this outlying member of British North America into the confederation to which she ought naturally to belong. And they also contend that so far from having any tendency towards annexation or absorption into the United States unrestricted reciprocity would tend in the reverse direction by removing the strong inducements that now lead a good many Canadians to regard annexation as a ready relief, in the last resort, from the vexations and disadvantages of a handicapped and restricted trade. And they maintain that the "ultimate result is certain; that there are latent forces moving in this direction" to which the Liberal party, as a whole, has for years past committed itself.

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A small section of "Imperial Federationists," dreading what they believe to be the tendency of unrestricted reciprocity to ultimate absorption into another nation, have revived the old motto that "trade follows the flag," insisting also on the converse that "the flag will follow trade." The movement was originally started as a sort of offset to the strong current which, prior to the last general election, had evidently set in for continental Free Trade, and was stemmed only by the herculean exertions of the opposite party, including the use of such doubtful methods as have been already indicated. The dream of the Imperial Federationists, for at present it amounts to nothing more, is that of a federated empire, having its centre of representation in London—a Zollverein, with preferential duties against the outside world, uniting its members by commercial no less than political ties; a dream, which, like many other dreams, appears somewhat difficult to materialise into any definite form. There are several obstacles in the way that seem almost insurmountable. One of these is that Great Britain is not in the least likely to depart from her established Free Trade policy in order to arrange a "preferential tariff." Then the immense distances that separate the countries concerned must necessarily preclude anything like an equal representation, the remote members of which, of course, in order to deserve the name of a confederation, would have to stand side by side with Britain as her *equals* and not, in any sense, her dependencies. Not to speak of the heterogeneous *mélange* of races such a federation would present, the question of peace and war would introduce a perplexing problem. The great mass of Canadians would, as time goes on, be less and less willing to follow Britain into the always possible embroilments of European politics, or into such wars as have, of late years, been forced on by the "Jingo" element in English politics; nor, it is to be feared, would the representatives of countries so remote as Canada or Australia have any appreciable effect on a "strong foreign policy." *En revanche*, Britain would be always exposed to the possibility of "difficulties" with the United States, on account of the clashing of American and Canadian interests, as may be inferred from the recent Behring Sea complication, in which it would have been most unfortunate for all concerned, if, in order to satisfy the selfish desires of a few sealers, which might or might not be actually Canadian, any hostile collision should have occurred. It may be further remarked, in discussing the practicability of such a federation, that Canada is quite differently situated from Australia, and that any federation scheme which would be really serviceable to Canada would have to include the great kindred nation to the south of her.

Besides the current of feeling just indicated, we may place that of the small, but growing, national party which looks forward to Canada's attaining her majority, and ultimately "fronting the world

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alone," of course with the full consent of the mother country. They maintain that the peaceful severance of the formal tie would make little practical difference in the relations of the two countries, while it would relieve Britain of all sources of future embarrassment with the American Government; since, apart from Canada, these two great nations could never have any imaginable sources of jealousy or hostility, while Canada might be a possible link to draw them into closer relations in the future. Moreover, Canada deprived of British arms, would have all the more reason to avoid occasions of hostility, and promote amicable relations with her powerful neighbour, while working out her own individual destiny, side by side with a nation whose territory is already so almost unmanageably great, that it would have little temptation towards coercing an unwilling acquisition; it is not in harmony with the course of past history to conceive so vast and unwieldy an empire as the continent of America would become, under the dominion of a single government. As a neighbouring independent State, in closest relations of amity and commerce, Canada might thus reap all the obvious advantages of continental Free Trade, without what many would regard as the disadvantages of political union with a nation of such a mixed composition and character as is the American Republic.

Notwithstanding such considerations, however, there is undoubtedly a pretty strong under-current of annexation feeling at work, which is being strengthened by the present vexatiously hampered conditions of trade under a war of tariffs. This under-current naturally runs strongest where there are one or two removes from British birth, and among Canadians of other than British extraction. It is to be traced in both the great political parties; and, curiously enough, some staunch Conservatives, even of British birth, will admit their belief when pressed, that—sentiment apart—the best thing for the country would be annexation. This latest movement, which does not come prominently into view, because it may be broadly said to be unpopular, has, nevertheless, some able and open propagandists. Mr. Goldwin Smith, whose high character and literary *prestige* give an exceptional weight to his opinion, consistently and fearlessly maintains the position he has taken, ever since he has made Canada his home, and interested himself actively in her welfare, that annexation is the only satisfactory and possible solution of the problem of the future of Canada. A public convention for the purpose of discussing annexation was recently held in Ontario, but failed to elicit any indications of popular support; many people who really desire it being afraid of the odium in which it is held by a large section of the people.

In conclusion, two divergent eddies of individual opinion, in addition to the main currents already sketched, may be briefly indicated. One of these, advocated by two or three independent journals, has been most fully urged in a recent "open letter" to Mr.

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Laurier, the Liberal leader, from Senator Boulton, a recent supporter of the "N. P." In this he advocates the bold adoption of a universal Free Trade policy, which, he predicts, would prove as beneficial to Canada as a similar one did to England, when Sir Robert Peel, though a high protectionist, saw that the only means of averting commercial disaster lay in the abolition of the Corn Laws, and of *legislation in favour of special interests*, and so allied himself with the party which held Liberal trade views, but had not the political strength to carry them into effect. Of course, the Liberal party has always held and advocated Liberal trade views, but at present, the Canadian people is not educated up to the point of enduring temporary loss for the sake of its eventual benefits, or of bearing the direct taxation which would, in present circumstances, be required for the necessary revenue. Since the foregoing pages were written, a Liberal member moved in the House of Commons the unconditional reduction of the duty on British goods, in amendment to a motion of the Imperial Federationists, moving a similar reduction, *on condition of a preferential admission of Canadian goods to the United Kingdom.* By a straight party vote, the amendment was voted down. But while a Free Trade policy could not at present be introduced by any party, with any hope of success, the Liberals believe that the next best thing is a continental Free Trade, which they hope might in time lead in the direction of a still more Liberal policy.

The other divergence referred to, is expounded in an able and interesting volume, entitled *The New Empire*, by Mr. O. A. Howland, a Canadian barrister, and deserves a fuller notice than can be given at the end of an already extended article. The author takes as the key of his position the claim of equal citizenship, originally made by the first British colonies in America—the non-recognition of which led to that unhappy rift in British North America—the consequences of which the Canadian people are now so keenly feeling. He believes that by retracing the steps which caused that unfortunate breach, and moving in the direction of Free Trade, an international Court, a Governor-General, who should be at once the representative of the British Cabinet and of the Canadian Privy Council, and a general policy of "reconciliation and practical unification," a wider federation might yet unite the divided sections of the English-speaking people, "prompted by the inspiring conviction of a world-wide England, and world-wide equality of citizenship." It is a noble idea; and, if the "progress of the suns" shall yet accomplish it, such a federation would doubtless be productive, not only of continental, but of world-wide blessing.

But this is a dream of the future, and we need to provide for the present. In the "multitude of counsellors" is said to "lie wisdom." But Canada's present diversity of counsellors is, to say the least of it, perplexing. In which of the voices that now solicit



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her ear, is she to hear the call that shall secure to her the best and fullest development of which she is capable? Might she not, like young maidens in similar perplexity—ask the best advice her mother can bestow? Certainly, the suggestions which able and unbiased Englishmen might give, after making themselves thoroughly acquainted with the conditions at first-hand, *not* through party channels, might be of great use in the present juncture, especially as *they* could stand in no danger of party misrepresentation of spirit and motive. At present, with her large and increasing debt, her scarcely increasing population, and the swarms of hungry parasites that drain her life-blood, her need is urgent. She lies, bound hand and foot, beneath a double despotism; while a fine invisible network of corruption—closely woven about her—prevents her from attempting her own release. From whence shall come the deliverer—with the Ithuriel spear that shall set her free? Meantime she waits and hopes!

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# THE SETTLEMENT OF INDUSTRIAL DISPUTES BY LAW.

FEW thoughtful persons can have witnessed the loss and suffering often caused by strikes and lock-outs without wishing that we had a more excellent way for the settlement of such differences; and it is the object of this short paper to put forward suggestions which, if practicable, would tend to lessen the chances of industrial strife. In a complex community like ours, where the conditions of life are such that the well-being of all is influenced by the actions of each, there can be no two opinions as to the desirability of taking any steps which seem calculated to diminish the possibility of conflicts between capital and labour, or to neutralise the evil effects produced by the collision of forces which, however hostile they may at times appear to be, are nevertheless constrained to act in a manner which implies, if it does not acknowledge, the obligations which they owe to each other; for so long as the present relations between capital and labour continue, the prosperity of each will depend upon the co-operation of both.

In considering schemes for the settlement of labour disputes by law, three main considerations present themselves: first, to what extent should the principle of compulsion be applied; secondly, by whom should it be enforced; and, thirdly, what penalties, if any, should be imposed for non-compliance with the law?

To deal with the first consideration, it may be observed that the suggested interference between capital and labour can only be justified in cases where it is manifest that the dispute is liable to affect adversely the interests of the adjacent community as a whole. The number of men, and the magnitude of the interests affected, must supply the only reason which can justify the adoption of the principle of compulsion, and it is only in large disputes that the law should step between employer and workman. To organise a system of compulsory settlement for dealing with petty disputes is impracticable, for it would involve the establishment of machinery which would be costly, cumbersome, and unnecessarily meddlesome. Moreover, the suggested legislation would be regarded as a new departure, and for this reason it is desirable that its application should be circumscribed and experimental rather than far-reaching; for it

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is seldom wise to press for an extensive application of a new method: to attempt to do on too great a scale what has not been tried before.

But considering the diversity of our industries and the manner in which they depend one upon another, the way in which labour disputes often extend over large districts owing to concerted action on the part of the men or employers by means of their associations; when we consider the want of uniformity in the conditions under which disputes take place, it is manifest that a wholesale and arbitrary application of the principle of compulsion is well nigh impossible, and that it should only be resorted to in special cases on the advice of those whose representative position and knowledge of the circumstances would enable them to speak with authority. Who then should put the law in motion? It is difficult to see that this power could be in better hands than those of the Town Council where the dispute was about to take place. When a dispute was pending the officials of the employers' and workmen's associations should be required to inform the mayor of the town as to the number of men likely to be affected. In counties, the chairman of the County Council might be supplied with this information. The evidence thus obtained, on being laid before the Town or County Council, as the case might be, would enable such body to determine whether the magnitude and probable consequences of any dispute were such as to make an appeal to law necessary or advisable. In cases where compulsory settlement was in their judgment advisable, the Town or County Council should have power to summon the representatives of the parties to the dispute to appear before a court presided over by a Commissioner appointed by the Board of Trade, who should act as umpire between arbitrators not connected with the dispute, but chosen in equal number by the parties concerned, who might either plead their own case or be represented by counsel, the awards of such a court to be binding for a stated time, or it might be provided that they should hold good until appealed against by a decisive majority, say two-thirds, of one or other of the parties affected by the award. The attendance of those summoned to appear at court might be enforced in the usual manner.

Now, these suggestions are doubtless open to criticism from many standpoints, but they may contain the principles of a plan which would be an improvement on present methods. The Town or County Council would have nothing to do with the merits of the dispute: upon the points involved they would be required to express no opinion; their function would only be to determine the method of settlement. As representatives of the general interests of the community they would be able to speak with an impartial and authoritative voice, and in many cases it would be a misnomer to describe the power thus exerted as compulsion; for, generally speaking, it

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may be said that both employers and workmen are in favour of arbitration as a means of settling their disputes. But while they may be in favour of arbitration as individuals, under the influence of passion in the stress of conflict, they reject it collectively. What is wanted in most cases is a court of appeal, before which both would be required to appear at the instance of an impartial authority, without either side being suspected of submission or humiliation.

Though many would be inclined to question the wisdom of making a law unless steps are taken to enforce its verdicts by penalties, it would be somewhat bold to suggest any such method of compelling agreement to decisions on matters such as those which give rise to the differences between capital and labour. Aggravated and prolonged disputes are not so much caused by aversion of the parties to the principle of arbitration, as they are the result of the difficulty of getting either of them to suggest that mode of settlement. Strained relations lead each side to stand upon its "dignity" in a manner which often renders their approach impossible, whereas, if they could be brought face to face by some representative authority at the commencement of their disagreement, matters would be amicably settled. There is little doubt that the authority of a court established by law, and called into requisition by a body such as a Town or County Council, whose representative character would enable it to interpret the general interest, would not only tend to prevent disputes, but aid in their settlement, while the more orderly and dignified method of procedure would add to the gravity of the decisions of such a court. And penalties to enforce the awards given by an authority established by law would not be so necessary as may be supposed, for, in a sense, the verdict of the court would be the voice of the public, and neither workmen nor employers can afford to disregard public opinion to any considerable extent. It may be objected that the verdict of such a court might be impracticable, or of such a nature as to render it impossible for it to be carried out by either side. But this could only occur under circumstances where the evidence was very conflicting or exceedingly complex, and in such cases the court could abstain from giving an award, and thus guard against giving an erroneous decision in the same manner as certain other courts when they return an open verdict.

Many would condemn the proposals set forth in this paper as an interference with "the liberty of the subject." But it may be permissible to ask how far the liberty of the subject is respected under the present system of industrial warfare? As every one who has the slightest knowledge of what takes place during industrial disputes is aware, in many cases the workmen and their employers, whose differences are the direct cause of the dispute, form but a small minority of the total number of those affected by the stoppage which takes place through their disagreement. In various parts of the country there

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have been recently disputes of a new type—disputes not between employers and workmen, but between the workmen themselves, as to who should do certain classes of work. In a recent case a dispute took place on the Tyne between three hundred engineers and about forty plumbers as to who should do certain work, the result being that in a few days some sixteen thousand men were thrown idle. Matters trivial in themselves, and directly affecting only a small minority of men, frequently lead to the suspension of the industry of a populous district. It is idle to talk of the liberty allowed to the subject under a system where the comfort and the convenience of the majority is dependent upon the caprice of a small minority. The future of our commerce demands that the reciprocity of obligation between capital and labour should be more implicitly recognised; an advancing civilisation requires that men should settle their disputes by a reference to reason and not to force; and the peace of the community can only be secured by regulations which give it a voice in the control of forces which touch it at every point.

Though conflicts between capital and labour may be inevitable, the community has surely some right to see that they are carried on in the manner least injurious to itself. While some may question our right to deprive two men of their liberty to differ, few will deny our right to prevent them throwing stones into the fields of their neighbours. Freedom does not consist in allowing a tyrannical minority to do as it likes, and the rights of the community can only be protected by laws framed with the object of restricting the "freedom" of individuals or corporations into whose hands there has passed exceptional power. The significance of the word "freedom" depends upon the connection in which it is used. Though a dispute between a farmer and his servants may be of little public consequence, a difference between gas-stokers or railway-servants and their employers may mean darkness to a city or a partial collapse of the commerce of the country, and a measure of freedom in the hands of an ordinary citizen may become tyranny in those of a monopolist, or of a body of men whose association with one another enables them to assert their "rights" in a manner opposed to the general interest.

Labour disputes are, generally speaking, finally settled by an appeal to conciliation, but often it is not until one or both sides think that they have had enough of the struggle that recourse is had to this means of settlement. What is done at the close of the struggle should be tried at the beginning. There is some reason to suppose that the vast body of reasonable workmen would acquiesce in a practicable scheme of compulsory settlement, which might be the means of delivering them from those irksome and costly struggles in which might is too often pitted against right. In conclusion, the writer

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is conscious that the suggestions made may be crudely put forward, but this paper is written in the hope that the subject may attract the attention of those more competent to deal with the questions raised. The matter is one of grave practical importance, for there is no doubt that the uncertain relations often existing between capital and labour in certain districts have a tendency to lead to the placing of orders elsewhere. Even if the suggested legislation were permissive good might be done. The adoption of any plan which would make a strike or lock-out the last resort instead of the first would be a distinct gain; the one certainty of such struggles being, not that justice is done, but that the weakest is sent to the wall.

W. L. Stobart.

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# RATIONAL SUPERVISION: OUR EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM.

At the last annual conference of the National Union of Teachers, Sir William Hart Dyke, Vice-President of the Council of Education, suggested that the time had come when some modification of the present plan of examining *every* elementary school once a year might in the interests of education be introduced. The Executive of that body have since taken up the question, and at one of their recent meetings, Mr. Pope, an ex-President of the Union, well-known to the educational world as an uncompromising foe of payment by results, brought forward a resolution, proposing that inspectors should no longer be compelled to examine schools formally at the end of each financial year, but that the school report should be based on data furnished by intermittent inspection. The unanimous adoption of the resolution marks an important step in the direction of educational reform, as it amounts to a virtual declaration on the part of the Union that it will wage unceasing warfare against the present system.

As stated in the discussion, the chief advantages that would accrue from such a change were:—

(1) The school year throughout the whole country might be made to commence on the same day, thus preventing the enormous waste of time which the present system often entails on children who have to remove from one district to another.

(2) The arbitrary division of pupils into standards, which is necessitated by the present piecework plan, could be abolished; and,

(3) Inspectors would then be in a position to know not only *what* had been done in a school during the year, but also *how* it had been accomplished.

Further it was pointed out that the adoption of such a plan would necessitate two things:

(1) The complete dissociation of monetary payments from the results of inspection—in other words, the utter abolition of payment by results; and

(2) A complete change in the distribution of the inspectorate

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by the creation of *one*-man areas; each inspector would have allotted to him a district in which he would "feel it to be his duty to foster the schools and see what work they were doing, not according to his own ideas only, but judged by information gleaned from master minds throughout the country."

Such is a brief outline of the scheme as gathered from the official report, but, in appealing to an audience thoroughly conversant with the evils of the present system, so much has been taken for granted by the speakers, that it is absolutely necessary, if the ordinary reader is to appreciate the grounds for such a change, to point out in what respects the examination system has failed.

Prior to 1862, Government grants were awarded more for educational *machinery* than for "results." That year, however, saw the introduction of an unfortunate change in the method of apportioning State grants. Commercial politics were in the ascendant, and the task of elaborating a scheme of national instruction was undertaken by *laissez-faire* politicians, whose ideas of human life and human development were distorted and falsified by supposed analogies drawn from the workshop and the exchange. A scheme of instruction was drawn up, and our education finances were administered according to the most approved economic principles. Every quota of work had its monetary equivalent, and a large body of men were told off to apply the education measuring tape to the work done, and for results obtained payment was granted.

There is a fine business ring about this method, and such an odour of evident fairness that it is no wonder that it caught a strong hold of the popular mind among a "nation of shopkeepers." In theory it seems excellent, in practice it failed, and why? Its cardinal defect lies in the fact that "it banished true educational ideals from our schools and substituted for them low pecuniary aims." Managers and teachers were led to think more of the earning of grants than the development of minds. In other words, the *machinery*, supplied for gaining the end, soon became looked upon as the *end itself*. The outlook of teachers and managers was bounded by the annual examination; the foolish saw no further, the wise dared not look. Success was measured by grants and reports, and for these they had to strain.

As a consequence of this circumscribed outlook, and this continual struggle for grants and reports, the idea of mind-training (the *how*) as anything distinct from mind-stuffing (the *what*) was entirely lost sight of. The acquisition of certain definite quantities of information in certain definite specified times became the be-all and the end-all of school work. And, as a result of this, there arose two evils, which have led to an enormous waste of time, energy, and money:

I. In organising and carrying out the work of their schools

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teachers were compelled to keep the examination continually in view, and dared not consider the truest interests of their pupils.

II. The last two or three months of the school year were practically wasted in putting on a sham veneer.

Dispite all changes in our codes—ay, even the long-prayed-for boon of freedom to classify—these evils still remain, intensified, rather than modified, by recent reform. What is equally certain is that they will remain, and must remain, so long as examinations are retained as the sole test and guarantee of efficiency.

Let us consider the latter and more self-evident of these first.

Payment by results, although utterly discredited, is by no means dead. The grant no longer depends on the passes of individual pupils, but on the results of class work as a whole. So far so good; the temptation to drive weak and backward children has been removed, but the temptation to strive after brilliant show results has been increased rather than diminished. Weak pupils may be kept back, but a more exacting tale is demanded from those who advance. The last two months of the year, then, *must* be spent in revising and brushing up subjects for the annual examination.

Revision of work, it may be said, is not necessarily uneducative, in fact, is necessary for rendering permanent the impression made on the child's mind. True, we reply, but the revision which is necessary in order that a child may have at its finger-ends every fact it has learnt during the current school year partakes largely of cram, and cram is neither educative nor necessary.

If there is anything on which educationists are agreed it is that mind-training, as opposed to mind-stuffing, is the main thing to be considered.

"What should be looked for by our critics and inspectors," says the Rev. A. R. Vardy, an experienced educationalist, "is not immediate results, but solid growth; not the imparting of accomplishments by the teacher, but the acquisition of power by the learner. The latter may have little knowledge that can be weighed, and tested, and disgorged at the bidding of an examiner, or displayed to admiring parents, and yet his observation may have been trained, his logical faculty developed, his memory strengthened, his mental vision widened, his taste cultivated, his whole life raised and enriched."

"The pupil that has been rationally educated," says Mr. Vardy, "may have little knowledge that can be weighed, and tested, and disgorged at the bidding of an examiner," but this is the very thing which, with our annual examinations, a pupil must have; and even our best teachers are compelled for a month or two previous to examinations to neglect this fostering of solid growth of which he speaks in order to prepare for the annual ordeal. Their pupils *must* have at hand a large amount of "various knowledge," and be

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ready to present it with the utmost alacrity on examination day. Memory must be preferred to reason, and even of memory readiness of recollection to strength of retention. In every case the higher must give place to the lower. Brightness, superficial smartness, and that "quickness which is the least of the mind's properties," are the things that pay best on that day. These qualities have undoubtedly a value in themselves, but if cultivated at the expense of more enduring and more valuable properties, the price we pay for them may be too high. In *good* schools, where thorough educational methods are employed, and honest, manful work is done, it is as rational for us to compel our teachers to carry out this process, as it would be for us to compel our manufacturing jewellers to cover vessels made of the finest gold with some base alloy. In *bad* schools, where cram methods are adopted throughout the year, we are simply paying for a wretched imitation, a sham veneer to be washed off with the first shower.

If examinations led to no other evil, the waste thus entailed is sufficiently great to make us question the advisability of retaining them as a factor in our educational system. But unfortunately this is the lesser evil to which they give rise. They not only paralyse educational life in those months that immediately precede them, they also injuriously affect the work of even the strongest and best teachers throughout the whole school year.

In advocating a three-years' training course for teachers, the Royal Commissioners declared that in all good education time was an essential element, and that the same knowledge if learnt slowly, was generally worth more than if learnt quickly. What holds good of the teacher in training, holds good of the pupil in school, and one of the worst effects of examinations is that they lead to an undue hurrying of work.

Classes as well as individuals differ. Through various causes, the progress of a whole school will vary from one year to another, and the teacher who finds his school below the average of former years is tempted to drive his pupils at a pace which is injurious to healthy intellectual life, and adopt methods for producing "results," which are not the best from an educational point of view. Further, in too many schools, the great aim is to get through the work of the year as soon as possible, in order that there may be plenty of time for revision. Hurry and feverish excitement are the consequent results, both of which are incompatible with true educational progress.

Even the Education Department itself has recognised that examinations are an ever-present source of temptation to teachers to neglect thorough educational methods in favour of those more likely to produce good show results on examination day, and has expressly instructed its inspectors[1] to take steps to counteract a tendency

[1] See Articles 12 and 13 of Revised Instructions to Inspectors.

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which is the natural and logical outcome of its own decrees: and it would be almost impossible to pen a stronger indictment of the system than is contained in the following extract from the Report of the Royal Commission on Education.[1]

"We cannot fail to be struck [say the Commissioners] with the influence which the annual Government examination exercises upon the whole work of the year. The inspection day is the day towards which the eyes of all connected with an elementary school are continually looking forward. The arrangements for the whole year are devised to meet the requirements of the inspector's visit. The course of teaching, the classification of the scholars, the daily progress of the subjects, the attendance of the children, the working staff, time-table, even the season of the year and the idiosyncrasy of the inspector, are one and all to be taken into account in their bearing upon this great event of the school year. Whilst we are fully sensible of the value of the annual examination as a spur to keep all parties well up to their work, we are by no means sure that the feeling it creates and fosters is under present conditions a healthy one."

The only good here claimed for examinations is, that they act as a spur to keep all parties up to their work; but, granting that a spur is necessary, does it follow that in annual examinations we have selected the best spur and applied it in the wisest manner? This is the question that has been raised by the Executive of the National Union of Teachers. Hitherto, it has been all but universally accepted that they are not only *a* means but the *only* means for securing this. That they do keep "all parties up to their work" is fairly certain. Whether or not the work they secure is useful and productive, is another question. It is just possible that *no*-doing may in some cases be preferable to *mis*-doing. Some farmers are foolish enough to imagine that it is wiser on certain occasions to fallow a field than exhaust it by excessive demands on its fertility.

All the evils of the payment-by-results system, and that craze for competitive examination that has marred educational work in our secondary schools and colleges, have arisen from a failure to perceive the difference between *culture* and *mere acquirement*.

Herbert Spencer, in his valuable little work on education, calls attention to this important distinction when he points out that acquirement of every kind has two values—value as *knowledge* and value as *discipline*. Mr. Vardy refers to it when he says that, "it is not the imparting of accomplishments by the teacher but the acquisition of power by the learner, not *immediate results* but solid *growth*, that should be the aim of education;" while the late Rev. E. Thring, one of the greatest of modern schoolmasters, once declared

[1] Page 172.

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that "the idolatry of *knowledge* had to perish, or education could not begin." "Knowledge-worship and the lust of the head," he said, "were deadly enemies to the loving eye and the humble spirit."

Yet on altars sacred to this false idolatry of knowledge has been sacrificed for the last thirty years the rising mind of this country, and this "lust of the head" is as apparent in our latest Code as in any of its predecessors. Even in its most generous application, the disease has only been transferred from the individual to the class or school.

If the imparting of a certain amount of instruction be the sole end of education, let us revivify our dying system of payment by results and increase the requirements of our already exacting Codes. They certainly ensure that a fixed minimum of knowledge is imparted. If, however, there be, as undoubtedly there is, a higher end to be striven for, then their utility is open to be called in question. Acquirement is the one thing encouraged—the only thing that can be really tested by annual examinations. To the development of power, still less of potential power, they give little or no encouragement whatever.

But the question that naturally arises from all this is: If, then, annual examinations act so injuriously on the work of schools throughout the year, and are so utterly useless as a means of discerning and encouraging the *best* educational work where it does exist, what system could be substituted which would give the liberty necessary for the best teaching, and at the same time ensure that "all parties were kept up to their work?"

In attempting to answer this question, we must keep the distinction here pointed out continually in view. Growth, not manufacture, is the thing we must think of. We must leave the fetid fumes of the factory and the mill, and seek, in the bracing atmosphere of the hillside and open plain, the analogies on which to found a true theory of life and life-growth. We must look to our educational garden, and see that it is properly fenced, drained, and cultivated; that conditions of healthy vitality are secured. Our teachers must be cultivators—mind-cultivators, life-cultivators—not mere "shopkeepers, doling out" instruction at so much per yard. And the work of our inspectors in the future must *not* be to "pull up the saplings to see that they are growing," but to ascertain that seeds of life have been sown, and that the environment in which they are placed is favourable to healthy growth.

As long as inspectors base their reports on annual examinations, and the Department regulates its grants according to one day impressions, so long must teachers perforce strive to secure what will show up on that day. The examination day, say the Royal Commissioners, is the day towards which the eyes of all connected with an elementary school are continually looking forward. If our education system is to be anything more than a costly sham, we must

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make it to our teachers' interests to consider *not* the preparation of their pupils for annual tests, but for the great trial of life. We must have a return to the simplicity of the days of the old Scotch Parochials, in which a parent brought his lad to school and asked the master to endeavour to make a man of him. Steps of course must be taken to ensure that rational methods are adopted, and that "all parties are kept up to their work." But how? The resolution of the Executive supplies an answer to this question.

Instead of annual examinations, let us have frequent inspections. Let the inspectors come into our schools in much the same way as the organising masters of our large boards do at the present time. Let them scan the work of our schools, as it is presented in its every-day aspect; let them learn the ideals of the teachers and discuss the methods by which they seek to attain them; let them note the work in progress, and, having ascertained the exact stage of advancement, question on what has been taught—intelligent grasp of principles and accuracy and readiness in applying them, being the main things looked for. But further, let them test the pupil's powers of tackling *new* subjects, of discerning similarities, of distinguishing differences, of recognising principles, and of overcoming difficulties. Let them note also the staff employed—its distribution and quality—and give particular attention to the apparatus with which it is supplied, and the building in which it is compelled to work.

Real deficiencies in organisation, method, discipline, apparatus, or accommodation, might be pointed out by the inspector to the managers or teachers on the spot, instead of such complaints having to come, as at present, through all the tedious machinery of departmental red tape;[1] and only, if there were no real attempt to grapple with the difficulty, should the inspector in his annual report call the attention of my Lords to the deficiency. If not then remedied, or if the school fell below the "margin of efficiency," the Department might, after due warning, step in and compel the managers to make good the deficiency or resign the management of the school. Right of appeal against all such decisions ought to be granted to managers and teachers, not as implying any want of confidence in the inspectors, but as a guarantee that even-handed justice would be meted out all round. It might be wise on the part of the Department to encourage such appeals. No other course would be so effective in preventing any abuse of the increased powers placed in the hands of inspectors, and none other would be so likely to create a healthy and loyal spirit among teachers.

[1] In the *latest* Revised Instructions to Inspectors, issued since the above was written, appears the following concession: "Small details of criticism on points in which you consider that improvement is desirable may be conveniently communicated to the managers and teachers at your visit, and need not be embodied in your report" (par. 53).

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General intelligence and general progress ought to be the main things sought. The former could be ascertained from the system of inspection and examination here sketched; the latter could be known from the head teacher's register of progress.

With one difficulty the Executive have failed to grapple, and that is the allocation of Government grants. The payment of grants, we are told, must be entirely dissociated from the results of inspection. Agreed; but how? They have indicated no principle, they have sketched no plan. We venture to suggest the following:

Let the old plan of distributing Parliamentary grants according to the educational *machinery* supplied be readopted.

Let schools be classified as efficient and non-efficient, no other classification being attempted. Let the efficient receive Government grants, calculated on the average attendance, and apportioned according to the number of subjects for which *due provision*, as regards time, staff, accommodation, and apparatus, had been made, no grant being paid to any school for any subject unless such provision either had been made or would be made during the school year.

The adoption of such a system in lieu of annual examinations would leave teachers free to consider the truest interests of their pupils, would remove all tendency to hurry, all temptation to veneer. If every teacher were called upon, not only to show, but also to justify, the faith that was in him, educational scamping, on which we have been paying a premium, would become impossible and thoroughness would characterise every step of the work.

WM. SINCLAIR.

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# INDEPENDENT SECTION.

[*Under the above title a limited portion of* THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW *is occasionally set apart for the reception of able Articles, which, though harmonising with the general spirit and aims of the Review, may contain opinions at variance with the particular ideas or measures it advocates. The object of the Editors in introducing this department is to facilitate the expression of opinion by men of high mental power and culture, who, while they are zealous friends of freedom and progress, yet differ widely, on special points of great practical concern, both from the Editors and from each other.*]

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## COMPLETE SUFFRAGE.

IT is with the hope of satisfying the cravings of advanced seekers after perfection that I venture to put forward a scheme of suffrage, which at least cannot be said to be incomplete, whether the ultimate desires of mankind can be content with a body of representatives, or must be finally appeased by the plebiscitum.

The much abused term, Universal Suffrage, was greatly in vogue in the days of the Chartists, about half a century ago. But it was soon found out to mean male adult suffrage only, far removed indeed from being universal. The Chartists of that day left women out of the account altogether. Women did not strike them as a part of the universe requiring so much attention, nor are they now very warmly received into the ranks of those who think to cure all evil by revolutions of some sort or other. In the old Chartist days, when such a practical measure as free trade in corn was advocated at a public meeting, the Chartists were wont to move an amendment to the free trade resolution in favour of the Charter, to make violent speeches, and to do their best to put the meeting into a state of confusion, with the idea that the Charter alone was necessary to put all things right. The practical man had his way at last, and the Charter died the death. The practical man is, however, always despised by the theorist, and a constitutional change is to the great thinker the only possible forerunner to perfect measures and political bliss.

To make the suffrage complete the simple proposal is that every man, woman, and child, subjects of the State, shall have the franchise from the day of his or her birth to the day of his or her death.

The condition of childhood does not present any difficulty, but,

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on the contrary, adds much strength to the argument that follows A baby cannot vote, but the interests of childhood in the welfare of the State are not surpassed by any members of society. If a baby cannot vote, it is necessary to define infancy; and for the sake of the argument, liable to any modification that wisdom may require, let it be assumed that the present state of infancy according to the law shall hold good, and twenty-one years be the age of manhood and womanhood.

During infancy the father should have the votes of the boys, and the mother the votes of the girls. The family would by this means be reconstituted as a powerful member of the State. Men and women in the full vigour of life would have the majority of votes, and could out-vote both the older persons, whose children have grown out of infancy, and the younger persons with no children, or but few. If a man at nineteen years of age married a woman at seventeen, he would have a vote for himself and boys from twenty-one to forty-two years of his age, when his eldest son may be twenty-one, and he would lose that vote. So would the woman have a vote from twenty-one years for herself and daughters by the same rule. Neither the man nor the woman should have the vote during their infancy merely because they married. The votes of their children born during the infancy of the parents would be lost, or might be exercised by the grandparents.

There are some matters in this regard which naturally demand further consideration. In case of widowhood, the widower or widow would take over the votes of all the children of the family, boys and girls, and retain them on marrying again. The position of orphans presents great difficulty, for no guardian or trustee could take the place of parents. No person or persons should be endowed with the votes of other people's children as well as his own, and no bachelor or spinster should be allowed the votes of children. There seems to be no alternative than the melancholy one of disfranchising the orphans during their infancy, though the object of complete suffrage is to give the vote to all. There are also those now called illegitimate children. They must of necessity be disfranchised whilst under age, until the wisdom of the Legislature, which would follow complete suffrage, shall find a way to relieve them from that disability. As children, innocent of any breach of the law, they ought to be made legitimate, and their votes given to the parent selected by process of law. The indirect advantage of such a change in the law will occur to most moralists. The suffrage of children, so far as orphans are concerned, would be incomplete, which is a sad falling off, but, as in the case of illegitimate children, a way may be found out of the difficulty if such a complete system should effect the disappearance of all tendency to jobbery, self-seeking, and corruption in general.

Those who are now called paupers ought not to be disfranchised,



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for in many cases they are the victims of the law, therefore they should have a voice in making the law; they have also certain valuable experiences. But in casting their votes they should be protected against all influence and interference from those in whose care they may be.

In a system of complete suffrage it will be seen that all subjects of the State should have the franchise, with as few exceptions as possible. Disqualification ought to be very difficult, and with a good, well-guarded method of polling, the exceptions need be but a very small number. There are the inmates of asylums, of hospitals; there are convicts and lunatics. Some of these are victims of the law, and may have experience of their own that would give value to their opinion. If the principle be established that every subject has the vote, and every facility given to record the vote free from influence, disfranchisement could only take place under very peculiar and well-defined circumstances. The suffrage would be a right by law, of which no subject could be deprived, except by special sentence of a court of justice authorised by law to pass such a sentence.

If the advantages of this complete system of suffrage be weighed against the disadvantages it will be seen how much they preponderate, and how small the disadvantages in reality are.

By endowing married couples with the votes of their children the dominant power in the State would be placed in the family—in persons who would be in the intellectual prime of life, not young and not old, having what is called a stake in the country. Such persons would be morally bound to consider the interests of their children in exercising the franchise for them, and would certainly do so. They would, therefore, have a care for the future as well as for the hour, and would not be so easily carried away by a passing wave of excitement as seems now to be so general. Children may be said to have a greater interest in the welfare of the State than any other of its members, for calamities are sure to fall upon them, and they are the least able to bear the ills that flesh is heir to. The miseries of sickness, not realised by the strong and healthy of full growth, and death itself, visit them in far greater proportion to their numbers than the rest of mankind. Even with the most sympathetic and self-denying parents, the wants of poverty, which are a great and lasting injury to a growing child, must fall with the severest hardship upon the young; therefore, such parents, of all others, should have the votes of the children, whose interests, so great as it is, in times past so little considered, absolutely require special attention, not only for their own good but for the good also of the coming race.

The transfer of the principal voting power to the family would add to the stability of the policy of the State. Such stability may be called conservative, and be condemned by some, as you give a dog a

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bad name and hang him. But Liberals cannot object to complete suffrage because it may lead to a conservative policy, especially as it is impossible to say what a conservative policy, apart from party considerations, really is. Complete suffrage cannot be other than a Liberal policy, and Liberals must be prepared to take the consequences of their policy, whether they foresee them correctly or not.

Thus the suffrage of infants—using the term infant in its legal sense—by placing great power in the hands of married persons, would diminish the power of bachelors and spinsters in proportion, an advantage to the State not readily imagined. The superiority in experience, steadiness, and knowledge of social questions, of the married over the unmarried, especially of married persons who have children, is such that bachelors and spinsters must be regarded, from the point of view of the utility of the suffrage, as comparatively ignorant persons. Bachelors cannot know women, presuming such a knowledge possible to a man, and spinsters cannot know men. At least it may be said, as knowledge, however small and however great, is relative, they cannot know each other as married persons can. And of the children, who in a few years will themselves constitute the State, whose interests have been shown to be more important than those of any other class, they can know so little, that their opinions respecting them in matters of State policy are worthless, relatively of course. Unmarried teachers may know something of children, but they are a small class—one teacher to from twenty-five to eighty school children—and they only know them from a teaching —too often a controlling and whipping—standpoint. They are afflicted, also, with strong views on the subject of obedience, not an unmixed good for children, which, indeed, is a disorder that parents themselves suffer from.

One of the strongest arguments in favour of complete suffrage is, that bachelors and spinsters are not, in fact, fit to exercise the franchise without the correcting weight cast in the balance by the family. Due importance has never yet been given to this aspect of the case. They have interests in common with the rest of the subjects of the State, therefore they require the franchise; but there are many interests that hardly touch them, except remotely and indirectly, which require the protection of a heavy family vote. Bachelors and spinsters are for the most part under thirty years of age, being thus in their first nine years of emancipation from infancy, well educated possibly, and as time advances will be so certainly, but miserably deficient in experience. A barrister or a doctor at thirty is a mere child. Unmarried persons, moreover, are wanting in sympathy, or the sort of sympathy that is of practical use. If they are sympathetic by nature, they have not the guidance that married persons have in married life, and in the care of children. Some bachelors and spinsters will be disposed to reject this doctrine; but

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doctrines are not propounded with regard to the exceptions to a rule, if the rule includes so large a number of instances as to make the exceptions of little account, of which the present case is certainly an example. With the wisdom that will surely follow complete suffrage the age of infancy may be extended to thirty years, for the purpose of the franchise, when the family would have still greater power in the State than is here suggested.

It may occur to some that a disadvantage would follow complete suffrage by women having, according to the census, a heavier vote than men. If bachelors and spinsters were left to themselves, without the family vote to check them, this might be a valid objection, as bachelors know more about women, little as that knowledge may be, than spinsters know about men, and spinsters in a majority might not be a good way of governing. But with the large family vote the fathers would have more influence with the mothers than the mothers would have with the fathers, and in the supposition that judgment would eventually prevail over other influences, which is fairly sure to be the case in the long run, it is not at all likely that the mothers as a whole will subdue to their will, in the matter of the franchise, the fathers as a whole. Isolated cases are not to be reckoned with when such vast subjects are under consideration. Women are more apt to esteem men, State politics alone being the question, than men are apt to esteem women, and in the case of a representative body women would be likely to cast their votes for men rather than for women, also men for men rather than for women; the result, therefore, might be that the interests of women would be under and not over represented. In the case of the plebiscitum —always to be kept in mind as a possible future method of State government—the danger of the State becoming subject to petticoat government would be greater; but even with the plebiscitum men may have confidence in their power to retain the position of heads of families, and direct the suffrage to the protection of their own interests in relation to the interests of women. Argument, reasoning, and judgment may be confidently expected to operate with women when they are as responsible for the welfare of the State as men are. With power distributed, as it would be by complete suffrage, greater sympathy between men and women, and more mutual confidence in matters of State policy, would grow up; especially as bachelors and spinsters would be outvoted by the family, and in questions affecting the sexes might neutralise one another's votes. In such questions the family would doubtless prevail by virtue of the balancing of account between bachelors and spinsters, an advantage which, on reflection, will be found to be striking.

It may be argued that complete suffrage would throw power into the hands of the least educated and the least thrifty. The careful and intelligent of the people do not marry early, and are not anxious

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for large families. They know that it is easier to bring up carefully and educate well a small family than a large one, and there are many who put marriage off, until too late in life, for such judicious reasons. It may be confidently stated that no one would marry merely for the sake of having some children's votes. Therefore only the reckless and thriftless remain to be disposed of in the argument. The respectable people so outnumber the others, that any fear on that score may be set at rest. But if no temptation be given to exercise the vote, if there is no canvassing, private influence, or persuasion to vote, with possibly a slight amount of trouble thrown in the way, the votes of the careless and unthrifty would not be cast at all, and the State would be relieved of their thoughtless voices. Now there is complaint of abstentions, by party politicians of course; but if voters have no opinions worth expression, why should the State be burthened with false weights, which in the balance tell as heavily as true ones? If a voter does not take the trouble to listen to reason spoken from platforms, or to study a question by reading, why should he be urged to express an opinion that he has not formed?

If the vast number of votes in a system of complete suffrage would throw obstacles in the way of the ignoble army of canvassers and election managers, so much the better for the State. It is not possible to prevent canvassing by law, and if it were possible it would not be wise to do by law what can be better done by other means; that which goes by the name of party organisation, and is the pride of some politicians—a name perverted to so base a use—is a nuisance in a State, and if the formidable number of votes and voters would break up parties into small sections, symptoms of which already appear, it would not be the least advantage derived from complete suffrage.

When questions arise on a proposal to alter the suffrage, by extending it or otherwise, theories are advanced that the effects of such alterations would be this, that, or something else, theories that have never proved correct. Great improvements in the government of the State are predicted when an extension of the suffrage to all men is proposed, or when such a method of voting as the ballot is adopted, but these vast improvements do not take place; government proceeds much as before, and the party to be defeated by such changes prove not to be defeated at all. So it is with woman's suffrage. It is predicted that the majority will be with women, and women will have their own way in the government of the State. The only predictions that can be safely made in the case of complete suffrage are, that women would not have their own way in the State, that more stability in the policy of the State would follow, and that improved sincerity, integrity, and sound opinion would be bestowed on the voting. It would be rash to predict anything but a decided improve-

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ment in the ethics of voting as a whole, and its consequent superior wisdom, in accordance with the arguments herein set forth. The plebiscitum has been mentioned as possible in the future, already, indeed, has that curious phrase *Local Option* been used to introduce it. No man can see far into the future, if at all, but should the plebiscitum be found to be a wise method of proceeding it will be much wiser with complete suffrage than with any suffrage that is incomplete.

A good practical method of registration and polling is clearly essential to complete suffrage, and no personal or party influence should be allowed to meddle in such important State functions. It is not necessary to go into detail, but a few particulars must be considered to complete the argument.

None but those who are constituted members or subjects of the State by well defined law, including duly nationalised foreigners, should be qualified for the registers. The Registrars of Births, Deaths and Marriages should also be the suffrage registrars, who should be persons of intelligence and high responsibility. As the Church had the privilege of keeping the registers of births, deaths, and marriages until quite recently, there is no good reason why the tithes should not be used to establish and maintain efficient registers for all purposes in every parish. The clergy might well be employed as such officials, and the faithful discharge of the duty should be enforced by severe penalties in default, inflicted in a criminal court. A change will come over the Church in course of time, meanwhile, Nonconformists need not be jealous of the clergy as registrars, because it would tend to make the clergy less party politicians than they were before. The church fabric need not be used for such a purpose if Nonconformists object, but so holy and useful a service to the State, holy because so necessary, as a register of the whole people born, married and buried, with those living entitled to rank as subjects, could not be unworthy of a church. Perhaps, in time, with advanced views of morality many duties performed for the people now deemed secular, will come to be thought holy or its equivalent.

Complete suffrage would put an end to the "one man one vote" principle, but the one man or woman voting in one place within a stated time would be essential. There could be no plurality of votes otherwise than the family vote. It would not be difficult, in the present state of the science of anthropology, to devise a means of identification, by which voters could cast their votes at any established polling place convenient to them, without danger of fraudulent repetition of votes, especially if time and place are both limited, with severe penalties attached to the particular high treason of cheating the State. High treason has been too much associated with behaviour to monarchs, but the highest treason of injury to the Sovereign State

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should be the worst of crimes, and implanted as such in the minds and conscience of the people. With a good system of registration and identification there would be no reason why subjects of the State should not exercise the franchise when absent from their country. Surely it cannot be insuperably difficult to devise means whereby travellers, sailors, and soldiers might cast their votes, and redress in that way somewhat of the balance so favourable in point of numbers to women. The ingenuity of man, which as a generic term includes women, is equal to the task of enabling absentees from their country to record their votes without fraud. Parishes in towns would in many cases be too populous for satisfactory registration, and in such parishes divisions into wards would present no difficulty. The parish in the country, and the ward in populous towns would be districts for registration, which should be a function of the State performed by officials, no one whosoever to interfere on any pretence whatsoever. Registration at the present time is faulty in the extreme, and demands thorough reform. If a complete system of registration is necessary to complete suffrage, the sooner it is established the better. The registration office should always be open in the day-time, and the register-books kept up to the hour or minute when information of births, deaths, or marriages reaches the office, the suffrage register to be immediately altered to correspond. There can be no real difficulty in establishing such a system, with criminal penalties for fraud.

The methods of registration and identification being established, which demand care and some ingenuity, but by no means offer great difficulties other than those aroused by prejudice, the polling of the votes, whether by ballot or otherwise, should be managed wholly by the officials of the parish or ward on the same plan, whether the voting be for local or imperial purposes, whether for the parish, district, county, parliament, or plebiscitum, with heavy criminal penalties by fine or imprisonment for malpractices. There should be uniformity throughout the State in the matter of the suffrage. New crimes come to be perpetrated as civilisation advances, not recognised readily by professors of morals, which are far greater breaches of duty to one's neighbour than even murder or theft. Thousands may perish, and have perished, because of a party vote. Bribery, threats, and corruption of all kinds and degrees are crimes against the State, much more injurious to one's neighbour than any other, and those who perpetrate them ought to be classed with the worst criminals. Complete suffrage will tend to cure these evils, but it will not be quite complete until such criminals are liable to penal servitude with thieves and cut-throats.

It is not possible to make the exercise of the franchise compulsory, and that being so the better alternative would be to discourage the voting of all who are indifferent, careless, or whose opinions are un-

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decided on the particular questions at issue, by making the voting a trifle troublesome and a serious affair. The vast number of votes, when the suffrage is complete, would make party organisation more difficult, and there would be many more of the independent class, who in effect change the policy of the country from time to time by shifting the majority from one government to another. The *Great Statesman* power, which is now more a matter of eloquence than of wisdom and judgment, might also happily be clipped.

To sum up the argument. Many difficult questions would be solved by this system of complete suffrage. The franchise, for example, always a burning question, could not be extended; and the woman question could hardly be carried further. The advantage to the State of throwing more power into the family, which would be the certain effect, cannot be overrated. It would tend greatly to the stability of State policy by placing the young and excitable politicians at a disadvantage, a consummation devoutly to be wished. As an innovation on all the practice and experience of the world it may at first appear startling and extravagant, but as a matter of fact it only re-confers on the patriarch some of the power that in ancient times was accorded to him, of which modern innovations have deprived him. It ought to satisfy the aspirations of women. And with it, all other modifications of State government and policy may safely be left to the steady and firm hands of the true and indubitable majority of the people. Who and what the majority of the nation really are at present, or what their opinions may be, none can tell. If so great a number of votes would lead to a great number of abstentions from voting on the part of those who had formed no decided opinions, the opinions of those who cast their votes would be of far greater value than they now are under a system of coaxing and driving to the poll. It seems to me that, whether in the case of elections to representative bodies, local or imperial, or in the case of a plebiscitum, complete suffrage would be attended with nothing but good to the State, to the States of the civilised world.

WILLIAM FREDERICK COLLIER.

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# CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

## PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

PROFESSOR Edward Caird has collected under the general title of *Essays on Literature and Philosophy*[1] half a dozen articles, some of which have appeared in the *Contemporary Review* and *Frazer's Magazine*, while the contents of the second volume of these essays consist of the articles on Cartesianism and Metaphysics, which the writer contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. As most of these papers have been before the world for some years, they do not call for detailed criticism. The articles on Cartesianism and Metaphysics, the author admits, labour under the disadvantage of having been written before some recent and important discussions as to the philosophy of Spinoza, with which the essay on Cartesianism is in part concerned, and also as to the general relations between metaphysics, logic, and psychology. If Professor Caird were to rewrite these essays, no doubt he would make good use of material which has appeared in recent years. Nevertheless he speaks with weight upon subjects of which he is a master, and if he is not always profound, he is never dull. The literary essays are of more general interest, and the subjects are always treated from a more or less philosophical point of view. The essays on Dante, Goëthe, and Rousseau strike us as the best, the one on Rousseau being written in a kind and tolerant spirit, and showing considerable insight into the character of one of the most extraordinary and interesting personalities of the eighteenth century. An address on the Problem of Philosophy at the Present Time (delivered before the Philosophical Society of the University of Edinburgh in 1881) does not suffer much by the lapse of ten years since its delivery. The philosophical teachings of Comte and Herbert Spencer, with which it principally deals, have not suffered any change since Professor Caird subjected them to his criticism. There is a reasonable temper in our author's utterances which should win for his opinions a thoughtful consideration; while he asks that Science should treat Philosophy with respect, he also demands that Philosophy should cease to show its old contempt for empirical studies. It is a mark of weakness, he pithily

[1] *Essays on Literature and Philosophy*. By Edward Caird. Two vols. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. 1892.

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says, to address the modern world with the unguarded utterances of an ancient prophet, refusing to pay due regard to the achievements of finite science, and treating with contempt every improvement that does not involve a fundamental change of man's moral being. This is a hint which the extravagant admirers of Carlyle and Ruskin would do well to take to heart.

In a pamphlet of rather more than one hundred pages[1] Robert Schellwien discusses some of the latest philosophical theories in a short and lively manner. Considering the limits to which the author has confined himself, the criticisms are clear and interesting. The extent of his subject may be gathered from the full title of his essay: *Max Stirner und Friedrich Nietzsche, Erscheinungen des modernen Geistes und das Wesen des Menschen.* Stirner and Nietzsche each have an article to themselves, in which Herr Schellwien, by a detailed analysis, exhibits very perspicaciously the characteristics of these individualist thinkers. Our author regards Stirner as the more critical, and Nietzsche as the more dogmatic of the two. The beginning and end of Stirner, he says, is myself alone—the individual man. It is this solitary individual whose nature he undertakes to consider, its characteristics and its freedom. Nietzsche finds the secret of man's nature, like Schopenhauer, in the will, but in the *Wille zur Macht* instead of the *Wille Zum Leben.* After the interesting review of these two writers, Herr Schellwien develops his own views in three essays on Truth, Ethics, and Righteousness. We need hardly say he is wholly metaphysical. As to what is truth, he says that it is man who asks the question and man alone can give the answer, and the answer he must find in himself, in his own consciousness. This consciousness, however, Schellwien identifies with the will itself, and he maintains that it is only when we comprehend the Consciousness as Will that we can understand the Action-Will, and find the explanation of the progress of morality and right. The consequence of the extreme individualism taught by Stirner and Nietzsche is, he affirms, that it denies wholly and entirely the existence of right as such, and necessarily denies freedom with it. Stirner replaces freedom by speciality—the absolute value of the individual as such; but this, he proceeds to remark, does not tell us much, as something else may follow, and that is the oppression of the weak individuality by the strong, as a condition, not in the speciality, but in the brutish dominating force. Friedrich Nietzsche also sees this consequence, and he consents to the oppression of the weak by the strong, and he allows the strong to have an aristocratic domination; to him this is the only excellence, and he exalts the *will to do* to a world-principle. The truth is, concludes Schellwien, that right is identical with freedom, and freedom is a

[1] *Max Stirner und Friedrich Nietzsche, Erscheinungen des modernen Geistes.* Von Robert Schellwien. Leipzig: C. E. M. Pfeffer. 1892.

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property of man's nature. The end of evolution is a self-conscious, free personality, which in itself is the Right-Will, and is to be thought of as the uninterrupted and living principle and object of the real Right. Herr Schellwien's criticisms are worth attention for their exposure of the consequences of extreme individualistic theories, even if we are not able to accept as conclusive his own metaphysical view of the final purpose of evolution, which, we must confess, is an attractive one.

The new volume of the *Bibliothèque d'Histoire Contemporaine*. *Le Culte de la Raison et le Culte de l'Être Suprême*,[1] is one of exceptional and fascinating interest. It describes, with a fulness that does infinite credit to the industry of the author, the remarkable developments which religion underwent during the most critical period of the French Revolution. So much ignorance, prejudice, and misconception prevail, especially in England, upon this aspect of the Revolution that we cannot be too grateful to Professor Aulard for presenting us with so clear and connected a picture of a period unique in the religious history of Europe. Though the work is properly described as an historical essay, it is written with a deeper purpose merely than giving an account of the events related. It is designed to show the real principles which were at work, of which the events were the manifestation. We may say, in a word, that M. Aulard believes that the religious movement was essentially a political one, and not a philosophical one, as is too commonly supposed. Patriotism, and not irreligion nor atheism, was the root of the intense antipathy which was manifested towards the Church; and he prefers to call it a movement of de-Christianisation, rather than an anti-Christian one. The attack on the churches and the priests, which culminated in the worship of Reason, was provoked by the general and justifiable belief that the priests were the enemies of the Revolution, and were in league with its external foes. In the reaction, which was led by Robespierre, and which culminated in the *Fête dè l'Être Suprême*, political and patriotic motives were also at work. Our author regards it as understood by politicians as a means of conciliating the opposition of Spain and England in particular, which was largely excited by religious feeling. M. Aulard refuses to see in the worship of Reason the results of the influence of the Encyclopedists, who were regarded as atheists; and he is able to show by quotations from numerous documents that it was not generally distinguished from Deism. "It appears to us," he says, "that they listened above all to the counsels of experience, of imperious necessity. If, for example, they were led to destroy Christianity, it was not because Voltaire had spoken *d'écraser l'infâme*, or because the Abbé Raynal had established the theory of the rights of the State over the conscience; it was because

[1] *Le Culte de la Raison et le Culte de l'Être Suprême* (1793–1794): *Essai Historique*. Par F. A. Aulard. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1892.

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the Catholic priest conspired with the enemy outside. They overturned the altars, not by philosophy, but by patriotism; not to realise an *à priori* principle, but to assure the national defence." It can only be a proof of simplicity, he says in another place, to believe that the French people, who were Catholic in 1791, should become *philosophical* two years later by the simple progress of light. As far as the actual religious element in the Revolution is concerned, M. Aulard finds it in Rousseau rather than in Voltaire. The charm of the work largely consists in the descriptions quoted from authentic sources of the form the movement took all over France. Readers of the various histories of the French Revolution are familiar with the *Fête de la Raison*, as it was celebrated in Paris, which by itself conveys a very inadequate, if not false, impression of the religious revolt. Our author introduces to us accounts of the way in which it was celebrated in the provinces, which often exhibit a striking contrast to the buffoonery of the capital. The enthusiasm, the moral earnestness, the gaiety which accompanied the revolt from Catholicism present a series of pictures of absorbing interest. On the other hand, the coldness and indifference which accompanied the *Fête de l'Être Suprême* shows how little sympathy the people had with the reactionary spirit of Robespierre, and the *Culte de l'Être Suprême* was soon absorbed in patriotism pure and simple. It is impossible to speak too highly of the vivid interest of this remarkable book; the life-like portraits of some of the leading actors in the strange procession of events; the dramatic accounts of the provincial *fêtes;* the discriminating judgments of the writer himself as to the inner meaning of the various developments, all mark it as a work of unusual excellence and value. We have seldom read a book so generally and deeply interesting.

*Quelques Pensées*[1] is a collection of thoughts, fragments, and poetical pieces from the works and correspondence of the popular religious writer, the Countess A. de Gasparin, selected by F. A. B. The thoughts appear to have been chosen at random, and are subject to no kind of classification. They belong to the region of religious sentiment rather than theology, and are characterised by a confident faith and a pervading spirit of purity and affection. The volume is excellently printed on fine paper, and is attractive in appearance. It is the kind of book which is generally described as suitable for presentation. A photograph portrait of the authoress, mounted on thick card, is inserted in the volume.

*In the Days of thy Youth*[2] is the latest addition to the cheap series of Archdeacon Farrar's sermons. It consists of a selection of sermons on practical subjects preached by the Archdeacon at Marlborough College from 1871 to 1876.

[1] *Quelques Pensées.* Par l'auteur des *Horizons Prochains.* Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1892.
[2] *In the Days of thy Youth.* By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

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## SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES, AND TRAVELS.

MR. ROBERTSON, who is a Scotchman, though he affects the Yankee collocation for his name, must forgive us if we wish that the middle syllable of the surname and middle initial were different, he so reminds us of Lowell's verse :

> "John P. Robinson he
> Thinks the world will go right
> If he hollas out 'gee.'"

He has got a good paradoxical attention-compelling[1] title for his book; his aim and the underlying idea of the work demand our fullest sympathy. He has read a very unusual number of economic works, and should speak with authority. Yet he spoils his book by the contemptuous impatience with which he treats the old economists, from Adam Smith downwards. It is just as well that he should remember what he, John M. Robertson, with all his variety of reading, owes to those sturdy pioneers who cut the tangled forest-growth from the path where he may be picking up a few pebbles.

Nor are the author's own ideas by any means clear and precise; in exposing one set of fallacies he falls into another set himself, and thereby produces a work which will convert no opponent, though it may be the means of arousing thought in minds which already have a Socialistic bent, and therefore grasp the drift of his argument. Moreover, his method is bad and his exposition very indifferent—both bad faults where a subject demands peculiarly lucid and exact treatment.

The fallacy of saving, which Mr. Robertson wishes to expose, is the mistaken idea that large accumulations of individual wealth are necessarily a benefit to the State. The idea will be clear at once if we say, what the author does not explicitly say, that large masses of accumulated capital in the hands of individuals tend to produce a class of idlers who live upon the industrious. Mr. Robertson is indignant that the saving which produces such results should have been extolled for a century as the highest aim of economic man.

We have used the word "capital," and it is around this word that the greater part of the essay surges. Now, we admit at once that no satisfactory definition of capital has yet been written down. Many writers, from Mill to Marshall, have seen that capital is something more than is currently meant by it in the City. They have seen also that it imports a many-sided idea, and they have endeavoured to explain it. But explanation is merely a preliminary

[1] *The Fallacy of Saving: a Study in Economics.* By John M. Robertson. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

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to definition, and the latter has not been fixed as yet. Mill, perhaps, came nearest to it when he wrote that the "stock previously accumulated of the products of former labour . . . . is called capital." But Mill went on to connect the idea with a number of secondary propositions to the worrying of which Mr. Robertson, with some success, devotes a whole chapter. Unfortunately Mr. Robertson's criticism is not only destructive, but chaotic, and he does not much guide us towards a new definition. "A particular piece of wealth, or, in Mr. Macleod's phrase, any economic quantity, is or is not capital according as it stands or does not stand in the 'capital' or 'principal' relation to an industrial or commercial process." . . . . "Defined as above . . . . general or national capital is an infinity."

*Ignotum per ignotius.* Not that we deny the soundness of the general idea so stated, but what seems to us most necessary is to keep the word as nearly as possible to that sense which it has attached to itself by long usage, merely clearing away such exploded errors as that wealth and capital are synonymous terms, or that capital is invariably employed in production. And perhaps the most important misconception to get rid of is that capital is permanent; for though the individual's nominal capital reckoned in money may be unchanged for years, yet in fact the wealth so represented is always changing form and always being consumed and replaced. And here Mr. Robertson is right in insisting that what is commonly called loss or destruction of capital is usually only a transfer of capital.

We are diffident in trying our hand *de subito* at a clear definition. An individual's capital is any stock of material wealth in excess of his immediate necessities, accumulated by himself or by others for him. And we should be inclined to rule out all personal qualities and capacities. In fact, we get back pretty near to Mill. Now, at any given time all such individual stocks in existence could be computed in money, and if this be done with sufficient precision and completeness, the result may at any moment be spoken of as the nation's capital. This does not alter the fact that even in the moment when the computation is made the capital is taking a new form, and that by using it grows and may indefinitely expand.

But all this struggling with the idea of capital does not really help Mr. Robertson's point, nor is it advanced by running down all thrift and placing all expenditure on the same level. At the root of the tirade is the inability to appreciate the old Platonic distinction, the difference between "the use" and "the abuse"; and Mr. Robertson's ideas are further confused because his eye is fixed on distant results, and cannot take in the details of the space intervening. In an ideal world thrift would have disappeared, because all men would be equally prosperous and equally thrifty. We readily admit that the

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nearer we can approximate to such a world (God forbids that we should attain it) the better it will be for all, but this is no reason for denying the value of thrift. It is neither sound economy nor sound sociology to blame the thrifty man because he thereby gets an advantage over his neighbour. We decline to accept a socialism of that character.

Similarly, in his anxiety to refute the extremes to which the orthodox economists drove the distinctions between productive and unproductive expenditure, Mr. Robertson himself runs into the extreme of extolling the spendthrift and the sybarite; and he allows himself to make so grave a practical blunder as the following: "Had he saved it, that amount of claim to wealth might have lain idle in the bank for weeks or months, or been borrowed by a gambler . . . . In [such] cases it gave no impulse to production."

If the argument on this point had been carefully worked out, we should have had a welcome contribution to economic literature in the exposure of certain inconsistencies against which the practical sense of many economists has long revolted. Mill and his successors said that all expenditure on luxuries was bad, because they saw that expenditure grossly abused by the few. To them a man, though he be of high character and competence, was an unproductive labourer if he was the gardener of a rich man or woman; they looked at immediate results, and forgot the deeper analysis. Their hard economic distinction had set completely aside the possibility of the truer sociological definition.

In fact, the lesson of this essay comes back to the point around which all economic thought must now circle—the right distribution of wealth. "On the one hand we have the increasing class of idle rich, living on investments; . . . . and on the other hand the increasing class of toiling poor, who on all hands are taught to aim at investments likewise, but only here and there to limit their rate of increase and raise their standards of comfort."

We are glad to see that Mr. Robertson, in accordance with a view which we have already taken in these pages, considers the question of Old Age Pensions as interconnected with this larger subject. We are also quite prepared to give in our adhesion to the repayment of the National Debt, and to accept a much further extension of the principle of joint action by the community. For us, the great principle of life is that every man and woman should do his or her own work in life, and that it is the interest of the State to see, as far as possible, that this is so, and that the work is done at the best time of life.

It is surely a great pity that education, which is so wholesome and often interesting in its effect on the individual, should be such a dry subject when treated in the block. We cannot pretend to be enthu-

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siastic about *Studies in Secondary Education*[1]: even Mr. Bryce's preface fails to give the subject an attractive front.

The book deals partly with general principles, more fully with the best illustrations of their practical working in certain areas—London, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Reading. The germs of British popular education Mr. Smith finds in the grammar school and the workshop: the *rôle* of the first has increased, and that of the latter has decreased. The problem of to-day is to link the curriculum of the one with the modern representative of the other—to make a sound secondary education the preparation for a highly technical course of instruction. But the problem thus stated makes technical education the final aim, and goes beyond the ideas of Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose wise words are quoted with approval. Because technical education has been much neglected in the past, it appears that some would now subordinate all mental training to its perfection. And the work before us does not sufficiently keep clear of this idea.

The history of the inquiries into the secondary schools of England is well epitomised. Somerset is taken as a type of rural counties; and a chapter is devoted to intermediate education in Wales, which is remarkable for the picture it gives of earnest and unselfish devotion to a cause which commanded the sympathy of the Welsh people. The list of the London schools, their numbers and their fees, will be of practical interest to many. And as we have already said, there is an account of the progress of secondary education in three great towns. And of all these we chiefly recommend the study of Birmingham, because we know of no place where wealth and intelligence have so heartily combined for the purpose of making progress a reality to all its citizens. Nor are there many places so fortunate as to possess the equivalent of Mason's College or the Municipal School of Art.

Here is a charming little volume[2] of the "Pocket Library" series, with a wise little preface by the Editor. The pamphlets appear to us a greater success than the verse which we noticed some two months ago.

Mr. Saintsbury is of opinion that the age for political pamphlets is past; a wide electorate, many newspapers, interminable speeches, leave no opening for the crisp, pithy *brochure* which set half an island by the ears. From the introduction we may gather the material for a satisfactory definition of the pamphlet. It should have a polished style; it should deal with a principle, it should be well argued, and it should not be too long. The seven pieces here presented are

[1] *Studies in Secondary Education.* Edited by Arthur H. D. Acland, M.P., and H. Llewellyn Smith, M.A.; with an introduction by James Bryce, M.P. London: Percival & Co. 1892.

[2] *Political Pamphlets.* Edited by George Saintsbury. London: Percival & Co. 1892.

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chosen on the principle that, either directly or in the long run, they have exercised an actual determining influence on the course of politics and history. We will refer to one only here—Swift's Drapier's letters respecting Wood's halfpence; and we think they will compel the confession of every reader, that for daring assumption, ingenuity of illustration, readiness of appeal to self-interest, and grasp of the real strength of a position, there is no piece of *ad captandum* argument to equal them throughout the breadth of literature. We so far differ from Mr. Saintsbury as to award quite the first place amongst the seven pieces to these letters.

Consuls[1] are after all the most important of the representatives of a Power abroad, and M. Flaischlen recognises that their influence is growing daily:

"Les consulats finiront par former le trait d'union idéal entre les nations comme la locomotive et le steamer en symbolisent le rapprochement matériel. Les consulats seront les instruments, les intermédiaires de la fraternisation des peuples; leur avenir sera une apothéose."

We in England should especially recognise this just now, when there has been an outcry for greater zeal on the part of these officers in watching the trade of the country where they are stationed, and pushing the interests of their own compatriots.

And this opens up a question of great importance: whether the consul should be a paid officer, directly under the control of the Foreign Office, or a local trader interested in the commerce of the country and his own aggrandisement. Englishmen, with their love of economy, have not realised the defects of the latter arrangement. M. Flaischlen appears to have chiefly before him the men who are in a complete sense officers of their Government.

We have no space to follow in detail the careful sketch which this book contains of the law and practice of different civilised countries in respect of such important consular functions as the legalisation of documents and the superintendence of acts affecting the civil status of parties appealing to the consular jurisdiction. For our own country alone the subject is a large one. Not less important is the inquiry how far the law of one country should be accepted as sufficient by another, and how far therefore the consular functions should be limited by agreement between two or more States, or by a general convention. M. Flaischlen's book is a careful contribution to this subject.

"Santi, Madonne e figurine belle, O Signori! Santi e Madò!"
"Das ist der Ruf mit dem die Gypsfigurenhändler von Lucca ihre zerbrechlichen Waren durch die italienischen Städte und Dörfer tragen."

[1] *Des Attributions des Consuls en matière de notariat et d'état civil.* Par George G. Flaischlen. Paris: Chevalier Marescq et Cie. 1892.



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Thus does Herr Kaden introduce his series of sketches,[1] and a very pretty idea it is. Only he does not carry on his head a tray of models of plaster of Paris. What he presents us with is a very readable series of pictures of Italian people and Italian life.

The notice on the back of the book shows how thoroughly the Germans have exploited Italy of late years; and we hear that you may meet them everywhere. Somehow we cannot connect the German with romance, and yet in his essays he is full of raptures and of tears, and he has humour too; and his books turn out far more attractive than you ever expected.

Mr. Kaden's book is no exception. Let us give some idea of the variety of its contents, calling special attention to the opening essay upon the conditions of life amongst the Italian peasants, the relations of capital and labour, the state of agriculture, and the causes which produce emigration; all topics which are more or less unfamiliar to most Englishmen. Besides this, we have sketches of the Italian woman at Naples, in Rome, on the Apennines; we are introduced to the modern counterpart of Mas Aniello; we have discussions of the Italian appreciation of German literature; and then a number of "small wares," being translations and adaptations of Italian songs, poems, and stories, of which we can only say that if they are all Herr Kaden's, they display unusual freshness and fertility.

The restless longing of certain French politicians for extension of French paramount influence, and the vague way in which discontented factions or nationalities are apt to turn to France for countenance, are both in evidence in the thought which underlies M. Georgiades' work on Turkey.[2] But putting this aside, we have a very good and well-written work on a very unpalatable subject—the misgovernment of that empire which has no part in Europe, yet is upheld as a barrier to the aggression of a Power which is but little more truly civilised. M. Georgiades handles his subject with brightness and humour, for the incompetence and nonchalance of the Turkish officer cannot but provoke a smile. And after giving a very good sketch of recent historical events in Turkey, he glances at the peoples recently freed from the Ottoman yoke, and then gives a fillip to the interests of France in the East, which, however, are chiefly regarded from a commercial standpoint. The chapters on Smyrna are of special importance. But the whole book will be read with pleasure and with advantage.

*Un Hollandais à Paris*[3] is by no means a commonplace book. It is a book of pictures and poetry; it breathes the air of the *salon* and the library. In form it is partly a series of conversations with

[1] *Italienische gyps-figuren von Woldemar Kaden.* 3te Auflage. Oldenburg und Leipzig: Schwarz.

[2] *La Turquie Actuelle.* Demetrius Georgiades. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1892.

[3] *Un Hollandais à Paris en* 1891. W. G. C. Byvanck. Préface d'Anatole France. Paris: Perrin et Cie.

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a number of bright and witty beings whom we, alas! hardly know by name; partly a series of touches of life in happy Paris—at the *salon*, in the sculptor's studio, at the *Chat-Noir*, where you will—Paris, full of gay women and sparkling men; bright and naughty, fair and seductive. And yet in the middle of the book we strike on a chapter, "Tristresse." The hour of midnight chimes out, and we put it down reluctantly. Truly, "en rapportant tous ces propos de lettres et d'art, M. Byvanck y a mis son âme, une âme douce et bienveillante, pieuse et morale, candide et savante, et d'un invincible optimisme."

The long and explanatory title of Mr. Reeves's book tells the reader beforehand what to expect, so far as the nature of the contents is concerned; but it remains for the critic to add that *Homeward Bound* [1] is a singularly *living* book of travels; and this quality it owes, not to the subject matter, for each and all of the places visited by Mr. Reeves have been described again and again. But they renew their freshness under his descriptions, for he brought bright, unblunted faculties to bear on all he saw; the impressions he received were evidently both keen and deep, and he conveys them forcibly. They are, too, distinctly his own personal impressions, as real as the illustrations, which are admirably reproduced from photographs. There is no attempt at bookmaking, nor at saying "the right thing," nor yet at taking a novel view to "put himself in the trick of singularity." The impressions recorded are those of an unaffected intelligent man, singularly open to such impressions, and unusually capable of passing them on unweakened to his readers. Moorish Spain, its buildings, its art, and its bygone civilisation, has been more vividly brought before us in Mr. Reeves's pages than by any book on the subject that we have met with for years past.

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## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

PROFESSOR MAHAFFY has before now done much to help on the study of Greek history and thought in England, and there can be no doubt that his latest work, *Problems in Greek History*,[2] will be eagerly read by those who have already learned under his guidance to study what we may call without exaggeration the most fascinating period of the world's history. There is, indeed, little in this book which is new;

[1] *Homeward Bound after Thirty Years: A Colonist's Impressions of New Zealand, Australia, Tangier, and Spain.* By Edward Reeves. With Numerous Illustrations London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1892.

[2] *Problems in Greek History.* By J. P. Mahaffy, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

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but the charm of Professor Mahaffy's style is ever fresh, and his manifest enthusiasm would suffice to make interesting a subject even more often treated of than that which he has chosen. But if "the originality of a subject lies in its treatment," we must allow that this work is original. There is reason in its author's complaint that up to now Greek history and literature have been too exclusively the preserve of the classical scholar, the learned philologist, and the devoted admirer of style; and so it has come about that events, which in the world's history are of small moment, have been looked upon as landmarks, and that circumstances, which called forth a great literary effort, itself a classic among classics, have assumed the proportions of political facts of universal value. That the Peloponnesian war has been regarded as an event of great world wide importance is due solely to the fact that Thucydides wrote its history and described it as such. Herodotus, a writer with far more accurate sense of historic proportion, tells us less of the battle of Salamis than Thucydides does of the great defeat of the Athenian fleet in the Greek harbour of Syracuse; and yet there can be no doubt which more deeply affected the history of the world. Sir Edward Creasy has, however, included the latter among the fifteen decisive battles of the world.

Professor Mahaffy carries his criticism of the ordinary ill-proportioned view of Greek history still further. He attacks the usual view of the famous "Expedition of the Ten Thousand," which he asserts has filled a much larger space in the scholar's view of Greek history than it is entitled to. Even more serious than the idolising of events is the idealising of characters which has passed uncriticised through many generations. This latter error is due to the same narrowness of view; the importance of the Peloponnesian war suggested the importance of Pericles, and to those who held the subjugation of Greece by Macedon to be a decisive event in the world's history, the character of Demosthenes appeared equally decisive. It was needful only to allow no failings or weaknesses in so great a man, and to condemn as spurious all that did not support his dignity and morality, in order that we might have put before us a perfect deification of the true man. Professor Mahaffy has, however, acquainted us with the more human and more probable Demosthenes. As scholars have idealised characters, so they have also idealised peoples. There can be little doubt that we owe much of the praise which has been freely bestowed on what is called Athenian republicanism to our admiration for the literary abilities of Athenian citizens. In fact, republicanism in Athens failed; and the historian dares not deny, what Aristotle himself has allowed, that Athens was utterly unsuited for such a form of government.

This train of thought runs through the whole of Professor Mahaffy's latest, as through his earlier works, and to it a further

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interest is added. In spite of adverse criticisms that have been passed upon him, the author persists in his application of ancient to modern history, and naturally defends himself from his critics. "To deny a historian," he says, "the privilege and profit of illumining his subject by the light of modern parallels, or the life of to-day by parallels from Greek history, is simply to condemn him to remain an unpractical pedant, and to abandon the strongest claim to a hearing from practical men." From the view of the general reader, there can be no doubt that Professor Mahaffy is right, and certainly such comparisons give a life and interest to the subject, which else it lacks. We may or may not agree with his views on Irish affairs, and his comparison of the disunion existing between landlords with that of the Greek States in presence of a common danger; but we must acknowledge that such parallels add interest to the book, even if they do not help us towards the solution of modern political problems.

The historian of Elizabethan England can hardly commit the error of which Professor Mahaffy convicts the students of Greek history, in so far as the movement of the sixteenth century, which in England is connected with the name of Queen Elizabeth, was almost universal and truly of interest to the whole civilised world. And as it forms a part of European history, its interest for the historian of any one country is intensified by both its local and universal interest and connections. Hence it follows that an account of Queen Elizabeth's life[1] must of necessity surpass the usual limits of biography. Hers was a long and great life, and, in addition, is identified with a time of change and development, which witnessed national consolidation, religious revival, and an outburst of literary genius and love of adventure and discovery which have probably never been equalled in the world's history. Hence it follows that Elizabeth's influence cannot be severed from any of those various elements which make up the vigorous and stirring life of the sixteenth century; and in writing her life Professor Beesley acknowledges the great difficulty of treating so large a subject within so small a compass. He has attempted to meet this difficulty by taking the Queen only in her character of statesman, and by giving a sketch of her home and foreign policy. In this connection, the author has done justice to Elizabeth's political genius: her patient, waiting policy was made successful by self-control and economy; its motive was the welfare of the nation, and though sometimes carried out by dishonourable means, its aim was simple and straightforward. This policy was justified by success, and Professor Beesley continually insists that this success was due to Elizabeth's statesmanship, and not obtained in spite of her parsimony and indecision as is often supposed. It is in matters of foreign policy that

[1] *Queen Elizabeth* ("Twelve English Statesmen Series"). By Edward Spencer Beesley. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

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this success is most obvious; at home, indeed, Puritanism was allowed to become a new danger. Professor Beesley regards this as an inevitable alternative evil to nearer danger from the Catholics; and thus endeavours to prove the greatness of Elizabeth's government even where she apparently failed. Of her character, he has a lower opinion; she was a woman without depth, or passion, or honour; egoistic and heartless, incapable of inspiring enthusiasm or bestowing affection. How, we wonder, would Professor Beesley explain the story of the Earl of Essex, or the songs sung by the Elizabethan poets to their "virgin Queen"?

We are thus given a picture of Elizabeth as a great statesman, a politician, and a woman; but however true or interesting such a general view may be, something more is required in a biography. Mr. Beesley has supported his assertions by a mere record of commonplace facts without arrangement or classification. Such a record can never make clear the complicated foreign relations of Elizabeth's reign, the rivalry of Spain and France, the fateful position of Scotland and of the Netherlands, with the different parties in each and the political difficulties caused by the reformed churches; much less can it recall the vivid life of the time. In spite, therefore, of considerable knowledge (which is not always accurate), the narrative is spiritless and confused, neither interesting to read nor useful for reference; and this is the more to be regretted as many would agree with the author's conclusions.

We have received the two new volumes of the "Social Science Series," *The Condition of the Working Classes in England in* 1844,[1] by Frederick Engels, and *Commercial Crises of the Nineteenth Century*,[2] by H. M. Hyndman. Of these the former is a reprint of a book which appeared first in 1845, and its author is not ashamed of the "good and faulty features" of the work of his youth; he even regards with wonder the fact that so many of the prophecies he then made have proved right. It is indeed true that the number of such is exceedingly small; perhaps the most successful is that found on page 87, where we read that a crisis may be expected in 1847, more violent and more lasting than that of 1842; the footnote tells us that "it came in 1847." This instance is barely sufficient upon which to found a claim to infallibility. We hear nothing of the revolution in England promised on page 18, "in comparison with which the French Revolution and the year 1794 will prove to have been child's play."

It is, perhaps, well that we should be reminded of the sins of our fathers; and certainly they are brought very clearly before us in this book, and here, perhaps, is the justification for its republication. But in theory its author is less fortunate than in statement of fact. All

[1] *The Condition of the Working Classes in England in* 1844. By Frederick Engels. Translated by Florence Kelley Wischnenetzy.

[2] *Commercial Crises of the Nineteenth Century.* By H. M. Hyndman. ("Social Science Series"). London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

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the horrors of overcrowding, of tyranny and immorality, which meet us on every page of the book, have now been partially remedied, or at least mitigated; hence it is obvious that the supposition here advanced that they are due to the capitalist (or *bourgeois*) system is unsound, for that system has developed since 1842, and yet the evils due to it have been lessened.

We cannot follow the details of this book, but we may notice two main objections which may be urged against this and many similar works. It is surely unwise to take Karl Marx as an infallible guide after his main positions have been disproved over and over again. Socialism, indeed, seems to be behind the times in its arguments, and indeed in its very basis, if it can be said to have one. Secondly, we notice that this book shares in the fault of many other German, and especially Socialist writers. Their view of England's economic condition is generally incomplete, and is based upon the assumption that Englishmen will act, under given circumstances, as their own countrymen do. Hence Mr. Rae could say that "England is the despair of the foreign Socialist," since there is little analogy between the English and Continental working man. This difference is due to different traditions, ideals, and prospects. Tradition has taught the English labourer to rely on lawful means of obtaining his aims, and past success justifies and strengthens his tradition, and bids him reject the more violent measures of the foreign Socialist. He does not wish to destroy capitalists, but rather to become one himself, and raise himself as he sees others rise round him day by day. In short there is in England no such sharp class distinction as Socialist writers assume; and ignorance of this fact has naturally enough led to the invention of worthless theories and conclusions.

A sufficient idea of Mr. Hyndman's book will be given by the brief statement that its author devotes his whole attention to show that all the commercial crises of this century have been due to the mismanagement of the instruments of production by the capitalist class. In itself this is no difficult task, but it is surely illogical to conclude, as Mr. Hyndman does, that such mismanagement was general. Nor can we bring ourselves to believe in the efficiency of his remedy, which is simply to take away the management from that class. We are not shown how this should be done, or to whom the management should be entrusted. Mr. Hyndman would do better to devote his undoubted ability to finding out what improvements have taken place, rather than to denouncing failures of which we are all aware, and which we all equally deplore.

The *Autobiography of John Wilkins*[1] consists merely of professional reminiscences, by means of which the editors present us with a picture of a typical gamekeeper. It is in no sense a complete

[1] *The Autobiography of an English Gamekeeper* (John Wilkins, of Swanstead, Essex). Edited by Arthur H. Byng and Stephen M. Stephens. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

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biography; we are given, indeed, the vigorous character of its hero, his quaint humour, frank vanity, and rough sense of honour; but the main subject of the book is John Wilkins, not as an individual, but as representative of a profession and a class.

The editors wisely leave the author to tell his own tale, and so we get a narrative which is amusing though wholly egotistic, and graphic though somewhat disconnected. We are naturally at once introduced to, and often reminded of, poachers; and on this, as on other subjects, the book contains some shrewd advice and useful sporting information. John Wilkins's judgment is keen and sound, and, moreover, he seems to be a good shot and a wonderful dog-trainer. Nor does his skill appear to be denied to the rest of his household; he mentions his son incidentally as having shot thirty-three rabbits without a miss, and his wife as the efficient caretaker of his retrievers; his father, too, was a gamekeeper, so that John Wilkins has lived all his life in the gamekeeper's world, with only a change of locality now and again. And so we get a picture of the life as well as of the man. Of personal incidents we have many. The author is frankly appreciative of his own abilities, as proved by many anecdotes of poaching frays and snaring tricks; yet we cannot help respecting his fearlessness, his honesty, and sound sense.

On the whole this book is quite readable, if not intensely interesting, but it is considerably marred by the illustrations, and by the work of its editors, who have not only put the story into form, but have added some occasional and facetious comments, which are of no interest or value. Their work outruns the interest of the subject. In fact they push forward their hero, admirable as he is, into a world too wide for him to fill.

The subject of realism in art is treated of in a book which gives some account of its chief modern expositors. In such a work Bastien-Lepage[1] naturally finds a leading place, and gives his name to the history of the school of which he was so prominent a member. His life is sketched by André Theuriet, and his work estimated by George Clausen; in addition, the book contains an essay on imitative painting by Walter Sickert, and a short study on Marie Bashkirtseff by Matilde Blind.

The first of these essays is written by a personal friend of Bastien-Lepage, and tells the story of his simple, laborious life with affectionate detail. M. Theuriet pictures his peasant home in Damvilliers, and the loving life there, which carried the young artist through his early struggles. When success came Lepage returned to the old country scenes, and devoted to them his whole art, till a wearisome illness ended his short life. Country and country life always touched the artist most nearly. "I learnt my business in Paris, but my art I did not learn there," he said, and the inspiration of homely and familiar

[1] *Bastien-Lepage, Marie Bashkirtseff, &c.* London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

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human life runs through his whole work. Truth was his ideal in art, for, as he declared, "Beauty is exact Truth." M. Theuriet regards Lepage's work with admiration almost unqualified, but gives even greater attention to his friend's character. He dwells at length on his friendliness and simple good faith, and is led into describing with too great detail the painful and rather monotonous history of his last years.

The next essay deals solely with Lepage's artistic work as a leader in the new realistic school, which aims at the "simple acceptance of Nature." Lepage would not allow his own feelings to influence his treatment of a subject, but represented it faithfully and simply by means of most careful technical knowledge. This, we are told, was due not to want of imagination, but to a width of sympathy which led the artist to see beauty in all things, and formed a stage towards further development, which Lepage did not live to fulfil. The third essayist, while owning the genius of Lepage, condemns the realistic method now followed in Paris. He takes the idealist view that this artist was successful in presenting the truth of unessential details, whereas Millet had a master's grasp of the inner truth of Nature. Perhaps Matilde Blind is right in saying that, even if desirable, it is impossible to reproduce Nature as in a photograph. The limits of human conception compel selection.

We must, however, admit as a fact that the modern scientific spirit has invaded the world of art and created a desire for faithfulness. Of this spirit Marie Bashkirtseff is perhaps the best example; she brought all her talent and will to bear upon this scrupulous form of art. The writer regrets that her pictures do not treat of happier subjects. They reproduce gloomy town scenes faithfully, but without the imprint of the artist's mind. But such destruction of personality is impossible, and the very choice of subjects is enough to enable us to distinguish between the simple genius of Lepage and the self-conscious ability of Marie Bashkirtseff.

It will be seen that the whole book is of interest. It is somewhat spoiled by its unnecessarily pretentious form, but contains much information and useful suggestions; it is, too, excellently illustrated.

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## BELLES LETTRES.

In translating *Teuffel's History of Roman Literature*,[1] Mr. Warr has brought before English readers a valuable work of bibliographic reference, and also for those who will be at the pains of seeking it

[1] *Teuffel's History of Roman Literature.* Revised and enlarged by Ludwig Schwabe. Authorised translation of the Fifth German edition. By C. W. Warr, M.A. Volume II. The Imperial Period. London: George Bell & Sons. 1892.

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out, a body of facts and critical disquisition by no means devoid of instruction nor of interest. The volume sent to us is the second of the complete work, and covers the Imperial period—that is to say, it enumerates, and notices more or less fully, the writers who lived between the early years of the first century of our era and the end of the seventh. It thus comprises that long and comparatively obscure literary interval that intervened between the epoch of the Roman classics and the commencement of the mediæval monkish chronicles —a period with which mostEnglishmen are very slightly, or not at all, acquainted. Those who have enough of what used to be called "liberal curiosity" to impel them to plough their way through Mr. Warr's 580 closely printed pages, will find that the record of the later Roman authors is by no means barren. The translation, so far as we can judge merely from internal evidence, without comparison with the original, seems to be very ably executed.

Mr. A. Leeper's translation of *Thirteen Satires of Juvenal*[1] is no doubt, intended for the use of students, to whom such works are unquestionably a great saving of labour. But, except to facilitate preparation for examinations, we hardly see the *raison d'être* of such English versions. Any Englishman who has enough tincture of classical learning to care anything at all about Juvenal, is likely to be able to read him in the original, or to flatter himself that he can. Few, indeed, of those to whom Latin is an unknown tongue, are so athirst for knowledge of Juvenal as to seek to make his acqaintance through the medium of a translation.

We have to announce the issue of another volume of "The Pocket Library of English Literature."[2] In noticing the first of the series—*Tales of Mystery*—we expressed an unfavourable opinion of "Selections" as a means of gaining knowledge of an author, and the work to which our comments immediately referred—*The Mysteries of Udolpho*—was a signal example of their justice, for its whole interest, for ordinary readers, turns on the curiosity excited by its mysterious plot; that stimulus withdrawn, as it must be in a fragment, the most thrilling scenes the book affords fall flat. They would probably never have seemed remarkable to any one who had not read the context, and so got steeped in the spirit of the story. Mr. Saintsbury is apt to forget, in making his selections, that he admires such and such passages, partly from memory, because he once admired them when reading the whole book; partly because the context is still fresh in his mind, and casts its light over the chosen extracts. Whereas his readers, upon whom the extracts are supposed to come fresh, judge them simply on their merits, and are probably but slightly impressed by them. But the contents of the present volume lend themselves

[1] *Thirteen Satires of Juvenal.* Translated into English by Alexander Leeper, M.A., LL.D. New and Revised Edition. London: Macmillan. 1892.

[2] *Selections from Defoe's Minor Novels.* Edited by George Saintsbury. London: Percival & Co. 1892.

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much better to being read as fragments. *Moll Flanders*, especially, could have been made known to the British public of our day by no other method, and, as it is well worth knowing, one accepts the Selections on the principle that "Half a loaf is better than no bread." Still, we cannot agree with Mr. Saintsbury that *Moll Flanders* is more truly realistic than anything of Zola's, still less, that it is "the most remarkable example of pure realism in literature." Surely, the greater part of Lesage's *Gil Blas* is quite as realistic, and in very much the same way. Defoe had the knack of making scenes and adventures purely imaginary—if not highly imaginative—seem real, by the introduction of little touches of the circumstantial and the common-place. Gaborieau had a good deal of the same knack. But it is not realism; rather is it masked idealism. To us there is something eminently unreal in the moralising tone in which Moll Flanders relates her own misdemeanours and crimes. Such realism as there is, is but the circumstantial homely style of the man, and, in some degree, of the age in which he wrote. On the other hand, it is vain to deny Zola's realism. He puts before us men and women of the lower class such as they are—such as any one who has mixed with them, with his eyes open, must have seen them for himself. The one flaw in Mr. Saintsbury's judgments, if we may venture to find a flaw, is that they are too literary.

The contemporary English novels that have passed through our hands this month are somewhat of "a scratch lot"—a trivial description, but as good as they deserve. Still, happily, they are not all so bad as *A Vicar's Wife*,[1] by Miss Evelyn Dickinson. If one had set oneself to evolve, out of one's inner consciousness, a hateful, contemptible, and scandalous human being, he would probably not have differed very widely from Miss Dickinson's portrait of a vicar. If her hero's faults had been in any way typical of his order, their exaggeration by an inexperienced writer—inexperienced, as it would seem, in life, even more than in authorship—might have been pardoned. But her vicar, if he had been presented as a billiard-marker, a sporting publican, or a bookmaker, would have been a singularly disreputable specimen of his class; and to trick him out as a beneficed clergyman—who, as a rule, is nothing if not decorous—is simply silly. But *voilà le gros mot lâché*—it *is* a silly book—unreadably silly.

There is but little to commend in the Pseudonym volume entitled *Through the Red-Litten Windows*.[2] The story which gives its name to the little volume is ghastly and unreal—like nothing in heaven or earth, unless it be some of Mr. Louis Stevenson's painstaking attempts at blood-curdling. And then, what are "Red-Litten Windows"? What does "litten" mean? Might there be yellow

[1] *A Vicar's Wife*. By Evelyn Dickinson. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.

[2] The Pseudonym Library. *Through the Red-Litten Windows*, and *The Old River House*. By Theodor Herzgarten. London: Fisher Unwin. 1892.

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or blue "litten-windows"? Or, if they are "litten," must they of necessity be red? *The Old River House* is a slight improvement on its predecessor, and that is as much as can be said for it.

We have so often expressed and *motivé* our opinion of Ibsen that it would be mere vain repetition to restate it. We therefore confine ourselves to acknowledging *Brand*.[1] We also beg to acknowledge the following works: *Libertas, or Through Dreamland to Truth.* By Walter Sweetman, B.A. Three vols. London: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1891. *John Tincroft, Bachelor and Benedict: or, Without intending it.* By G. E. Sargent. London: The Religious Tract Society. *The End of a Life.* By Eden Philpotts. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. *John Webb's End. Australian Bush Life.* By Francis Adams. London: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1891. *In a Black Mantle.* By Sybil Maxwell. London: Griffith, Farran & Co. 1892.

It is with pleasure and relief that we turn from such specimens of home-made fiction as those we have commented on above, and others only too like them, on which we have forborne to comment, to some pleasant volumes from the other side of the Atlantic. *A Plantation Printer*[2] is by Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, who, under the now celebrated pseudonym of "Uncle Remus," has almost established a claim to be hailed as the Lafontaine of the New World. *A Plantation Printer* does not quite come up to the level of "Uncle Remus"; it is not so striking, nor so entirely new to English readers as were the humours and the marvellous adventures of *Old Man Rabbit, Bre'r Fox*, and all that memorable party, not forgetting those whimsically "casual intruders, Miss Meadows and the Gals." But here and there we come upon some of the same sort of curious beast-stories that "Uncle Remus" told so well, and which seem to have been a favourite form of fiction among the slaves. And all through, forming the staple of the book, are pathetic pictures of the state of things, both material and moral, in the Southern States, during their ill-fated and heroic struggle with the North. We never assist at a battle, nor even a skirmish; but the distant roll of war is in our ears—the air seems full of it.

*Zeph*[3] is one of those romances of humble life—romances wrought out of the most unromantic materials—of which certain American writers seem alone to possess the secret. In *Zeph*, the hero and heroine would seem at first sight to be antidotes to love; yet a charming and touching love-story is furnished by them.

Another of Mr. David Douglas's friendly little volumes contains a

[1] *Brand: A Dramatic Poem.* By Henrik Ibsen. Translated into English Prose by William Wilson. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

[2] *A Plantation Printer. The Adventures of a Georgia Boy during the War.* By Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus"). London: Osgood & M'Ilvaine. 1892.

[3] *Zeph.* A Posthumous Story. By Helen Jackson (H.H.). Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1892.

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collection of Kentucky Tales, of which *Flute and Violin*[1] is the first. They are all marked by the same delicate subtle charm of style, and are embued with the same tone of tender sadness. If they have a fault, it is that the sadness seems *voulu*. One might almost think that the sad side of life was sought out, and used for effect.

Mr. Heinemann has added yet another volume to his "International Library of Fiction," which, we are thankful to say, has given occasion for a new Introduction by Mr. Edmund Gosse. We may hope now that we have seen the last of that one about the "moral Baedeckers," which did duty in front of so many translations, good, bad, and indifferent—mostly indifferent. This time, it is another Norwegian writer that Mr. Heinemann and Mr. Gosse present to us, and as "chat échaudé craint l'eau froide" we confess that, after "suffering many things" from Ibsen and Björnson, we hardly dared to open *The Commodore's Daughters*.[2] However, we gladly confess that our fears were groundless. Mr. Jonas Lie, even when, like "Bottom," he is "translated," is quite a reasonable being, and, indeed, a pleasant writer, "innocent," as Mr. Gosse reassuringly affirms in the Preface, "of any 'ism,' and professing to teach no Gospel." Strong points, these, in his favour! We cannot say that we perceive Mr. Lie's similarity either to Mrs. Gaskell, or to M. Ferdinand Fabre, with both of whom Mr. Gosse compares him. Indeed, to us it seems that, if he resembles the one, he must, *ipso facto*, be unlike the other. Mr. Gosse also likens the author of *The Commodore's Daughters* to Fredrika Bremer; that resemblance we do see, but we think Miss Bremer by far the more interesting novelist of the two.

We have so recently reviewed "Rose et Ninette"[3] in the original French that it would be idle and superfluous to rediscuss its merits *àpropos* to the English version. The material execution of Mr. Fisher Unwin's reproduction of it is admirable. It is quite an *édition de luxe*. It is a pity that he should have bestowed so much *recherche* on what is undoubtedly the weakest effort of M. Daudet's genius.

Another recent translation from the French is *Jonquille; or, the Swiss Smuggler*.[4] The translator, the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tollemache, has done her work unusually well, for M. Combe's spirited story, under her manipulation, reads as if English were its native garb.

In French fiction, the event of the month is the appearance of a new novel by M. Jules Claretie. It is long since the novel-reading

[1] *Flute and Violin, and Other Kentucky Tales.* By James Lane Allen. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1892.

[2] *The Commodore's Daughters.* By Jonas Lie. Translated from the Norwegian by H. L. Brækstad and Gertrude Hughes. London: W. Heinemann. 1892.

[3] *Rose and Ninette.* A story of the Morals and Manners of the Day. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. London: Fisher Unwin. 1892.

[4] *Jonquille; or, the Swiss Smuggler.* Translated from the French of T. Combe by Beatrix L. Tollemache (Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tollemache). London: Percival & Co. 1891.

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world has had anything from his hand. *L'Américaine*[1] is almost exclusively devoted to painting the manners, ideas, and mode of life of the colony of wealthy Americans who, in ever increasing numbers, take up their abode in Paris for longer or shorter periods, installing themselves so magnificently, living and entertaining so sumptuously, that they are beginning to give the tone to a considerable section of Parisian society. Lord Chesterfield said of the Jesuits that they made themselves more than half heathen to make the heathen less than half Christians. The converse is true of the American millionaires, they make themselves less than half French, which is as far as nature permits them to go, but they make the French, in their notions, aspirations, and manners, more than half American, or rather, what they fancy is American. Out of these exotic elements M. Claretie has constructed a sufficiently pleasant novel. Several of the characters, without counting "l'Américaine" herself, who is of course the central figure, and the most carefully drawn, are thoroughly human and individual. Others, again, are, perhaps, too purely typical, not so much typical Americans, which would be more interesting, but types of the Parisian idea of the American millionaire. The story possesses considerable interest, and ends as one would have it end, though everything seems to tend in the opposite direction. The complete and sudden reversal of the purposes and sentiments of the leading characters, by which alone a favourable *dénouement* is rendered possible, and the convenient fluctuations of fortune, in the case of the millionaire, by which these changes of mind and mood are brought about, savour more of the theatre than of the novel. But, speaking for ourselves, it is such a treat nowadays to meet with a French novel that ends well, that we are not disposed to be captious in our criticism of the machinery by which the happy *dénouement* is effected.

*Le Voyageur Enchanté*[1] opens with great spirit. The portrait of the gigantic old Russian friar, telling his own life-history to a party of travellers on the deck of a Swiss steamer, is very effective. All the early chapters read like pages from the *Arabian Nights*, so wild, and so Oriental in character, are the adventures. Incidentally, we learn some very curious particulars about the customs of some of the Tartar tribes; for instance, the extraordinary duels by which they decide any serious dispute. The duellists sit down on the steppe, foot to foot, and holding each other by the left hand, then with their right hands, they proceed to flog each other on their naked backs, with whips of equal size, until one or other of them faints, or, as sometimes happens, dies. Rather a severer test of courage and endurance than the modern Parisian duel! But after "Ivan"

[1] *L'Américaine.* Roman Contemporain. Par Jules Claretie, de l'Académie Française. Paris: E. Dentu. 1892.

[2] *Le Voyageur Enchanté.* Par Nicolas Lieskoff. Traduit du Russe, par Victor Derély. Paris: Albert Savine. 1892.

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becomes a prisoner among the Tartars, and still more, after he turns monk, the interest and variety of the narrative are gone, and the book grows duller and duller to the end.

*Acquittée*[1] is another posthumous work by M. du Boisgobey. It is in his usual manner, not equal to his best productions, but still by no means a bad sample of his particular walk in fiction.

The great drawback to Madame Caro's stories, in many respects admirable, is that they are so painfully lugubrious. Is real life so rampantly hilarious that modern French novelists find it necessary to plunge their readers into a fictive atmosphere of woe, in order to tone down the exuberance of their spirits? And after all, the dismal world which they depict is quite unreal; it is the offspring of dyspepsia rather than the result of observation. If life were really as "bitter" as it is made to appear in *Fruits Amers*,[2] universal suicide would be the only resource.

[1] *Acquittée.* Par Fortuné du Boisgobey. Paris: Plon, Nourrit et Cie.
[2] *Fruits Amers.* Par Madame E. Caro. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1892.

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# THE DRAMA.

WE have in *Peril* an excellent version of M. Sardou's *Nos Intimes*, and Messrs. Saville Rowe and Stephenson, who have collaborated, are to be congratulated, for they have not lost the spirit of the original in the adaptation. As a rule, French plays as done into our heavier language, are not very striking successes. For proof of this we have only to instance the English version of the same author's *Tosca* and Daudet's *Lutte pour la Vie*, each in its way so admirable when produced by the French artists in their own tongue, and which fell so flat when reproduced by the stars of our own stage. Truly the latter had the misfortune to be performed at the Avenue, that most unlucky of all London theatres; but we question whether any better fortune would have awaited it elsewhere. *Nos Intimes*, in the form of *Peril*, with the English characters, is still reasonable in all except one case. The part Captain Bradford plays is very rarely seen in English life, scarcely exists in English society, in our opinion, interesting as he undoubtedly is at the Haymarket, and impersonated by Mr. Fred Terry in a manner which leaves little to be desired.

The Captain is ill. He is invited to Sir George Ormond's country seat in order to be nursed by the baronet's wife, and is weak-minded enough to fall a victim to Lady Ormond's fascinations. Their friendship is to be purely platonic, like brother and sister. This platonic affection lasts until the end of the second act, when comes the catastrophe; and this takes place unluckily in the presence of two unpleasant personages—the Baronet's *intimes*, Sir Woodbine Grafton and Mr. Crossley Beck. These two old friends think it their duty to acquaint Sir George with the proceedings of his wife and *protégé*, and advise him to leave on urgent business for Edinburgh, return still more suddenly and unexpectedly, take off his shoes, creep upstairs, and enter his wife's apartment. This not over English proceeding, after some protestations and manifestations of contempt for his advisers, he consents to do. But in the meantime Lady Ormond has recovered her good sense, and refuses the blandishments of the miserable Captain, in a powerful night scene which takes place between them in Lady Ormond's boudoir. She endeavours to escape. Alas! she had ordered her maid to lock all the doors. She tries to ring, but the Captain destroys the bell. He becomes brutal, and she, to save herself, has recourse to a

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stratagem. Hush! she hears her husband on the stairs, and begs her captor to retire on to the balcony outside the window. As he does so she bars the door behind him. This is a powerful and effective scene, which gains in dramatic effect by contrast with the rest of the play, which is of a clever but trivial nature. In true French fashion it is thrown in to give a semblance of a plot and a certain unity of design to the characters which is necessary to French dramatic art, even in a play which, for the rest, aims more at amusing by witty, good-humoured satire than at anything higher. In this sense it is a French *Lady Windermere's Fan;* or rather, as it was written first, *Lady Windermere's Fan* is an English *Nos Intimes.* Mr. Oscar Wilde may not be pleased at our remarks, but we think that *Peril,* from the scene between Lady Ormond and Captain Bradford, gains that strength and unity which Mr. Wilde's drama lacks.

Lady Ormond is alone when her husband returns, rejoicing that he can give proof of his wife's innocence and allay the officious fears of his friends. Sir Woodbine Grafton and Mr. Crossley Beck are not to be put off so easily. Why is the bell-rope lying on the floor, and why are the doors all locked? They must go out on to the balcony. Here Dr. Thornton comes to the rescue. Master Percy Grafton, a young cub carefully reared at home by an over-anxious father, has been smoking and has become seedy. The amiable doctor has carried him into the next room, and locked the door to prevent his being disturbed. He broke the bell down in his efforts to ring for help. The balcony difficulty is less easy to solve, but the wily doctor succeeds. Like all physicians in plays and books, he is the one immaculate character in the piece. He has by every means in his power endeavoured to put a stop to the growing intimacy of Lady Ormond and the Captain, and his little plots and dodges for this purpose produce most mirthful effects in the earlier scenes of the play. He had called Captain Bradford the "cuckoo" that sleeps in the nests of other birds, and now, drawing the stopper out of a medicine bottle, he shouts, "The cuckoo must jump." The Captain takes the hint, and the balcony shutters are thrown open.

The next act discloses the whole company in the utmost confusion; a really sad state of affairs, but of a most comic description. Lady Ormond is penitent, but despairing. Captain Bradford has sprained his hand in the jump from the balcony, destroyed a plant, and left a footmark in the garden border. Sir George is morose, and talks vaguely of suicide. The Captain is made to write his address, which act he performs heroically with the sprained hand. Presently the gardener calls to detail to his master the mishap with the plant. All is lost. Sir George rushes out with a gun, and a report is heard. Surely he has committed suicide. Lady Ormond is yielding up her



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last breath, when her husband returns in high good-humour with a dead hare in his hand, the author of all the trouble.

Mr. Tree, in the part of the testy old college friend, is inimitable. The selfish old man of the clubs, who is "obliged" to go and stay in the country, "may as well get it over at once," who complains of the hour of his dinner, finds fault with his room on the second floor, with his bed, is vexed by the dogs and the poultry, is shown up in a manner to convulse with laughter by Mr. Tree as Sir Woodbine Grafton. Scarcely less successful is Mr. Kemble as Mr. Crossley Beck, the professional friend, who is ready to take everything he can get, abuse his patron, rail at the leisured class, refuse to grant a favour to a benefactor with bitter resentment, hold up his eyes with pious sorrow and inward exultation at the moral delinquencies of Lady Ormond. Miss Rose Leclercq was also seen to advantage as the prim, sordid, ridiculous Miss Crossley Beck, a woman of pseudo-winning ways, who has cultivated every action down to pouring out tea in a genteel manner, and is a real good hater of every one, especially of her own sex.

It will be seen that *Peril* is a play of character sketches, and here again we cannot help comparing it favourably with *Lady Windermere's Fan*, the similarity in the *dramatis personæ* of which was most disappointing. The character painting of *Nos Intimes* would be worthy of La Bruyère, or Balzac almost, and, with the exception of Captain Bradford, who is not an English creation, they were familiar to us in real life. Some of the speeches were decidedly lengthy for our ideas of theatrical dialogue, Sir Woodbine Grafton and Doctor Thornton showing at intervals decided tendencies to occupy the platform. We are indeed inclined to find most fault with Mr. Allan, who bawled out his lines as if he were acting to a deaf audience. For the rest, *Peril* is a successful adaptation, and should have a long run.

We cannot sufficiently admire the heroism with which the Ibsenites pursue their cult in the face of the bitter taunts of dramatic criticism. We are not in the least disposed to be biassed by what we have read and heard said against the great Scandinavian dramatist, being struck rather by the shallowness of the critics and their inability to grasp the full meaning of the poet, and inclined to assert that Ibsen has not as yet had what we must term fair-play—in London, at least. We have never studied the Norwegian tongue, and so it is from second-hand that we give publicity to the remark that these plays almost baffle the translator. There is an exactitude and refinement of expression, there is a *double entendre* of meaning in every phrase, which, when done into a foreign tongue, causes the original to lose much of its force and piquancy. Ibsen from his manner of dissecting the

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motive of human thought and action may be called the Robert Browning of Scandinavia, or his studies might be better compared with those of George Eliot than those of any dramatic writer with whom we may be familiar. He treats the mind or the soul, like the surgeon treats the body, with the dissecting-knife. Yet are Robert Browning's plays successful on the stage, or the *Manfred* of Byron? Even Sir Augustus Harris, daring as he is, and aspiring to control rather than to serve the British taste in dramatic art, has not braved a performance of Byron's *Manfred*, even assisted with Schumann's descriptive music; and yet Mr. Charrington goes a step farther, and gives us something of the same kind, after the original brilliance has been marred with translation, and he stands merely upon the poet's shadowy continental reputation for success. In our humble opinion, *A Doll's House*, at the Avenue, is shown to be a play of great depth of thought, but if the *under meaning*, if we may use the term, of the speeches be lost for a moment, they sound trivial to absolute babyishness. It would take more effort than the average playgoer is inclined to give, to fully take in the portentous philosophical meaning conveyed in the inquiry of Nora Helmer: "Where are the children?" to which the Nurse replies, "They are gone to bed." And yet Nora has in her mind that she must spare them the contamination of intercourse with their own mother, who has from the best of motives placed herself in a false position as regards the conventionalities of society, and who has committed an act of forgery, to conceal which her whole life has become one continued lie. The power of Ibsen, to our mind, lies in the fact that no living writer conveys to the reader so clearly the thoughts that are passing in the mind of his character, when that individual is saying something quite different—some silly conventional utterance; and the danger of placing on the stage a drama written in such a style, is that four-fifths of the spectators will not take the trouble to make the mental effort to understand this hidden meaning, and will go away with the impression they have merely been wasting their time and money upon the silliest balderdash any theatrical manager has had the effrontery to dish up for their evening's amusement.

Nora Helmer has married Torwald, who after various vicissitudes is made manager of a bank, which gives him money, rank, and influence. In the days of his poverty he became ill, and Nora, in order to take him to the South for his health, pretended to him she had borrowed £300 from her father. She has in effect borrowed it from a shady character, one Nils Krogstad, playfully called the "Bogie Man" by the pit and gallery, because he would always interrupt Nora, when occupied with her children, with his tall, dark, unpleasant-looking form in the doorway. She forges her father's signature at a date three days after his death, and hands the security

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to the Bogie Man. He is dismissed from the service of the bank by Torwald, and his place given, at the instance of Nora, to Mrs. Lindon, an old friend of Nora's whose object in life is to obtain "regular employment." There is a depth of philosophy in the character whose object in life is to obtain regular employment, when no fiscal considerations come in to make that employment necessary, and yet to many, to hear a heroine asseverate in accents of passion, "I need regular employment," has a distinctly commonplace ring about it. Krogstad persists he will ruin Nora, unless she will help him to regain his position in the bank. Mrs. Lindon promises to marry him, to keep him quiet. Torwald discovers all, and behaves meanly, and Nora, saying she must learn to understand herself, discloses her intention of quitting her husband's roof and companionship.

To many the perusal of this play in a volume would be of great interest, but we must admit that in London it is not practical to perform such things in a public theatre. *A Doll's House* seems to us to be less actable than *Hedda Gabler*, about which so many silly things were said last year. If we are to have Ibsen, let us have him in all the heights of his soaring imagination. Let us have *Ghosts*, and *Brand*, and *Peer Gynt*, with Grieg's beautiful incidental music —pieces which, in wealth of imagery and fund of thought and perception of the springs of mind of our day, are said to rival Goethe. At the same time, much praise is due to Miss Janet Achurch for the indomitable courage and energy with which she carried through the trying *rôle* of Nora Helmer, and which wrested hearty applause from an audience, hostile, cold, and contemptuous.

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